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Hesperia

AN AMERICAN NATIONAL POEM

I—VI

BY

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN

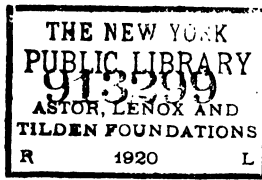
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1919

22 v. 10





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**TO ALL WHO ARE BUILDING
TOMORROW
ON THE FOUNDATION
NOT THE RUINS
OF
YESTERDAY**

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I
THANKSGIVING
THE HEART OF THE INDIAN'S RELIGION

U OF Nature's Children, not as
 But, tho unseen, present in
 Yea, in the hearts that crav'd him.
 But, having made, left not unto its
 As one who shoots an arrow from a
 No more controlling it, or as a child
 Who launches on a stream his toy
 To drift and drive the sport of wav
 Rather is God unto this floating ea
 His handiwork, which swims his riv
 The arm that speeds it and the eye
 Thru waves and reefs to the far str
 Which also God hath wrought for t
 The earth itself, its mountains, vall
 Rivers and lakes, trees, plants, its v
 Its wandering clouds, the bending l
 The sun, the moon, the stars, are a
 With God's indwelling, and, to do l
 In joy obeying him and serving ma
 The Sun rejoic'd when he was sen
 To rule the day; and when he clim
 Up to the tree that bounds his com
 He dances, saying: Now I go to se
 The tribes that dwell toward the w

Rapt, gazing on her fulness, as the face
Of one belov'd after long dangers past
Safely return'd; nor feels his heart regret
More than her own while, ever later, less,
She climbs the sky feeblér to light his path.

The Morning Star draws near in heav'n to give
Life, strength, and fruitfulness to men; afar
His dwelling is, too far for men to see,
Who can but mark his coming; nearer now,
And nearer still he comes, and shining grows
Brighter and brighter, standing in the sky
Like a strong man, and in his hair a plume
Soft waving with the breath of the new day
And redly tinted by the hastening sun.
His brightness brings us strength and newer life,
Then, as we look, he fades and disappears,
Withdrawn into the dwelling whence he came.
But he has left with us the gift of life,
Which the Great Spirit sent him to bestow.

Not gods are sun, moon, star and all that move
And all that motionless attend man's life;
But all are living, all God's ministers

.....
All but the eastern hill-tops golden still
With the beam's last caress. Then, like
Their heads and hands, men cried:
O Sun, our father, for what thou to-day
Hast brought us by thy beam. Thanks
From hearts o'erflowing to all Nature
Divine because indwelt by the divine,
And to their thanks added acknowledgments
Of weakness and dependence, praying
All-quickenings Sun, to thee for help
Gladden our hearts with summer, and
Thy strength that we may live thru winter
Many are sick and poor. O prosper them
And grant them in abundance long to live
Help us, our Mother Earth, for we depend
Upon thy bounty. Send us down thy rain
To water the wide meadows, that the grain
May shoot up tall, and the sweet berries
In plenty. Gracious Morning Star, who
Art looking down upon us, give us peace
And balmy sleep. Great Spirit, bless
Our friends and guests thruout a happy year
Make straight and smooth the trails for all

But still his mind was darken'd, not yet white
With dawn of knowledge — of the world he knew
And of himself who knew it — nor endow'd
With memory's magic staff, which can rebuild
His vanisht yesterdays within to-day.
Not yet had he a name inly his own,
Because not yet the symbol he had found,
The mystic sign, which the Great Spirit's love
Reveals in vision to the soul that seeks,
Providing for his weakness evermore
Its way of access to the Strength above.

Unto this end the youth, no more a child,
Betook himself unto the hills alone.
His elders, as he left their home, put clay
Upon his head, in token of his need,
And in his hand, to teach him self-control,
A bow and arrows, which, tho ever nigh
Thru four long days and nights of fast, his hunger
Must tempt him not to use. They taught him then
The prayer his tribe had learn'd of yore: O God
Here standeth one in need, and I am he.
They bade him as he sang the prayer to weep,
With open palms to wipe his tears away,

Its help and strength in every he
Then to his tribe returning, now
He cherisht in his heart the secret

The voice came borne upon the
Unseen, and therefore meet with
To hold communion; on that call
One with the rhythm that rocks
And thrill'd with music — the secret
Ere thought is born, and born of
To every man song was the spirit
To the Great Spirit's door, and he
In vision heard, his own especial
Drew he an arrow, not his eye saw
But the Great Spirit's eye unseen
Were he assur'd to win for wife
Their daily food, their furs again
This aid he won by song; and so
When in the fields he gather'd
And in the lodge he sang when
He laid them. When he hid the
And when he pluckt the fruit.
And singing play'd. His lov'd
He woo'd, and bent above his

Yet ever to one listener he sang,
The unseen spirit-lord of the event
O'ershadowing him. He sang, a single soul,
Thru all his hours and days, voicing his need,
His thanks, his joy, but no less fervently,
One voice of many voices blent in one,
Wherewith his tribe commun'd with the Unknown
In larger utterance of united prayer,
A thousand hearts upswelling in one song.

Not only with his breath sang Nature's Child,
Spirit to Spirit borne on wings of rhythm,
But his whole being, undivided, leapt
Into the surging stream. His body sang;
Why should it not, being his visible self,
With its own longing, seeking, joyance fir'd?
So to the eye his body in the dance
Made musical his love, his grief, his joy,
His warrior mood of wrath and sacrifice,
His prayer, his praise, his gratitude to God,
And most of all, as sharing them with all,
And into his own soul receiving all
The fervor kindling all, with all his tribe,
Losing himself in all made one, he danc'd.
A child, he felt the passion of the dance,

And long'd for the blest hour to come when he,
A man, should share it; now a man, the dance,
Sweeping into its current, bore him on
Into the larger being of his tribe,
And all together irresistibly
Onward until their pulses felt the throb
Of the encircling, infinite life divine.

Tho imaging his moods as, hour by hour,
The shadow of the pine pictures the pine,
Yet to the Child of Nature was the dance
Chiefly the visible voice ordain'd by God
For utterance of men's common thanks and praise.
Sev'n times around the year met young and old
In glad thanksgiving and united prayer
For God's continu'd blessing on their tribe.

First, ere the snows had wholly past away,
But when, with days of thaw succeeding nights
Of frost, the strong sun had already toucht
The maple's veins with life, and the sweet sap
Was coursing with its honey'd freight by night
Adown from twig to root, by day aloft
From root to twig, they met to solemnize
The Maple's Festival. Then the chosen priests,
The Keepers of the Faith, proclaim'd the time
And place appointed, and commanded all,
After due preparation, to attend
The solemn rite. But, ere they might presume
To offer the Great Spirit even thanks,
All must be purified of past misdeeds;
So, days before the festival, the people
Assembl'd in their Meeting of Repentance.
Then first a Keeper of the Faith arose,
Reminding them now needful and how fitting

Gave token by the holy record held
Of true repentance. Not to be forgiven
They told their sins, for they believ'd a deed
Once done was done forever, but they sought,
By facing thus their faults, to face them down,
And front with nobler purpose the new days.

Then on the festal morn, from round about
Converging to one central council-fire,
The people gather'd, rising long ere dawn
To take the trail to the appointed place.
Some for the teaching came, to share the words
Of sacred lore treasur'd from men of old,
Or heard in lone communion on the hills,
Or in the forest depths, or when in sleep
Spirit to spirit speaks. Some for the dance
Made ready, others for the games, the rest
Were eager for the gladness of the feast.
That day the matrons were astir betimes
Preparing for the feast their goodly stores,
Chiefly the arrow's toll of flesh and fowl.
The morn was past in games and merriment,

we have sought faithful evermore to us
Friends, kindred, hear, — this duty to
We gather here to-day. Again returns
The season when the Maple yields the
Of its sweet waters. Thankful are we
And so we bid you join us as we pay
Our general thanksgiving to the Maple.
We bid you join us likewise in thanksgiv
To the Great Spirit, who with wisdom
The Maple for the good of man. We
And shall expect order and harmony.
Friends, kindred, — we are gladden'd a
So many here, and thank you that you
Have heeded this day's duty. We give
To the Great Spirit that he has been ki
Unto so many, having spar'd our lives
To join again in the festivities
Of this reviving season. I have done.

He ceast. Then other Keepers of th
Uprising one by one, address the tribe.
One bade them hold in mind the qualiti
That make the warrior, dauntless high

Shunning all evil speech, unto the orphan
Kind, unto the needy bountiful,
And hospitable to all. Another spake,
Reminding them that the Great Spirit marks
Men's good deeds to reward them, and that all
Who fain would thrive — as who would not? — must
And seize occasion to do good; ev'n those [seek
Who have done wrong others should bear in hand
Not after their deserts, but kindly still;
That each man should be watchful lest he make
An enemy of his neighbor and so rouse
Vengeance that never sleeps till gorg'd with death;
That those whose footsteps swerve not from the path
Markt out by the Great Spirit shall live long
And know not evil; so the wise men spake.

Now clos'd the council; but, tho chang'd in form,
The worship of the day went on; a chief,
Rising, spake thus: Before the dancers come,
Call to your minds from whom we have the dance.
'Tis the Great Spirit's gift to men; he knew
That Nature's Children could not live content
Without diversion, so he made the dance
And taught it to them. Now we celebrate
The Feather dance, continuing so our thanks.

And tied around the waist, the braided
With beads inwrought; the deerskin k
Of porcupine broider'd and fring'd; be
The deerskin leggings and the moccasin
Bedeckt with quills and beads. Into t
They marcht, and round its oval slowl
In time to music by two players given
With voice and rattle, sitting in the m
Hymns few in words but heartfelt thes
Praising the maple for its annual gift,
The birch for its canoe, the ash for bow
The deer for food and clothing, and in
To the Great Spirit praise and thanks
For his good-will to men, with humble
For its continuance. When ceast the h
The dancing ceast, the dancers for a sp
Walking in column to the rattle's beat
Erect they danc'd, with gesture, postur
Of dignity and grace, a visible hymn
For their approval wrought who saw u
Yet mindful too of mortal eyes they d;
And eager for applause. Whoso displa
Most grace and spirit, him the lookers-
Call'd to take lead; such favor in the c

Its only music was the dancers' songs,
Brief, but a score in number; after the men
The line of women circl'd, and so slight
The art this dance requir'd, that round the hall
Hundreds at once would move, ring within ring,
In choral echo to their leaders' chant.

Now for a space the dancing paus'd that none
Might in its joys forget the high intent
Of the day's rites. A Keeper of the Faith
Stept forward in the midst, and drawing near
A fire already lighted, with a cry
Summon'd attention. Then upon the fire
Sprinkling a few tobacco leaves, he thus,
While the blue smoke curl'd upward, made address
To the Great Spirit: Thou who dwell'st alone,
O hearken to the words thy people speak,
Met here before thee. Of our offering
The smoke arises. Kindly heed our words
As in the smoke they rise to thee. Again
We thank thee for the Maple's bounty pour'd,
And pray that it may not untimely cease.
Still hear us, for our smoke still mounts to thee.

Of voice and drum and rattle. First the l
Form'd to the drum-beat; when the song l
Every alternate dancer fac'd about;
So two by two and face to face they mov'd
But in a single line around the room.
As ended the first third of the brief song,
The music broke, the sets reverst; the sam
After the next third, and now madder grew
The song, the dance; at the song's close ag
All fac'd about, and for a space the line
Walkt to the beaten drum; then all began
Another tune, and so on till an hour
Well-nigh had been markt off by merry feet
This is the dance belov'd of maid and youtl
For 'tis the maiden's privilege herein
To choose whom she will favor, two by two
The maidens gliding in between a pair,
Thus choosing each her partner; but no tou
Or word she gives; only her eyes may speal
Lastly the favorite Passing dance they ga
Also in columns and in sets of two,
But not the same two, for at certain points

And the Great Spirit that he made for us
The Maple and its sweetness. All assembl'd
We thank that you have heeded what you owe
To this day's duties. Most of all our hearts
Give thanks to the Great Spirit, who granted us
To share in this day's pleasures. I have done.

Then to the feast they went and filled the hours
Of afternoon with mirth. When twilight came
Home thru the woods they took their ways content.

The Child of Nature knew no Sabbath day;
Neither had he nor his forefathers seen
A menace in the changes of the moon,
Making four times within her monthly course
A day unsafe for action, but instead
Meet only to propitiate the spirit
Indwelling in the moon, which is as real
Ever to men unschool'd as are their own.
Not fear but love prompted his holy days;
Or if fear, then but fear of punishment
Merited by ingratitude that takes
Heav'n's gifts without the poor return of thanks.
So, when the snows had gone, and the glad days
Were chasing night from heav'n, and on the trees
The red buds had unfolded in red leaves, —

by frank confession of their sins and pi
Of better deeds to follow. Then they
On the appointed day, spending the m
In games and mirth; later, as noon dre
They gather'd for the counsel of the wi
Thereafter, body and soul, they gave th
Unto the raptures of the circling dance.
But yet the dance, tho joy, was worship
And in its midst they paus'd to celebrat
The solemn rite that crown'd it. As be
A Keeper of the Faith upon the fire
Sprinkl'd tobacco, then with eyes upturn
And reverent voice, offer'd the thanks of
For this return of the glad planting time
Beseeching the Great Spirit that he wou
A goodly season and abundant crops,
Preserving all from sickness, harm, and s
Devout the people heard; then to the da
Return'd, and, that completed, sought th
Thereafter, when the stars had hung alof
Their torches on the tree-tops, homewar
In faith the Child of Nature laid in ea
The seeds, his hope of harvest; faith at c
That the Great Spirit would send sun an

A gift so choice, so timely, and not render
Thanks to the giver? Nature's Child could not.
Nor deem'd he it suffic'd if by himself
He ate and thank't the giver; all the people,
Acknowledging a gift in common, gave
Their common thanks, meeting with chasten'd hearts
For counsel and for worship, yet with joy
Giving to God the worship of their gladness
In dance and feast. When a month more had past,
Nor yet the corn had fill'd its grains with milk,
The blueberries came, making the bushy glade
Another heav'n in hue. With joy they pluckt,
They feasted, and the brown bear from the wood,
Drawn by the fragrance and the sweetness, pluckt
And with them ate, nor one the other fear'd.
For this abundance too they thank't the giver,
With glad yet solemn rites. As in the strawberries
They thank't him for the first-fruits of the plants,
So in the blueberry clusters they acknowledg'd
The first-fruits of the trees, their gratitude
Outpouring to the spirit of the plant,
The bush, that bore the fruit, and unto him

to the Great Spirit for his gift, the corn
Four days the Feast continu'd, such its
For every day concluded with a feast.
Not for the corn alone, but for the fruit
Of the three plants, the corn, the bean,
They thus gave thanks, for, ripening to
These three as their Sustainers they rev

On the first day, the words of counse
The Feather dance enjoy'd, all with bo
Shar'd in the spoken thanks, which rose
On the smoke's fragrant pinions; after
Follow'd more dances; in the midst of
A Keeper of the Faith, upon the fire
Sprinkling tobacco, spake, one voice for
To the Great Spirit, uttering thanks an
Then to the games they throng'd, closin
With a delightful feast of the three fe
Blended in one, their favorite succotash

On the next day, after the solemn wo
All join'd, both men and women, in the
Of the Thanksgiving dance. Between
One and another rose and offer'd thank
Unto some source of man's well-being:
The streams, the plants, the trees, the h

Not only in the world of natural things,
But in the world of men; so they gave thanks
For acts of kindness, deeds of courage, works
Of skill or wisdom; for the large events
Affecting all, their nation's common weal.
Each, briefly giving thanks, follow'd his words
With fitting song, whereof the spoken words
And oft the music were his own device.
Nor were their Maker and his Unseen Aids
Forgot, but own'd in all and thank't for all.
After more dances the feast clos'd the day.

The fourth day added to the solemn words
And dancing their beloved Peach-stone game,
Favorite of Nature's Children, which they deem'd
Ev'n in the Spirit-world should be their sport.
So, over hearts intent upon the game
The swift hours fled, until at length the feast
Summon'd with stronger call; but ere they toucht
The steaming food forgot they not the thanks
Due to the giver. A Keeper of the Faith
Sounded a single note, high and prolong'd;
The rest responded in a lower key,

For harvest-home, the general than.
To their Sustainers, the kind spirits
Indwelling in the plants they harves
But most to the Great Spirit, who c
And order'd all. Four days they set
For this thanksgiving, with its varied
Of admonition, dance and game and
And spoken thanks and sung, and sm
Nor they gave thanks alone, but in th
The wide world held thanksgiving fest.
Aflame with the bright leaves of maple
And sumach, smoky-dim from unseen f
And musical with pattering of nuts
On new-fall'n leaves and scampering of
In quest of them, and echo answering al
So in her children's thanks glad Nature
The harvests all secur'd, and in the wc
The latest hunting o'er the crispy leaves
And thru the frosty haze, with homecomi
Beneath the hunter's moon, suddenly stop
By one wild night of world-o'erwhelming s
Now to the earth and unto beasts and me
Came the year's pause, season of chill and
With hunger never far. But, when the sur

The Best and Highest Faith. Seven days they kept,
With three preceding days, a holy time,
The crown of the year's worship. So three days
The people cleans'd their hearts, first with reproof,
And then with full confession of their sins.

When the first morning of the seven dawn'd,
Two Keepers of the Faith, clad in the skins
Of bear or buffalo, and wearing wreaths
Of corn-husks round head, arms, and ankles bound,
And, more to mask them, with their faces painted
By matron Keepers of the Faith, went forth
By these as heralds sent, each in his hand
Bearing a stout corn-pounder as the symbol
Of his high office. Entering a house,
They greeted first its dwellers, and then one,
Smiting upon the floor, bespoke them thus:

Hear ye! The rites are shortly to begin
Which the Great Spirit enjoins us to perform.
Make ready all your houses; clear away
Your rubbish; drive out every evil beast.
Let nothing hinder our observances.
Should any of your friends fall sick and die,
We bid you not to mourn them, nor allow
Your friends to mourn, but lay the dead aside,

Of the Great Spirit. First prepare you
To stir the ashes on your neighbors' he
Then give to the Great Spirit every one
Your thanks for the return of this glad
And your enjoyment of this privilege.

When they had sung another song of
They left the house, and so in pairs they
The rounds of all. But, while this house
These were performing, elsewhere other
Made ready the great rite, the crown of

On other festivals the smoke had serv'
Upsoaring, as their airy messenger
To the Great Spirit. Now in this supren
Yearly renewal of their consecration,
A purer and more faithful messenger
Their worship sought. What could it find
As white, and what so trusty as the dog,
The hunter's comrade, faithful unto death
So a white dog, unblemisht, they sought out
And on this day slew without shedding blood
Or breaking bone. Then his white fell with
They spotted o'er in token of their sins,

The Keepers of the Faith put on the dress
Of warriors, and so, in plumes and paint,
They visited at morning, noon, and even
Each family. In pairs they went, each bearing
A wooden blade. On entering a lodge
The household they saluted, then one stirr'd
The ashes, lifting some upon his blade,
Sprinkl'd them on the hearth, and, as they fell,
Said to the inmates: The Great Spirit I thank
That he has spar'd your lives again to see
This New Year celebration. Then with his blade
Sprinkling the hearth with ashes once again,
He added: The Great Spirit I thank that he
Has spar'd my life again to bear a part
In this day's ceremony; now this I do
As pleasing the Great Spirit. Then the twain,
When they had sung the day's thanksgiving song,
Went to another house. So thrice they came.
After each time parties of neighbors came,
Clad in their best, and every band perform'd
The same hearth-hallowing rites, till every house
Had thrice been visited and blest by all.

The third day and the fourth alike were given

They troubl'd not, but danc'd for their re
From those who gave not or gave not eno
They slyly pilfer'd; but, if caught, gave b
Their spoil ungrudging; undetected, kept
Their booty without blame. On their retu
They spread their plunder in a public plac
Where one who had been robb'd of someth
Might buy it back. Then with the purcha
The plunderers made a feast crown'd with

Another practice of absorbing charm,
A favorite in these days, was reading drea
Some one would go, with rueful countenanc
From house to house, and, entering in, wou
A dream that he had dreamt or had devis'd,
And ask its meaning. When he heard one
That seem'd to him the true one, if it call'd
For any act, this he would carry out
As a divine command, whate'er its cost.
Now was the season when the snow oft wear
A solid crust, fit floor whereon to play
The Snow-snake game, favor'd of supple you
And often made the mode of friendly war
Between two rival tribes, whose hearts beat

The message of their loyalty and thanks.
The tribes believ'd the spirit of the dog
Hover'd about its body till the wings
Of the upsoaring flame bore it aloft
To the Great Spirit's presence. As the flames
Drew near the body, thus a Keeper spake:

Hail, thou who hast created all things, thou
Who rulest all things, and who givest laws
And mandates to thy creatures, hear our words.
We now obey thy bidding. That which thou
Madest is now returning unto thee.
It rises up to thee and witness bears
That these our words are true. Then songs were sung
By priests and people. Last, as if assur'd
That the Great Spirit's ear had now been gain'd,
A chosen Keeper of the Faith, in words
From year to year unchang'd, one voice for all,
Spake; and, speaking, ever and anon
Sprinkl'd tobacco leaves upon the fire:

All hail! — O hearken with an open ear
Unto thy people's words as they ascend
Up to thy dwelling, borne upon the smoke
Of this our offering. Now behold thy people

What thou commandest duly to perform
Give to our warriors, to our mothers give
Strength to perform thy sacred ceremonies
We give thee thanks that in thy wisdom
Hast giv'n us these commands, and hast
Unchang'd and pure unto this day. Still
We thank thee that so many of thy children
Are spar'd to join in these observances.
Our hearts are glad that we may have
In doing thy commands. We offer thanks
Unto the earth, our mother, who sustains
Thee thank we who hast caus'd her to
Her fruits in such abundance. Do thou
That in this new year she may not with
Her fulness, nor let any suffer want.
We thank the rivers, and the streams, and
Their courses on the bosom of our mother
Thee thank we who hast furnisht them
For our support and comfort. Grant thou
Continuance of this blessing. We give
To all the herbs and plants that grow on
Thee thank we, who in kindness blest thee

That furnish us with fruit, and thee we thank
That thou hast blest them, causing them to bear
Abundance for the welfare of thy creatures.
We ask that they may not refuse to yield
Their boons for our enjoyment. To the winds
We give our thanks that they have swept away
Diseases from us. Thee we thank that thou
Hast order'd this to be, and we beseech thee
To grant that this great blessing may abide.
We thank our grandfather, the Thunderer.
Thee thank we, who so wisely hast provided
For our continu'd happiness and comfort,
In sending rain with water down to earth
That we may drink and all the plants may grow.
Thee thank we that thou gavest us the Thunderer
To do thy will in safeguarding thy people.
We ask that this great blessing may abide.
We thank the moon and stars, which give us light
When to his rest the sun has gone. Thee thank we
That in thy wisdom thou hast kindly order'd
That light shall never fail us. Still continue
This goodness unto us. We thank the sun

So many for our happiness and good.
Lastly, to thee, who hast created us
And rulest us, we give our thanks. In
Are all things comprehended. We believe
That thou canst do no evil, and that all
Thou doest for our happiness and good
Should we thy people heed not thy counsel
O deal not harshly, but be kind to us,
As thou hast been of yore unto our fathers
Hearken unto our words as they have said
And may they all be pleasing unto thee
Who hast created us, and who preserve us
And rulest over all things, both the seen
And those by mortals unseen. I have

So spake he, and the people, having
Turn'd from the altar, where their offering
Not yet consum'd, and sought the court
Wherein they gave themselves to the dance
Of dancing, first the Feather dance, and
Others as fled the hours, till the sun set
And the white stars roof'd the white sky
Then with the feast they ended the fifth

OF SKILL OR WISDOM; FOR THE LARGE EVENTS
Affecting all, their nation's common weal.
This ended, to the Peach-stone game they went,
Their favorite pastime, which their faith believ'd
Even in the Spirit-world they should enjoy.

So ended they the New Year's Festival.
So, with hearts cleans'd, new-vow'd to loyalty,
Uplifted with thanksgiving, and made glad
With dance and feast and game, they turn'd their eyes
Undaunted to the new year's fortunes new.

II
THE VISION
FORECASTS OF A BETTER WORLD TO BE

¶ Writes in mid-ocean from the ship
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert's admiral, westwar
 To the New World for the discovery
 Of Norumbega, and for planting there
 An English colony; Parmenius thence
 Writes to his bosom friend in Oxford hall
 His Hakluyt, best-beloved and worthiest
 For he it was to whom Parmenius ow'd
 His life's supreme adventure; when he l
 That Gilbert had again gather'd a fleet
 To make his patent good, he introduc'd
 His eager friend to the great general,
 As one by learning join'd to native gif
 And zeal to good attempts fit to recor
 In Latin verse the memorable deeds
 Of the great undertaking. To suppo
 His friend's encomium by giving pro
 Both of his art and of his interest
 In Gilbert's bold emprise, Parmeniu
 Hailing in lofty song the purpost v
 A stranger, fleeing from the Turk
 But born of Christian parents, tau
 And later by his country's learned

He there had form'd had well-nigh still'd his longing
For home and country. Often had he sought
To show his gratitude, and now it happen'd,
Just at the very time when he was striving
To honor London's noble citizens,
His learned friend, Hakluyt, had made him known
To Gilbert, whose great project he set forth,
To lead a colony across the seas.
Parmenius, hailing Gilbert's lofty spirit
Worthy of memory to the latest ages,
Deem'd the occasion long desir'd had come,
When he might voice to Gilbert and to England
Something of his regard. So he had ventur'd
To send in verse his godspeed, bidding Gilbert
Prospering go and prospering return.

His letter thus was prelude to a poem,
A new prophetic eclog, broader wing'd,
Far-flown to lands beyond Virgilian ken,
And there descrying, just before its dawn,
A latter Golden Age, its morning-star,
Gilbert. But not for him who wrote had Fate,
He deem'd, reserv'd the glorious lot to join

Was summon'd to his hero's side, and
Accorded him to sing still mightier d
Under his own eye wrought. With l
Parmenius could but sing in prophec
Or, with another's voice, how feebly

The poet linger'd still in Oxford's l
Two months and more; but when th
Of latter June was blending o'er the
Gloaming and dawn, Parmenius, far
Was wondering at the dark-blue ocea
Sweeping to northward, in its depth
Recalling the bright, living flood that
The white walls of Stamboul. For se
Thru fog and cloud and contrary wir
Urg'd their lone way. But, midway
Parmenius, thinking much upon the j
And the Old World long vanisht, but
Upon the New World yet unseen, wit
The meaning that its mystery enwraj
From a heart full of longing and a m
Foreseeing clearer that it should not
But weeting not its destiny, thus wrc

We call the ocean vast, but not the sight
Discerns its vastness; by his voyage alone,
Day after day prolong'd, still without end,
The voyager knows the vastness of the sea.
'Tis rather in a shrunken world he sails,
A narrow bowl of turbulence or calm,
Its rim, which moves as he moves, never far.
Straining or sliding on these mighty swells,
I wonder not that man sometimes is made
The plaything of the sea, or oftener
Must yield to gain his end, but that embarkt
In aught so frail as even our flagship's bulk,
He can at all thru these blind forces force
His way to the far goal his will has fixt.
In sooth, howe'er assur'd, one needs must feel
His ship a bubble and himself a mote
Until he makes his landfall. One thing here
I had not guest, a thing no tongue can tell,
The utter loneliness at sea. We sail
As if in starry space — for long ago
We parted from our consorts; — mornings dawn
And evenings darken, but no sail nor light

Our ship for its companion, and unwe:
Keeps airy pace with it from coast to
A thousand leagues? But stranger, th
Inhabitants that greet us from below:
The porpoises that gambol in the wav
Athwart our prow, their backs like wh
Enormous whales, bridging with dark-
The valleys of the sea; for hours to-d
We sail'd among a shoal of them; ahe
Astern, on either hand, they shot aloft
Their fountains into air; we could not
But they were signalling, perchance of
Now one would heave his hugeness nig
As if to measure lengths with our grea
Nor came off second best; huge as the
No one who watcht them long but felt
That they were playing, ev'n as their
The sportive porpoises; so odd it was,
We laught to see their vast and solemn
Frisking in giant mirth. A grimmer f
And one by seamen hated, is the sharl
Nor are our seamen easy while they s
His wicked fin lurking astern, but still

My Richard, is the wonder of the night;
That is aloft, whene'er the sullen clouds
Let us behold it, as last night I saw. [guess;

Much time have I for thought, thou well mayst
And on my brain, as westward still we drive,
And ever west, long thoughts come crowding in
From earth's remotest eld. The seas I cross
The same seas are whereover fable flew,
Or fancy, or who knows but memory?
Telling of lands beyond, another world,
A happier home of men. Here Hesiod set
His gardens fair of the Hesperides
With golden apples loaden, and here dwell
Immortally in islands of the blest
The heroes of the elder world who scap'd
The sword at Troy and seven-gated Thebes.
Here Plato's great Atlantis throve and fell,
No island lone, but first of western lands.
The western lands are real; then how much more
Is true? Is here preserv'd the Golden Age,
As Horace pictur'd it, when, sick in hope
Of warring Rome, he dream'd of setting forth
Hither to fruitful islands of no toil,

Leaves aglow and in their seeming
The broaden'd sun toucht with its rim
Then slowly, slower sank; a last keel
And it was gone. The show is over now
I murmur'd; but not so, for presently
The hovering clouds flusht with celesti
Clouds blossoming from nowhere, and
Glowing and deepening over half the s
And kindling nether fires in half the se
Was all this gorgeous pageantry devis'
I askt, for us brought hither by mere c
To see and wonder? And thru eons p
Have panoramas flam'd like this unsee
Impossible! I cried, and in that hour
I knew that other eyes than man's be
That other souls that wine of beauty c
The splendor wan'd; I thought the end
Of the celestial pageant, but anon
A fierier glow, alternate gold and red,
Grew in the ashen clouds, as if a breat
Divine had blown upon them. As on
The burning coals outlast the kindling
So with a deeper, steadier, longer fire

With its weak ray the self-same clouds but now
Ablaze with the remembrance of the sun.
A sweet and lovely close, I murmur'd. — Lo!
'Twas but the prelude. Friend, wilt thou believe
The sky can change its nature and become
A mighty stage curtain'd with hanging fire?
Yet so I saw it, if indeed I saw
In body, and was not in spirit rapt
Into a higher heaven there to see
And hear things not of earth; but what I saw
And heard shall be no sacrilege to tell
To thee, O brother of my soul. The north
Was sky no longer, but a mighty arch
Curtain'd with fold on fold of opal flame,
Burning yet unconsum'd; shifting in hue
From rose to the green rose-leaf; wrought in light;
And ever building up itself anew,
Still permanent in its impermanence.
Beneath its folds sat in an awful cirque,
As they had been the judges of the world,
Majestic forms, and, as I gaz'd, one rose,
His forehead, bright with that unearthly gleam,
Still furrow'd with a nation's agony,

Sing, O ye heav'ns; be joytul, O thou
And break forth into singing, O ye mo
The Lord will comfort them that are a
A new song sing unto the Lord, all ye
That go down to the sea, and all there
The isles and the inhabitants thereof.
O ye afflicted and ye tempest-tost,
Fear not, for he is with you; he will br
Out of the east your seed, and gather y
Out of the west. He will say unto the
Give up! and to the south: Keep thou
Yea, he will bid them bring your sons t
And bring your daughters from the enc
And all your children shall be taught o
And great thenceforth shall be your chi
He will lay deep your fair foundation s
In righteousness will he establish you;
And far from all oppression shall ye be
For into plowshares men shall beat the
And into pruning-hooks their spears.
Shall nation against nation lift the swo
Neither shall they learn war for everm

The wilderness and the solitary place
Shall gladden, and the desert shall rejoice
And blossom as the rose, yea, it shall bloom
And break forth into singing as ye come.
Your gates shall not be shut by day nor night,
But shall stand open that the righteous nation
Which keepeth fast the truth may enter in.
Violence shall not be in all your land,
Nor wasting nor destruction; ye shall call
Your walls Salvation and your gates his Praise.
The land shall ye inherit evermore;
A little one shall there become a thousand,
A small one a strong nation; and the Lord
Will speed the time, his own acceptable year.
Ye shall build houses and inhabit them,
Plant vineyards and shall eat the fruit thereof,
And long shall ye enjoy your handiwork.
And it shall come to pass before ye call
That he will answer, and while yet ye speak
That he will bless you. He will make your peace
A river, and your glory from the nations
An overflowing stream. Thus saith the Lord.
He ceast, and on his judgment throne again,

That storm within the soul, that, hark!
Of winds and waters are a mighty force;
Yea, puissant to mold the earth anew,
But, save as they are guided and controul'd
By Wisdom and the indomitable Will,
Ruinous, — Wisdom fed on high discourses
And knowledge, and the Will's wild vigour
To harmony and rhythm. As all within
They order and dispose to unity,
So against all without they stand allied
One taking counsel and the other arm'd
Repelling all assaults. So stands the nation
Even as a man by Wisdom taught the
That shape his welfare, and by steadfastness
Held straight through pain and pleasure
That Wisdom points, and in their harness
Self-pois'd and self-sufficing. Such it is
The state thru righteousness incapable
Either of doing or of suffering wrong.
So rounds earth's dream into reality, —
A nation, as its people, wrought and teeming
Its house in order; master over itself;
Its higher chords and lower and all betwixt

The iron race now disappears from earth.
The mighty months begin that shall blot out
The bloody steps of crime and set earth free
Forever from its fears. The soil shall mix
The mantling ivy with the foxglove's bloom
And Egypt's fruitage with her golden flower.
Undriven shall the herds, heavy with milk,
Stray home at nightfall; and the feeding flocks
No more shall fear the lion. The hidden snake
Shall die, the treacherous, baneful herb shall die,
And under foot the Assyrian balm shall breathe.
The fields shall yellow with unbearded grain,
From thorns untill'd the purpling grape shall hang,
And honey from the oak shall drip like dew.
Then shall another Tiphys at the helm
Another Argo's later heroes guide,
And other wars shall summon back to Troy
The great Achilles. With the flight of years
The seaman shall forsake the sea; no more
The sailing pine shall traffic bear, but then
Shall every land yield every fruit. The clod
Shall feel no more the spade nor vine the knife.
Thenceforth the plowman from the yoke shall free

He scarce had ended when another
Less featur'd form than the swift-pulse
Fiery heat-lightnings flare on summer
And thus in well-remember'd words he
Behold the heaven and the earth melt
For the first heaven and the elder earth
Have past away. I saw the holy city
The new Jerusalem, coming down from
Cloth'd as a bride adorn'd to meet her
I heard a great voice out of heaven say
Behold the tabernacle of God with men
And he shall dwell with them, and dwell
His people, and God himself shall be
And he shall wipe away all tears that
From every eye; there shall be no more
Nor sorrow, neither mourning nor any
For all the former things are past away
And he that overcometh shall inherit
All things, and I will be his God, and
Shall be my son. There came to me
And carri'd me away to a high mountain
And show'd me that great city, Jerusalem
Descending in the glory of God from

The honor of the nations into it.
He showed me a pure river of water of life,
Clear as crystal, flowing out of the throne
Of God and of the Lamb; on either side,
The tree of life, which bears twelve fruits, and yields
Its fruitage every month; and on the tree
The leaves are for the healing of the nations.
And there shall be no more a thing accurst,
But there the throne of God and of the Lamb
Shall stand, and there his servants shall serve him;
And they shall see his face, and in their foreheads
His name shall be. And no night shall be there,
And they shall need no light, either of lamp
Or sun, for the Lord God giveth them light,
And they shall reign for ever and for ever.

He rather paus'd than ended, giving place
Unto another form of lambent flame,
Like, yet distinct with robe and shaven crown,
Who, with rapt gaze bent upward, spake or sang:

O land of light, from strife and trouble free,
O land resplendent, flowering without thorns,
Reward that waits the Faithful, pilgrims here,
There citizens! Then all shall see God's face

No tears are there, but calm de
The laurel there, cedar and hys
And shining are thy walls with
Sea without shore, day without
Fountain and stream. All goo
And thine on every hand the li
There are the laurel wreaths, t
The comely Spouse, and shinin
No task is thine but sweetly to
Sweet hymns and all together
As well for banisht ill as good
O Sion, golden city, land of m
Where dwell the Just, thine o
Thou overweldest, and of a
Both heart and lips. I know
What light is like to thine, w
Is in thy joys, what glory all
Striving to sing thy praise n
O goodly glory, lo, at every
Conquer'd am I, thy praise
In Sion's mansions dwell th
Her mansions fond; from si

One longing heart, O Sion, city of peace!
O land from sin and tears and trouble free,
How glorious are thy courts, thy living bloom!
O Sion, city fam'd, O stronghold built
On a safe shore! I seek, I cherish thee;
I yearn, I burn; I sing thee and I hail.
Thou art my hope, my golden Sion, thou.
O goodly land, shall I behold thy joys
And thee? O goodly land, shall I receive
Thy full reward? O consecrate, O blest
Beyond compare, whose portion shall be God!

As when on summer eves the lightnings fade,
The clouds roll back, lo! half-way up the sky
The full-moon, flooding from her silver urn
Houses and fields, the lake, the trees, the shrubs,
Making a world as new and fair to sight
As in its breathing fragrance; so, when ceast
The rhapsodist, one rose who seemed alike
Scholar of Academe and Olivet,
And in a voice of music never far
From tears or laughter, built the world anew:
O children of our children, we but dream'd;
'Tis yours to make our dream reality.
What toil it cost to found the Roman state

Till ye have rear'd your earthly heav'n, ye
The earth as full of heav'n as earth can hold
Which is man's business here. I too have
Not gates of pearl, mansions and streets of
But this green earth made the fit home of
As heav'n is home of angels. So I bid you
Neither as heedless nor as hopeless live,
Not revellers and not pilgrims, not for the
Nor, letting slip the day, for eternity,
But, rising to God's stature of a man,
Become his partners, working here on earth
As he hath wrought in heav'n and still shall
On earth a city builded not with hands
Were not for men to handle. Ye must build
With stone and wood and iron, and your labour
Must hew and heave in quarry, forest, mine
Ere they begin to build. Whene'er ye fail
As oft ye must, think not that heav'n will
And finish what ye leave. While earth shall
No other shaping shall it ever know
But from your mortal hands. For you cannot
Hath the Creator abdicated, making
You his vicegerents here, with plenary power

To toil not for a million separate;
But for a single good a million-fold;
Not ev'n unselfishly to toil, but only
More wisely, with a broader, farther view.
Ye are not bidd'n to make the earth a place
For angels; when ye have made it fit for men,
Then is it all the heav'n that earth can yield
Or men enjoy; then is your task complete.
I bid you not begin your task; I hail
Your task begun, albeit ye know not yet
That ye have enter'd on earth's last, supreme
Achievement, that your onward-pressing prow
Shatter the bars of morning to let in
The dawning splendor of earth's Golden Age.
O land from the foundation of the world
Laid up for fallen man to be his new
Triumphant Paradise of no second fall!
O hidden land, waiting behind thy mists,
Behind thine ocean barrier, thru the long,
Impatient eons to throw wide thy gates
And let the Children of Redemption in!
O land of Freedom, fountain whence shall flow
Deliverance unto all the nations bound!

hunger, and strife or hunger born, and
The child of strife, and greed twin-born
And, freed from these old ills and memor
Man shall discern that his supremest need
For joy or welfare is his fellow man,
And, all his lesser needs assur'd, thenceforth
O'er the glad earth shall strive and vie
In goodlier fruitage from the tree of life.
O garden of mankind, blessed are we
Who saw thee from afar! Thrice blessed
Our children's children, who shall be at
The garden and its tillers and its fruit!

Ev'n as he ceast the mighty theater
Dilated, and the dread tribunal grew
Until its ring of judges clos'd about
The earth itself. Then rose the stately
And slowly upward, northward, it with
Still shining, shrinking, till I found my
Fixt on the calm North Star, while in
The bell its eight dull strokes of midnig
O Richard of my heart, not once but
Have these prophetic voices spok'n to
Out of the printed page, and well thou
The tales that travellers tell of the Ne

No business but of leisure, no respect
Of kin, but all alike; they wear no clothing,
They have no tillage, metal, corn, nor wine;
They lack the very words for lying, treason,
Deceit, greed, envy, slander, even for pardon.
In short, he said, a land we needs must call
Fresh from the hand of God. But yet I doubt
If the prophetic voices in my dream, —
Or revelation, dare I call it? — spoke
Of any life man has attain'd already,
But rather of a life that now at last
Is just about to be, nay, has begun.
Dare I believe this vision brought to me,
That I may be its witness unto men,
Heavenly assurance that the world's last age
Is op'ning now, ev'n o'er our swelling sails?
That were indeed presumptuous; but how else
Must I interpret what I saw? Before us,
If I have read the travellers' tales aright,
A land lies, rich in everything but men,
Vari'd and vast, reserv'd till now, as if
Heav'n would withhold it till mankind had learn'd

Cities arising at our leader's call
As once to music Thebes and Troy upro
Their citizens uniting to devise
Just laws, themselves shall guard as the
By these their children shall be train'd
Well-being in well-doing, not in fraud,
Riot nor ease, neither in sordid gains,
Nor fickle honors won by servile arts.
There honest worth shall never be kept
By rank, nor Freedom be outweigh'd b
Nor shall the poor man in the people's
Assail the rich, but then shall equal law
Assure to each enjoyment of his own.
Then mother earth shall from her boun
Feed all with little pains; care shall not
The brow of youth, nor toil so banish r
But men shall seek in honesty their we
And worthy is the land, by winter's fro
Unblighted, and unparcht by summer s
Its mild airs breathing under friendly s
Over its teeming soil, to be the home
Of men like these, not sunk in tropic slo

Rolling with hill and valley beyond sight.
So fill'd the forest is with fallen trees
No foot of man can pierce it, his one road
The rivers and, along the shore, the sea.
Roses and luscious berries here grow wild.
The air is sweet and clear above the land,
But all to seaward hang perpetual mists,
Where huge ice-mountains in mid-summer throng,
Most dread when wallowing they overturn.
So, after we have here supplied our needs,
We purpose to sail southward, where our hope
Will daily grow, fed on the good report
Of better things waiting discovery there.
But, O my friend, whatever there we find,
These wilds, these chilling mists, have blurr'd forever
My glowing vision of a Golden Age
Here to unfold. I see on these rough shores
Within these dank, impenetrable woods,
Nothing but toil, eons of toil, ere man
Can tame this wilderness into a home.
Here is no refuge for the weak and faint;
Here sorest toil shall win but scant reward;
Here death waits him who falls. O the grim task

The grave of ships and sailors. The
Sighting it on their way to Labrador,
Nam'd it with strange perversion, Sans
The French more simply called the isle
Unsated now after long centuries
Of ravin, then the ogre lay, its jaws,
Wide open, frothing with their first ma
Thither with reckless daring Gilbert ste
And there mid rain and mist the ship
Her careless watchers warn'd but heed
Embay'd among the shoals, whose foam
Gleam'd thru the haze like white and l
Struck on the hidden sands, and in a tr
Was dasht in pieces, all before the eyes
Of those who mann'd her consorts. Th
And the next morning these beat up an
The fatal spot, yet not a soul they sav'
Of any scap'd by boat or drifting spar
From the ill-starr'd Delight. There wi
Unknown to fame, perisht the alchemis
With the strange minerals he had refin'
The proofs of boundless wealth, and als
The poet well-belov'd. All ye who pas
In safety by his unseen ocean grave,

Spare from your work or play a thought to him
Who long ago in vision hail'd your day
And the far-beckoning morrow of your hope!

III
THE COVENANT
BEING THE JOURNAL OF EDWARD WINSLOW
FROM THE LANDFALL TO THE SAILING
OF THE MAYFLOWER

Crampt in this reeking dungeon. Fro
Lifts the long ridge the sweet green of
Smiling beneath the sun! The golden
The sky, the sun, the glittering sands.
Wipe from the tablets of our memory
The storms and buffetings, the dark a
The dripping seams, the noisome hold
The hopeless hulling on the mocking
Sickness and weakness, death, the cru
Of heartless men, the doubt that wou
Of God's approval. How from every
The cloud has lifted as our sorrow ban
Throng up into the sunshine! All tog
Rejoice and praise the Lord, who give
Once more to see the land. Now to t
We bend our course. Nay, 'tis no far
Borne on the west-wind comes the pin
In fragrant welcome. But in vain it
Not on this desert shore shall be our h
But southward, westward, yet a few s
And friendly hands shall reach to clas
Shall lead us to warm firesides, and at

Changes in our conditions that made them fitter
For Turkish bond-slaves than for honest men;
False Weston at Southampton breaking faith,
And forcing us out of our scanty stores
To buy our clearance; Reynolds and the Speedwell,
His foul-play, and the long delay at Dartmouth;
Our hundred leagues of ocean crost in vain;
The plot of the two captains; the return;
The risky stay at Plymouth; the final venture
Of all but eighteen faint-hearts in one bottom,
Our sole dependence; now, last blow of all,
The New World reacht, our haven nigh, a traitor
First steers us into danger and then makes
The danger his excuse for turning back.
And since he makes no gain that one can see,
Be sure he does it for a secret gain,
A bribe from those Dutch merchants who themselves
Would plant a colony where ours should grow.
So now we are retracing the same shore
We trac'd at morning. But how otherwise
Its dark line glooms against the sunset's gold
Than when it smil'd to greet the sun new-risen,

Expect us, wondering at our long delay
Full early we must think and act perfect
Now let me sleep, but first give thanks
That he hath spar'd our lives to serve
That all our times are in his hands, and
Shall rule and overrule the deeds of men
Until earth's farthest shores shall hymn

N

A dark day sadly spent in sailing north
Along that grim, forbidding shore; a day
Of double gloom; then, bright with hope
Crowded with thought and action, but
From what I dreamt of when I wrote
Long ere the dawn, my trusty friend,
Waking me softly, whisper'd in mine ear
Bestir thee, Master Winslow, a new course
Threatens our voyage, one hard to be
That scoundrel, Billington, who crept in
God knows what right he had — is gone
Among our simpler folk, but mostly
New-come from England, and is tell

For ye know how to govern, and all true men
Will gather round you. But bestir, bestir!
I thank him, gave my word, then, rising, call'd
Our twelve together — and may God forgive me
If, when we all had met, within me rose
The question: Is not one of us a traitor? —
Addressing myself first to our Governor,
I told my good friend's warning and his plea
That we twelve masters should assume control.

The first to speak was Standish: What! throw
All history and start the world anew, [away
As if expell'd afresh from Paradise;
Repeat from choice on this new shore the blunders
Men have been making these six thousand years,
To learn a little of the art to live
Together in a state! I move, for one,
That we begin our New World not anew
But where the Old leaves off. As for the fraud
Of tearing up our articles, though I hold them
Compact of fraud, I'd take him who propos'd it,
And hang him at the yardarm. Bradford next,
Our learned, shrewd adviser, gave his voice:

Nay more, is what they look to see
I rather hold with our beloved pastor
Who, parted in the body, yet is with
In spirit, I am certain, at this hour.
These are his words; can you not hear?

Whereas you will become a body
Using among you civil government,
And are not furnisht with persons equal
Above the rest to be your governors
Show forth your wisdom and your grace
Not only in choosing such as wholly
And zealously will serve the common
But also in yielding them with all due
Obedience in their lawful ministrations
Beholding in them not their humble
Of person, but God's ordinance for you
Nor being like the foolish multitude
Who honor more the gaudy coat than
The virtuous mind of him who wears it
The glorious ordinance given by the Lord
But you know better things, and thank
Of the Lord's power and his authority

But certainly would not lay claim to it
On ground of learning or of family;
If, favor'd so, I were not call'd to lead
By common suffrage, I would gladly yield
To one less favor'd but of better parts.
Then Standish mov'd the Governor appoint
Three to draw up a covenant all should sign;
And, all agreeing, the Governor appointed
Bradford and Brewster, with myself their scribe.

We then, retiring, set about our task,
Which, finisht, we submitted to the rest,
And all approv'd it. Then with no delay
The Governor summon'd all our company,
And, setting forth the occasion and the need
Of such an instrument, with his own willingness
And ours to sign it, call'd on every man
To sign it after him. Taking the pen,
He wrote his name; we follow'd one by one,
Till all had sign'd. So, having undertaken
A voyage to plant the earliest colony
In northernmost Virginia, purposing
To seek the glory of God and to advance

From time to time as shall be thought
And most convenient for the general
Of this our colony; unto which we pay
All due submission and obedience.

When the last man had sign'd, our F
His eyes and hands to Heaven, and,
Kneel'd or stood round him bow'd, pay
Our gratitude for his preserving care;
Our sense of our unworthiness, and c
Still greater in the days of trial at ha
But now, lest any doubt the authorit
On land of him who had been in the
Our Governor, by its first act our Co
No longer a mere company, confirm'
Our Governor in his office for the ye:

Then from the noisome cabin we c
Into the morning sunshine, which we
Were facing as we rounded the long
Into the haven where to-day we lie
Safely at anchor, where a thousand
Might lie beside us safe from wind a
So curving is this curious headland's
That, ere we came to anchor, we had
The compass fully, and had turn'd o

We sent some fifteen men ashore, well arm'd,
With others for their axmen. Late returning,
They told us they had found the nearer land
A narrow neck between us and the west;
The ground a line of sandy hills, much like
The downs in Holland, but of richer earth,
Black, of a spade's depth, cover'd everywhere
With lusty growth of pine, oak, sassafras,
Juniper, birch, and holly, with clambering vines,
And scatter'd ash and walnut. Op'n it lies,
And free from underwood; suitable to walk
Or ev'n to ride in. But therein they found
No man nor home of man. They heapt their boat
With fragrant juniper, whose ruddy wood
Burns with a sweet, strong smell. As for the rest
Who waited on the ship, we spent the day
Watching the myriad sea-fowl, overhead
Wheeling or diving or with dripping prey
Seeking the mainland, or below in flocks
Like fleets at anchor. Ev'n at times there swam
Great whales into our harbor, which, had we
Been fitted out to take them, would have yielded
Great wealth to us ere we had come to land.

From any sky England or Holla
Our circling, wood-girt haven ca
That amphitheater of trees whic
A harbor to Aeneas' batter'd shi
After the storm; but vaster, gen
An augury, we trust, of nobler f
That, landing here, we shall not
By night, with evil conscience, b
Neath such a sky one dares to t
Found a new Roman state, ay, -

Yet not for this we came, we
From faithful friends, lov'd scene
Of daily bread, tho bought with
We sail'd with humbler aims and
A refuge where in quiet we migh
Our lives as Englishmen, keepin
And manners of our fathers, but
By priest or tyrant, here might
As in his Word he bade men wo
Now, as one drifting down a lit
Suddenly, ere he is aware, is flu
Into a river's mighty breadth an
Wherein he will be speedily eng

Our wise and saintly Robinson! Other men
See the world's ways converging to a point;
In his eyes all with distance wider grow.
What weighty words of prophecy he spake
At our departure, words that every day
Enriches with new meaning! Most of all
To-day they haunt me, while we stand at pause
Before the days that must decide our fate.
Let me record them while their memory
Still burns within me. It was on that day,
Before our sailing, which we kept together,
Our last at Leyden and our last together,
A day of solemn fast and humiliation,
Beseeching God to make known the right way
For us and for our children and our substance;
And yet a day of joyful melody
In every heart, with every voice; a melody
The sweetest that mine ears have ever heard.
Many the wholesome warnings and instructions
He gave, but these I cherish most of all:
We now ere long must part, and the Lord knoweth
If I shall live to see your faces more.

I cannot but bewail, who now have reacht
A period in religion, and will go
No further than their leaders went before.
The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go
Beyond what Luther saw; what of God's
He further hath imparted and reveal'd
To Calvin, they will die ere they embrace
And even so ye see the Calvinists;
They stick where Calvin left them, in a pl
Sorely to be lamented; for in their times
Altho these twain were shining lights, yet
Hath not reveal'd his whole will unto the
And they, if living now, would be as read
And eager to embrace the further light
As that which they receiv'd. So keep in
Your covenant with God and one another
That ye will walk in all the ways of the
Made known or yet to be made known
Withal I caution you to give good heed
What ye receive for truth, and well to
Examine and compare with other Scrip
Of truth ere ye receive it; for, said he,

Had ever teacher in the world before
Such confidence in truth! It matters not
Although another teach a larger truth;
It matters not if we forsake our stand
Beside an ancient prophet of the truth;
It matters only to keep pace with truth,
Which marches onward ever and for ever.
But this means that no man can rest in truth,
Since truth itself rests not, has never rested,
Nor ever shall until it finds again
Its birthplace and its goal, the thought of God.
Haply God hid a half world until now,
That on its shores this truth of truths might bloom!
At last our Sabbath sun, which all day swam
Thru an unclouded sky, has fir'd with gold
The western tree-tops. Longer on this shore
Than in the Old World he draws out the day
So near to winter; but the night is cold.
To-morrow we begin our first of toil
In the New World; women and men alike,
All who are well, have work to do on shore.

November 19th

A week in the New World; yet hardly so,

We first unload our shallop, draw to
And set about refitting her; that done
We row'd our people ashore beside a
Of clear, sweet water just beyond the
Beneath a lofty hill. There on the s
I built a roaring fire of fragrant boug
And there our women with much tall
Washt and upon the bushes dried the
With sun and wind to help. On eith
We men kept guard, cutting down tr
For firewood, helving tools and sharp
I, being in charge, felt haply most of
Our lack of arms, the arms we meant
Out of the money Weston filcht from
So we have not a musket nor a swor
For every man, and yet our muskets
Due store of powder and ball. No p
Was this to me there standing guard
Our helpless wives and children in a
Unknown, or ill known, where the en
Might yield at any moment a mad s
Of painted savages; but the day past

On this lean sandy spit thrust out to sea,
Are we to make our home. But when I turn'd
To westward, far across the deep I saw
A line of hills. There must the true land be,
There must we settle, and full soon, I pray;
For terrible it is how weak and worn
The voyage has left us, most of all our women,
Not all whose courage on their day ashore
Could offset their exposure. So I pray
For speedy housing and the fireside's warmth.
As for myself, I have been daily ashore,
Leading a crew, well will'd if not well skill'd,
To cut and saw out timber for our shallop.

Meanwhile, impatient of the long delay,
Before the shallop should be fit for use,
Sixteen that could be spar'd set out to spy
The country, if it might be fit or no
To be our seat. So Wednesday they set forth,
In single file, Miles Standish at their head,
And every man equipt with musket, sword,
And brazen corslet. At the forest's edge
They parted from us. Three long, anxious days
We watched and waited, till on Friday late,
Just as our crew were gathering up their tools,
We heard the sound of muskets, and anon

But left it carefully untoucht; a held
Full of fresh stubble; many walnut t.
Well fill'd with nuts; great store of st
And grape vines. Coming on a fallen
Beside which lay the kettle of a ship,
They also found, more precious than a
Under a heap of sand a basket fill'd
With this year's corn. Some goodly ea
Yellow or red or mixt with blue; herea
Of such must be our food; and what th
Must be the seed of our first harvest he.
But all agree that we must strive to find
The owner, and restore to him his kettle
And satisfy him amply for his corn.
Near by they found the ruins of a fort,
Which they conceiv'd to have been built
Indian canoes they saw, and found a sapl
Bent with a rope and noose to make a spr
For catching deer, and by it William Brad
Was neatly caught; also they started up
Six whirring partridges; three bucks they s
But rather would have had a single one.

Our ship's supply, master and crew will straight
Turn on us, and evict us out of hand
Like starving cotters, us and all our goods
On this bleak shore, foodless and waterless.
So have we toil'd unflagging on our shallop,
Tho weary, yet more favor'd than our women,
For we have kept our health, but they, alas!
It cuts one to the heart to hear them cough,
To watch their sufferings. Is there in this air
Some poison? Never can it be; the air
Is living crystal beside any breath
We ever drew before. If poison be,
It rather lurks in this dank, noisome hold,
Or in our blood, long stagnant and ill nourisht.
When yonder pines, rough-hewn, shall yield us homes,
And fill them with their healing breath, and hot
On our rough hearths great logs shall hiss and roar,
Our sick ones shall forget their ills. Meanwhile
We men must toil knowing we toil for life.

So toil we willingly, in harmony,
Submitting to be rul'd, yet with no sense
Of servitude, for he who leads is chosen
By those who follow, and is first in toil
And last in ease. Wherefore among true men
Should it be ever otherwise? If in a band

How men may live together in a state?
We are a state, albeit a puny one,
Yet are in kind a state as veritably
As if we fill'd this vast and unknown land
From sea to sea, as in God's plan — who kn
Our children's children may. Yet in that a
What can they do but higher, statelier build
On the foundations we are laying here?
Our fathers taught at Runnymede that kin
Rule not for kings but people. There the
But we, their sons, have been to school ab
Where we have learn'd much more. Was
Leading us out of England, first to learn,
And then to raise here in the wilderness
A better England? Coming straight fro
We had not deem'd a commonwealth cou
Made up of equals; we should not have
A state where all men worship God as m
And not as subjects; where the ground
May become his who tills it; where the
Rules not the part more than the part
Where those who rule, rule under writt
Not to be overstept; where Justice hat

that in his worship, may it not be that God
Hath yet more bread to break for our sustaining,
Ay, and our children's, while the world endures?
So help me God! here to build such a state
I dedicate whatever powers I have,
His loan and due.

December 3rd

Another futile week,
Spent in but little more than marking time,
And time so deadly precious; for now our men,
Enforc'd to wade the shallows to the land,
Or on the march expos'd to snow and cold,
Are all as sore distemper'd as our women,
Nor is there hope of health until we land.
But one thing was to do, to hoist our anchor
And make sail for the haven that we know
Lies fair across the bay; but all in vain;
Nigh two score of our own men and the crew
Must seize the shallop ere she was in trim,
Launch her, and make another voyage, and march
On the old course; this time thru stormy seas
And over ground encumber'd thick with snow.
I, left meanwhile on board with a small band

Can one be patient, when the thing to do
Is clear as snow in sunshine? After two
One half our troop return'd, well worn with
And many sick. They brought a welcome
Of corn and beans, some corn still in the ear
A sight to wonder at. Surely God's providence
Sent us this corn, which we had never seen
But for our first discovery; for now the ground
Is cover'd up with snow, and froz'n so hard
That they with their short swords and cut-throats
Must hew and carve it, and then wrest it up
With levers, lacking tools. We sent next day
The shallop back, and so brought home the
These had gone further, and had tales to tell
Of a great deer-path, which they deem'd a road
Of graves, it seem'd of sailors, with bowls and
Two bundles, each with bones and flesh wrapped
In red embalming powder, round them braced
Of fine white beads. They found two empty
Built of long saplings bent to make an arbor,
And cover'd to the ground and lin'd within
With well-wrought mats; these held good

who, as he was the first child of our Pilgrims
Born in the New World, they called Peregrine.

Now is our vessel fill'd from morn to night
With argument: Have we sought far enough,
And shall we settle at the river's mouth,
By the Cornhill, where ground is ready to hand,
And harborage for boats, though not for ships,
A place defensible, secure, and healthful,
Beside a sea abounding in great whales,
And of the choicest kind for oil and bone?
To this decision now the heart of winter,
Forbidding more discovery, and our lodging,
Its cold and wet infecting all with coughs,
And scanty victual, urge us; but, for one,
I give not my approval; across the bay,
On the real mainland we should haste to seek
An ampler site, a harbor fit for ships,
A readier water, and a richer soil;
And daily, as the talk goes on, in spite
Of sickness, and hearts sick with hope deferr'd,
The better judgment gains. God grant it win,
And speedily. The world that rings us round
Is now a world of white; the open glades
Lie half knee-deep with snow, and the pine boughs
Droop with their clinging load. How blue the sky,

De

All hearts are light to-day, even our
Are cheery, for the great resolve is made
To hoist sail for the mainland. Two
The wind still favoring, should see us
Safe in the haven where our home shall be
Today, while others hasten to repair
Our most unlucky shallop, or make ready
On board for our removal, I, their scribe
Must write the story of seven toilsome
But for God's grace there had been none
And none to write it, for a headstrong
The son of Billington, our flock's blasphemer
Finding a loaded musket, shot it off
Within the crowded cabin — where a
Huddled around the fire, for out of doors
A storm was raging — near an open hatch
Half fill'd with powder; yet no harm done
Others are greatly hearten'd by this
I take it as a warning not to run
Such risk a second time. Next day,
We started; for the most, being safe

Under the weather shore, in smoother water.
But still the cold was bitter, and our clothes,
Drencht with the spray, were stiff as coats of iron.
After some leagues we past a tongue of land,
And saw, within, the roadstead of a bay,
But held our course; then drawing near to shore,
Espied a group of Indians, ten or twelve,
Busy about some black thing, which we found
Next day to be a grampus. They, seeing us,
Ran to and fro as carrying something off.
We sailed a full league further, but so flat
The sands outspread that we had much ado
To put ashore. Landed at last, we made
A barricado, gather'd firewood, set
Our sentinels, and so we past the night;
But thru the darkness we could see the fire
Made by the savages four miles away.

Our company next morning we divided,
Eight in the shallop and the rest on shore.
Those found an ample bay with depth for ships;
We on the land found there a level soil,
But far from fruitful; and we saw two brooks,

With a large palisado. Many graves
We saw, but dug none up; some had
But long undwelt in. Hidden in the
Two baskets of parcht acorns we used
But cover'd up again. So up and
We rang'd, but saw no people, till
Drew low, and then we hasten'd forth
And hail'd our shallop, to their joy
Weary and faint, for we had eaten
All day, we fell to make our rendezvous
And labor to get firewood; then we
And having set our watch, we sought
At midnight we were waken'd by a
Both great and hideous, and our sentinel
Called out, Arm, arm! So we best
Shot off two muskets, and the clan
I lay long time awake, fearing not
Harm from the savages than harm
From us, tho done in self-defense,
And feud ensuing; for we come armed
Neither to kill, enslave, nor rob, but
To live beside them, and to share
The blessing of God's truth. So forth

After him others; then we call'd to those
Beside the shallop, how it was with them.
They answer'd straightway: Well, well, every one;
Be of good courage. Thereupon we heard,
Three of their pieces shot. The rest call'd out
For fire to light their matches. So William Bradford
Shoulder'd a burning log and bore it to them,
Maugre the arrows. While our men were arming,
Our enemies made a constant dreadful cry,
Sounding like this: Woath woach ha ha hach woach!
Their leader stood at half a musket shot
Behind a tree, and shot three arrows at us.
He stood three shots from us; then, as he reacht
His right arm for an arrow from his quiver,
Our Captain took full aim and struck his arm.
Thereat he gave a cry of pain and fled
Swift thru the woods, and with him all the rest.
We follow'd them a space, except for six
We left to keep the shallop; then all together
We shouted twice, and, having fir'd two shots,
We so return'd. Thus it pleas'd God to vanquish
Our enemies, whom by their noise we guest
Thirty or forty, tho in the dusk of morning
Among the trees they seem'd yet many more.

No creek nor river where we could
Bad weather soon began with rain :
About mid-afternoon the wind incre
In the rough seas our rudder hinges
So we had much ado to steer with c
And night grew on. As we drew ne
Bearing great sail, the stiff gale spl
Into three pieces, and we lackt but
Of being cast away, yet by God's m
Righting ourselves, and having the
We struck into the harbor; yet eve
In a strange place, compast about v
And dark night growing on us, we h
Been cast away, had it not pleas'd
To guide us to a piece of sandy gro
Where all that night our shallop roc
Behind an unknown island, whereu
Thru rain and storm and frost we ke
When morning came we landed, ma
But nowhere found inhabitants. F
We made our randevous, dried our d
Refitted our poor boat with mast a

The pain of the weaker grows my faith,
And I misdoubt if God intends our English
Shall people this New World. From Pemaquid
One winter drove us home in dire defeat.
Beside the James we struggle to maintain
A slippery footing. So, as no man reads
The history of failure, why should I
Be at the pains to write it? But is this
The spirit of that Monday when we made
Our long-sought landing? Shame on me to write
Such timorousness! But, truly, hope nigh won
Makes the heart faint. Scarce had the morning
When we were underway, and, being already [dawn'd,
Within the greater harbor, quickly ran
Before the north wind to the point we sought
Within the lesser haven. There we landed
At a great boulder on the sandy shore,
Under a bluff, beneath a lofty hill.
Southward a broad clear stream empti'd its flood
Into the brine; to north flow'd lesser brooks,
And cornfields there we found, but seeming all
Some years deserted. Climbing the high hill,
We saw to east a long and lofty ridge,

The harbor offers depth and anchor

So there we saw a site defensible,
Well-water'd, with clear'd fields, and
A safe and ample harbor. Meanwh
The shortest of the year, with our c
And soundings, had so worn, that, t
To tell our good news, we were fain
To seek our island's shelter. But n
We hasten'd with all speed across t
To find a house of mourning. For M
Her husband gone with us but scarc
Fell from the ship and drown'd, and
James Chilton after a long sickness
Many besides are sick, for the vile l
Is but a pest house. Still, our chee
Gladden'd all hearts. This comfort
That we have past the midnight of
God grant it prove the midnight of

More than a month has gone sinc
And such a month of toil and cold :
Of anxious toil, hamper'd by clingir
Running a race with death! I drea

I find it but in fact. While danger threatens
I still must fear, though, I protest, to fear
Is not to yield, and proudly I record,
In all our band no voice is for return.
Yea, should the record that I write break off
Ere it has well begun, yet will it tell
Not of retreat, but only of defeat.

How little have we wrought in all these weeks
Since first we landed on the rock! — two buildings,
One common house, one shelter for our goods.
Yet never a week passes but it takes
Its toll of death. Since Dorothy Bradford died,
Have died on shipboard Richard Britteridge,
Degory Priest, and Master Christopher Martin;
And in her weakness Mary Allerton
Has borne a lifeless child. Ten days ago
Was Master Bradford taken with such pain
We thought him next to death, what with the cold
He caught in our discoveries, chiefly the last;
But by God's mercy in the use of means,
He is restor'd already. Despite our need,
Even after we had brought the Mayflower here,

Three miles, and then cross over to the
Yet nowhere found we site so good as
The hill behind us and in front the ha
With many delicate springs, on either
Much corn-ground clear'd, and in one
Whereon to plant our ordnance. Our
Has been to fetch our wood across the
An eighth of a mile, but of it is no lack

So at the bluff's head, just above the
Under God's guidance, as we trust, we
Our place of settlement, there having la
No more to spy but to possess; and then
On Christmas day we set about to rear
Our common house, and at our task we
The whole day without rest. Leaving at
Some twenty men to keep the court of gu
We sought the ship, and all night long th
A heavy storm of wind and rain. That
The master cut us off from our allowance
Of beer, and we began to drink cold water
But when night came, being Christmas, h
As sometimes since, but only for the ship;
On shore cold water is our only drink.

Already is well past. As for myself,
I dream'd not the delight it brings to drive
The flashing steel into a towering tree,
To feel it bite and see the white chips fly,
Then, when the first crack warns, to stand aside
And watch the trunk with slowly gathering sweep
Fall prone and leave a space of sky unbar'd.

We dare not go ashore without our arms,
And fires of Indians have we seen, and heard
Noises we deem'd they made, but none have seen.
One day went Captain Standish with five men
To seek them at their fires, but found them not.
On their way home they shot down a great bird,
Which gave us meat like mutton to the taste.

Our town we have laid out, up from the bluff
One street, and one across down to the brook.
Along the main street we stak'd out our plots
By families, nineteen in all, for now,
What with our deaths and our continuing weakness
From frost and storms and wading to the shore,
No more are needed. Having chos'n by lot
Our plots of ground, we will'd that every man

~~After three times they came to a place~~
Divided into two, in one an island.
From it our town brook issues, and
Its hill-bound waters full of fish and
Some Indian huts they found, but e

About this time by chance two of
Put all the rest into great sorrow an
Four being sent to gather and cut tl
These rasher two, John Goodman a
Having wrought all the morning, we
And bade the others follow; so they
But could not find the first nor hear
Altho they call'd aloud with all thei
So they return'd alone. Then four
But could hear nothing; after them
Still all in vain. The next day we
Twelve under arms, and thinking in
The Indians had surpris'd them. F
We wander'd seeking them, but not
So we return'd with great grief to us
At night the two men, faint with to
And nearly starv'd with cold, found
It seems at noon, taking their meat
They walkt forth to refresh themsel

They were enforc'd to make the earth their -
The element their covering; but anon
They heard two lions roaring, then a third,
And very near; so they resolv'd at need
To climb into a tree, but meanwhile stood,
At the tree's root, where they were fain to hold
The mastiff by the neck, lest she dash off
After the lion; but as it pleas'd God
The wild beasts came not. So in frost and snow
They walkt, tho weary, all night up and down
Under the tree. As soon as it was light
They travell'd again, past many lakes and brooks,
And found in one place where the savages
Had burnt a space five miles in length and made
An open champaign country, fine and even.
In the afternoon it pleas'd God that they saw
From a high hill the two isles in our bay,
And so that night they got to the plantation.
John Goodman's feet were swollen so with cold
He needs must have his shoes cut off; even yet,
Tho days have past, he scarce can walk alone.
A week ago to-day we meant to keep
The Sabbath ashore; but in the morning early,

Had they not risen speedily, had co
To be blown up with powder; the l
As full of beds as they could lie; ou
Hung round us ready charg'd; but
No harm was done either to sick or

This week John Goodman, havin
Towards evening to practice his lan
And having taken with him a little
When but a short way off from the
Came two great wolves running out
Which fled between his master's fee
He throwing a stick hit one; both r
But came again; then seizing on a
He threaten'd them; and, after the
Grinning at him a while, they went

To-night, our worship over, all o
And weaker men have row'd back t
The sun, long ere his setting, has g
Behind our lofty hill, and a sharp v
Stings the dry air with frost. The
Have brought but strengthening co
And let the warm air kiss the hollo
And soothe the cough-rackt bosoms

To warm the soil, and in the garden plots
The earliest work is toward; but with us
Winter still rules with frost and snow and rain
And furious gales. Still toil we at our houses,
But know not who shall dwell in them; already
Since first we saw these fatal shores have died
Thirty and more; and many still are sick,
And none grow better. God send soon a change,
Or none of all the homes we toil to build
Will shelter those we build them for. This fear
Haunts me by day and night, while every week
Sees four new graves mounded beneath our hill.
No man but asks, when a fresh grave is fill'd,
Will the next hold my dearest? — none but they
Whose dearest lie already there. Were I
Our Governor, none should take a Sabbath rest
More than on shipboard in a storm; we fight
A deadlier foe than winds and ocean waves;
But mine is to obey, and for lost time
To add new strength and swiftness to my blows.
Our stores we now have mainly brought ashore;
This left the ship so light that in the storm

Only from fighting cold with fire, w
Must quickly turn to fighting fire v
That ev'ning the ship's master, goin
Shot five wild geese, which he distr
Among our sick; for this amends w
He found a deer fresh kill'd by sava
Who took its horns; a wolf was eati

We stand in constant fear of sava
One morning from the ship they sav
Near by them on the island; what t
None knew, nor did they wait for o
One afternoon too cold to work, Joh
He who was sav'd by miracle on our
When he had been washt overboard,
And being more than a mile from ou
He took his stand in reeds beside a c
From there he saw twelve Indians o
Towards the plantation, and within
He heard the noise of many more.
Lay close till they were past, then w
Ran home and gave the alarm. Ow
In the woods return'd and arm'd thei

The morning after this we called a meeting
For the establishing among ourselves
Of military orders; we chose Miles Standish
Our Captain with authority of command.
While we were thus consulting, two savages
Appear'd upon a hill-top over against us,
And made signs unto us to come to them.
We made signs unto them to come to us.
Thereat we arm'd ourselves and, standing ready,
Sent two men over the brook to meet them, Standish
And Stephen Hopkins; but the Captain only
Carri'd a musket which, plain in their sight
He laid upon the ground and left behind him
In sign of peace and parley; but the savages
Would not abide their coming. Many more
We heard behind the hill, but none came forth.

March 7th

At last the spring has open'd; in the woods
The birds are singing; on the sunny slopes
Already some have ventur'd to sow seeds,
And, like a trumpet heralding far off
Summer's approach, Saturday, at high noon,
The thunder crasht. But best, oh! best of all,

Levell'd them all and sow'd the
For yet we know not how with st
The savages will treat us. Since
Ended ere it began, we have not
Their will towards us, neither do
Their numbers nor their nearness
A few days later we had brought
Five cannon, which we mounted
After this heavy work, wherein a
The Master and his sailors with c
We gave them entertainment. T
A large fat goose; we furnisht a f
A mallard, and a dried neat's-ton
Kindly and friendly we all din'd
I know the man; he thinks we sh
He knows who dug our fifty need
And we know, and the world to c
And, tho a thousand blessings fal
Even to the world, from our betr
To him they count for curses, and
Shall be abhorr'd so long as ours

To-day, while others went to tl
Which they report teeming with
I brought my scanty household g
Set them in order, kindl'd a great

No sooner askt than cried in her weak voice,
Oh, the sweet smell! Still holding her, I stoopt,
And, brushing off the brown leaves, lo! a flower,
Pink-white and fragrant, nestling in its green.
I pluckt and gave it to her, and she said;
Now I am sure my flowers will grow; this blossom
Has welcom'd them, as God's sweet messenger,
And welcomes us no less. And now she sleeps,
And through the room her flower is breathing out
Its wild, sweet fragrance. I too needs must sleep,
If but for strength to bear what is to come.

March 23rd

Thank God! our Indian peril is o'erpast,
We trust for ever; so great and glad a change
A single week has wrought. 'Twas a fair day,
And warm like April. We had in the morning
Determin'd to conclude our military orders,
Which had been interrupted by the savages;
But scarcely were we busy, when again
We so were interrupted; for a savage
Came boldly all alone along the houses [him,
Straight to the randevous; but we restrain'd [English
Lest he should mark our weakness. He spoke in

About his waist; and, as the wind wa
We cast about his body a horseman's
He bore a bow and arrows, and he as
For meat and drink; we gave him to
What he had known already among
He told us that the Indians call our
Patuxet; that about four years ago
All the inhabitants died of a strange
Leaving not one to hinder our posses
Or lay a claim to it. His name is Sa
We lodg'd him at the house of Steph
Next day he went back to the Wa
Whence he had come, our nearest bord
Who, as he saith, are sixty strong.
To southeast, are a hundred strong,
Are they we first encounter'd. 'Tis
That they are ill affected towards th
The scoundrel Hunt carri'd off twer
From where we are, and sev'n more f
Wretch that he was, and sold them
At twenty pounds a man, nor ever
So he but profited, what ill he wro
So eight months since they slew th

They wore in front a feather or a fox-tail.
Their bows and arrows, as we had bidden Samoset,
They left behind, a quarter mile from town.
We gave them entertainment, and they brought
A little of their corn pounded to powder,
Eating it mixt with water. They made a semblance
Of friendship to us, and they sang and danc'd
After their antic manner. Their principal,
Who brought the corn, brought also in a bag
A little of their tobacco, which they smok'd,
But only as he listed. All their faces
Were painted black in fashions as they lik'd.
They brought some skins, but, as it was the Sabbath,
We would not trade with them. They brought our
And promist to come back and bring more skins. [tools,
So we dismiss them, giving to every man
Some trifles; they return'd us many thanks,
And so departed; but our first acquaintance [morning.
Feign'd himself sick, and stay'd till Wednesday
The whole week has been fair and warm, the air
Soft with the breath of spring. The first two days
I bore my darling out into the sun,

We had again a meeting to conclude
Our laws and orders, now twice brold
But so they were the third time. A
Three savages appear'd upon the hill
And seem'd to dare us, with their arrows
And whetting on their bow-strings. C
And I, with muskets, and two maste
Unarm'd, went over to them, but the
As we drew near. This day with mu
We got our carpenter, who had been
Sick of the scurvy, to fit out our shall
And so at last we fetcht all from aboa

Yesterday, near to noon, we met on
About our public business, but anon
Came Samoset again, and with him Sq
The only living native of Patuxet,
Who, being then a captive, was in Eng
During the plague, and so escap'd. T
Came also; they brought with them a
And some red herrings newly caught an
They told us their great sagamore, Mas
Was hard by, with his brother, Quadequ

to parley with him. While he was on his way
I, looking at their numbers and our few,
Thought in my heart: Now is the fatal hour,
The hour that shall decide our life and death,
And ours not only, but, if we go down,
Will not Virginia in her weakness fall,
And in this whole New World our English race
Make shipwreck, showing that it lacks the art
Or power to plant new lands? When he return'd
With summons for a messenger, I confess
I felt a gladness that my youth absolv'd
Me from so great a burden, tho I wonder'd
Who of us all had skill and tact and force
To parley with the savages at such odds
And win at once their friendship and their fear.
Then said our Governor's voice: Winslow, go thou,
And be our head as Standish is our arm.
Ev'n with the words my doubts fled, and I went.
I carri'd presents: knives, a chain and jewels,
With drink and dainties. Brought before their chief,
I told him that our great and mighty king
Saluted him with words of love and peace,
Accepting him as friend and true ally,
And that our Governor desir'd to see him
And trade with him, and to confirm a peace

Standish and Allerton met them at t
Having six musketeers; both sides sa
I saw the procession march into a ho
And after it our Governor with a gu
Follow'd by drum and trumpet. Af
They all came forth; and then our C
Conducted Massasoit to the brook,
Where they embrac'd each other, and
From this I took good augury, but n
Was I releast, for now must Quadequ
Repeat the ceremony, and I be kept
His hostage; but at last I won releas
And then I learnt how well the day l
For Massasoit had made a treaty of
Promising that neither he nor any of
Should injure us, and should one do
That he would send the offender unto
For punishment; that any tools of o
Taken, should be return'd; so we to
And we agreed, if any tribe made wa
On him, to aid him; and so he to us.
He promist to send word to his allies
Lest they should wrong us, and that
Might be compris'd in our conditions

The king and all his men, their wives and women
Lodg'd in the woods but half a mile away;
We kept good watch, but there appear'd no danger,
This morning divers of them came to us,
For food, we guest; they told us that their king
Desir'd that some of us should come to him.
So Captain Standish and Isaac Allerton ventur'd.
He welcom'd them after the Indian manner,
And gave them a few ground-nuts and tobacco.
We see no sign but that he wishes peace,
For they have found our people all alone,
At work or fowling, and not done them harm.
Moreover, he hath a potent adversary,
The Narragansetts, now at war with him,
Against whom he believes we, with our pieces,
So terrible to them, may give him strength.
This morning, as it drew towards noon, our Governor,
Bade send him the king's kettle, and return'd it
Fill'd full of peas, a gift that pleas'd them well;
And so they went their way. Squanto at noon
Went out to fish for eels, and brought at night
All he could carry with one hand. He caught them,
Treading them with his feet. Our people welcom'd
This fat and savory food. To-day at last

At last I live again, if such be life,
And take my place among my fellows
If one can live no more for happiness
One yet can live for duty. It may be
My life in five and twenty years has
Already its full share of happiness.
God knows, as he knows what awaits
But oh! these two long weeks, when
Lay beside hers beneath the mold!
Why must a man live on when he
And all my life was but a pain and
This morning when my pain awoke
That if I could not end it, I at least
Could change it; for to-day the Master
And I would sail with her and turn
Upon my sorrow. But, on going out
I saw Miles Standish toiling manfully
Thro' underneath the driving snow :
Of February we laid his Rose away
I saw how others, strick'n, I dare not

The solemn change —
I could but hang upon her words, so faint,
Yet heard I all: Time unto me is chang'd;
No more I see it as an endless line,
But as a spreading plain, which I o'erlook.
I see the sunshine smiling on my grave;
I see thy grave not here, but far away,
Long hence, below the shining southern seas.
I see our little band a mighty state,
Outstretching to the sunset, honor'd, lov'd,
Like a vast, sheltering tree striking its roots
Under all seas, and sending up new stems
In every land, and all the singing birds
Under all skies carolling in its branches.
I see myself a child; I see our meeting,
Our earliest vows, thy birthday on the ocean,
Our golden dreams not to come true on earth;
I see thee high in trust, made Governor,
Planting a western outpost of our Colony
Beside a noble river; sent to England
Our envoy, tho ill spar'd; then kept in England
To serve the nation; sent abroad her envoy;
I see thee join'd to me — I die content.

One half must die and yield their
The other half alive until the harv
Ay, of our dearest, two in every tl
Laid down their lives, precious be
The ransom of our own! And no
Had God not temper'd winter's fr
Had perisht miserably. Yet, who
Dare murmur, when of all who til
Before we came, but one remains
The rest destroy'd to free their lai
Surely such dark beginnings had r
Were not God's purpose in the far
Glorious exceedingly. But, oh, th
The fatal cost they pay who foun

IV
SOUL LIBERTY
BEING WORKS AND WORDS OF
ROGER WILLIAMS

While still the open as the woods
Were soft beneath the foot, and
The furry willows owned the sun;
When Roger Williams, taking gra
Of Massasoit at Sowams, and his
The Wampanoags, ravens who ha
The banisht wanderer in their wi
Went forth, and, travelling north
Where the broad Seekonk glast
Began to build, and when the mo
Had warm'd the soil, planted his
Oft as he toil'd afield he gaz'd ac
The placid water to the lofty blu
And pine-crowned hills beyond, a
Canonicus and Miantonomo rul'd
Chiefs of the Narragansetts; but
Had he set foot on that alluring s
Williams had now been five yea
Whither, tho driven from his nat
He yet had come with eager hope
To serve his countrymen in their
And do the natives good. So, fiv

Fell the primeval woods, and tame the soil
Unfurrow'd since creation; so their hands
Threw wide the doors of opportunity
To the opprest in body and in spirit;
But he was bred to other, gentler tasks.
Over his cradle Bow Bells rang their chime;
A child, a youth, he felt the stir and spur
Of mighty London. Scarcely more than child,
He by his skill in short-hand writing shown
In the Star Chamber pleas'd Sir Edward Coke,
Who sent the boy to Sutton's Hospital,
The famous Charter House; thence, two years past,
To Pembroke College, Cambridge, where three years
Of studious toil won him the rank of Master.
To his great patron Williams lifelong show'd
A never-fading honor and regard;
But from the college gate he could no further
Tread in his patron's footsteps. From his childhood
His soul had felt the touch of love to God;
So in his manhood he had ear alone
For the one call into his Master's service.
But, to hold orders and to serve his Master
Became to him thru four years' pains of growth

Sought him to be their teacher;
That they, tho fled from Englan
The Church's tyranny, had none
Not separated from it, and besid
Claim'd for themselves the right
To punish purely spiritual offence
He could not, keeping faith with
Accept the friendly offer. After
The church at Salem call'd him f
In sainted Higginson's room, aga
Of the affronted sister church in
But, tho the Salem church maint
And Williams went, and won his
Yet, such the rancor and the pov
Before the summer ended he was
To leave his new-found charge a
In liberal Plymouth after his ow
We wonder that he sought not
We wonder that, once there, he e
Yet wonder idly, for 'tis ours to
The purpose God had chosen him
At Plymouth he abode two happ
Teaching the Pilgrims in their cl

~~By word or mouth the speech of Indians and Americans,~~
Now set himself to learn this uncouth tongue,
Harsh, many syllabl'd, never written down
Till he transcrib'd it, and by no man written
So truly as by him. Let us record
That he who knew the Indians best was he
Of all his age who prais'd them most. No wonder
They lov'd him and life-long were true to him.
He ever after, whether at Salem, Sowams,
Or in his own Rhode Island, strove unweari'd
To know their speech and thought and win their souls.

Now Salem call'd him back, and such a call,
So loyal and so brave, he needs must heed.
So he return'd with wife and new-born babe,
His daughter Mary, to be again in Salem
Assistant teacher. But the town of Peace
Bore little peace for him. Ere long a treatise
Written by him in Plymouth and submitted
To Bradford, Plymouth's Governor, reacht the eyes
Of Boston's magistrates and ministers,
Men other-minded, unto whom his doctrines
Were heresy or treason; sooth to say,
He flinch't not from denying Christian kings

But of the whole to rule the one. 1
Taught, and so daily heapt up conc
His church now felt the lash, and
Shrank from its place beside him; 2
As much to spare the church his od
As to maintain his loyalty to truth,
Withdrew and stood alone. 3 So, wh
Autumn had come, Williams was ca
The General Court, not to be tried,
Save he denied his fix'd beliefs, for
Confronted with his words, he justi
And, tho the learned Hooker strove
Till darkness clos'd the session, yet
Reduce his mind from any of its err
So the next day sentence was past
For these beliefs: first, that the col
Own not their land by patent from
But that the natives are its rightful
And therefore ought the colonists to
Of so receiving it by patent; second
An irreligious person may not lawfu
Be call'd upon to take an oath, or p

And dangerous opinions contrary
To the authority of magistrates,
Also for writing letters of defamation,
Both of the magistrates and of the churches,
All which without retraction he maintains,
Is order'd to depart within six weeks
Out of the jurisdiction, which neglecting,
He shall be sent away not to return
Without a license from the Court. But, later,
By reason of his feeble health, the Court
Lengthen'd his time of stay until the spring.

Ere long the enemies of Williams charg'd
That he did not refrain in his own house
From uttering his opinions, being there
Sought out by many persons, who were taken
With apprehension of his godliness.
Thereat the Court, suddenly, without notice,
Revis'd its sentence, and resolv'd to seize him
And send him back to England in a ship
Then waiting in the harbor. So to Salem
They sent a sloop to bring him to the ship.
But Winthrop, who had ever been his friend,
Secretly warn'd him, and the officers,
Arriving in the sloop, found in his house

The face of God. For fourteen bitter
He had been tost, a fugitive, not know
What bed or bread did mean. So he l
At last to Seekonk, there had built and
And there he had been join'd by five c
All friends and fellow refugees from Sal
One of them destin'd early to become
And to remain for more than two score
A festering thorn in his protector's flesh

But now a new blow fell, even while
Was thrusting forth its green. His lov
Winslow, now Governor of Plymouth, v
Beseeching him, since he unwittingly
Had pitcht his home within the Plymou
Where they would gladly have him, but
So to offend the Bay, to shift his settler
Across the Seekonk river, there to have
The country free before him, and himse
To be as free as they, and both to dwell
As loving neighbors side by side. So W
And his small band, leaving their corn i
Embarkt in a canoe, and, crossing slant

~~THEY WERE AT THIS PLACE BY THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS~~
To share their meal of steaming succotash
And bass fresh caught and cooking on the fire.
Here by the spring they settl'd, and the place,
In gratitude for many providences
Vouchsaf'd by God to Williams in distress,
Leading him thither, he nam'd Providence.

This was the land they saw on that first day
And after as they wander'd over it
Between the two great rivers: on the west,
A level strip above the changing tide,
Behind which steeply rose a long, high ridge
More gently sloping to the sandy bluff
That overlookt the Seekonk, all with woods
Tangl'd and overgrown, but here and there
Crost by the Indians' trails. Westward still
A great salt river broaden'd to their feet,
Much like the river broadening to the south,
A narrow point between them. All beyond
Spread a flat marsh bounded by distant hills.
High wooded bluffs to northward hemm'd the cove,
And would have reacht to join the eastern hill
Had not the clear Moshassuc flow'd between.
This goodly region with its lands and meadows

Their lands they laid out in home-ly
Like ribbons up the hill to meet a hig
Descending southward to the point ar
Williams, before the summer clos'd, w
By wife and children come from Salen
Many from Massachusetts and from I
Sought out the new community, whos
Sign'd an agreement as a constitution
In which all promist to submit themse
To every order made for public good
By the majority, only in civil things.
So found the ark of the world's later l
Its Ararat, a little land, scarce more
In measure than a mountain top, and
The first on earth to grant the soul of
The first of its requirements, Liberty.

But scarce had Williams landed, de
And hunted from the Bay, when from
Came an appeal for help in desperate
The leaders of the Bay had made a t
Of peace and friendship with the mur
Living securely under it. Williams
That Pequots had attackt a trading

The Lord then helpt me put my life at once
Into my hand, and, scarce acquainting my wife,
To take ship in a poor canoe alone,
And, cutting thru great seas with stormy wind,
At every minute in risk of life, to reach [nights
The sachem's house. There three whole days and
I lodg'd and mingl'd with the Pequot envoys, [blood
Whose hands and arms, methought, reekt with the
Of my own countrymen, murder'd and massacr'd
On the Connecticut river; and for myself
I waited nightly for their bloody knives
At my own throat. God wondrously preserv'd me,
And helpt me break in pieces the design
And mission of the Pequots, and to make
And finish by much travel and many charges
The English league form'd with the Narragansetts
And the Mohegans join'd against the Pequots.
Williams prevail'd upon Miantonomo,
Chief of the Narragansetts, with many followers
To go to Boston and conclude the treaty.
This did they, and both parties, trusting Williams,
Sent him the treaty, that he might explain
Its English words unto its Indian signers.
The Pequots, nothing daunted, launcht the war,

In truth, to speak my thoughts in
I bless God for your mercies, but I
Some innocent blood cries at Conn
I doubt not but the foe may lawfu
Be weaken'd and despoil'd of wife
But I beseech you well to weight it
After due time of training to restrai
And labor, they ought not to be set

Tho he had sav'd the Bay from th
Its soldiery had wreakt upon the Pe
Yet Williams won no thanks, much
From banishment. Nay, more, the
Who had been first to banish him, t
Could not endure the strictness of tl
But rather chose the wilderness, and
A little band, toil'd thru the trackle
Till by the broad Connecticut they
And built their home. These too had
And one confest long after, then the
The same who had before pronounc'
The sentence of his banishment, tha
In wisdom had provided and cut ou
Rhode Island for a refuge and a har

A farmer and a trader with the Indians,
Toiling upon his land, and in his trade
Hamper'd by banishment from his nearest port,
Being barr'd from intercourse with Massachusetts,
And forc'd to traffic with New Amsterdam.
What else he wrought was over and above
The daily toil that won him daily bread,
For still he preach't, and, legend says, he founded
The earliest Baptist church in the New World,
The same that worships now beneath the spire,
The loveliest spire left from colonial times.
But Williams only a few months remain'd
In the new fold; no fold could limit him,
So he became, what life-long he remain'd,
Not a possessor of the truth, but Seeker.

In all good works, as ever, he took lead.
After five years the town of Providence
Arranging for its better government,
Showed that its growth and welfare had not dimm'd
The light of its high purpose, for its townsmen
Agreed, as formerly had been their liberties,
So still to hold forth liberty of conscience.
In the same year the people of the Island
Order'd that none be counted a delinquent

THE FOUR REMAINING COLONIES AND BOSTON

The four remaining colonies of New
Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut,
New Haven, join'd in a confederacy
For mutual help and strength in arms;
But from this union Providence
Were stubbornly excluded; the cause
Was that they had no charter; but
Their charter had no spell to lift
Exclusion left them open to attacks
From savages, and to their neighbours;
So the two colonies resolv'd to send
To England a petition for a charter
And whom but Williams could they choose
But not from Boston might they choose
There he was still an outlaw; so
First to New Amsterdam, where,
He interceded with the warring Indians
Too justly wroth, and reëstablished
Saving the Dutch from tomahawks
By which already Mistress Hutchinson
And other exiles from the Bay had
Upon his weary voyage, lest he
Thru absence his rare knowledge

Arriv'd in England, now a country torn
By civil war, the government in the hands
Of the insurgents, high among whom stood
His friend, Sir Harry Vane, the envoy won
His charter quickly and with little pains.
This instrument empower'd the colonists,
The settlers of the Narragansett lands,
To govern and rule themselves by such a form
Of civil government as by the free
Consent of all or of the greater part
Should prove most serviceable, their laws to be
Conformable unto the laws of England
So far as chang'd conditions would admit.
No word here of religion, over which,
Since Williams held the state could have no power,
So seemingly he chose to have the state
By silence own its lack of jurisdiction.

Williams remain'd in England a full year,
Busy attending Parliament; or, in winter,
When coals were stopt from Newcastle, and the poor
Were rioting for means of warmth, in seeking
To furnish them with firewood; or in meeting
Cromwell, his kinsman; or in conference
With Milton, whom he knew in Cambridge, then

Whom, overheard by him, we now
In what dark corner of the world,
Are we two met? This present e
How hath it banisht me from all
And how in judgment hath the ri
Withdrawn thee from the earth!
Blest Truth, how the foundations
Have long been out of course. T
Have with the gates of hell consp
Our joyful meeting and our holy
With what a wearid, flagging wir
Flown over continents, kingdoms,
To find out precious Truth! Eve
In all my flights and travels soug
And still am told that she hath le
And fled to heav'n. Dear Truth,
What but a darksome dungeon is
And what its peace more than a f
Thine ape and counterfeit? O, w
The promise by the God of heav'n
That Righteousness and Peace sha
Patience, sweet Peace! These hea
Grow old, and like a garment sha

Thou knowest how our enemies behind
Pursue us, and before us lie in wait.
My heart is full of sighs, mine eyes with tears.
Dear Peace, sweet daughter of the God of peace,
Pour out thy sorrows, ease thy laden bosom;
So shall these precious minutes of our meeting
Revive our hearts, both ours and theirs that love us.
Dear Truth, I know thy nature as thy birth.
They that know thee will prize thee far above
Their very lives, yea, sell themselves to buy thee.
'Tis true my crown is high, my scepter strong;
But, oh, how few are valiant for the Truth,
And dare to plead my cause, and be in sackcloth
My witnesses, while all men's tongues are bent
Like bows to shoot out lying words against me!
O Truth, how I could spend eternal days
And endless dates here at thy holy feet,
Harkening the precious oracles of thy mouth!
Thy words are truth, and no iniquity
Is in them all. But, oh, since we too soon
Must part, revive me with thy words, which taste
Sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.

within a few score years, now ma
In its religion hath the kingdom n
According to its change of govern
The Seventh Henry finds and leav
Entirely Popish; the next Henry
Into a mold, half Popish, Protesta
Edward the Sixth makes it all Pro
Queen Mary quickly shatters Edw
Making the land all Popish; Eliza
Revives her brother Edward's pla
The kingdom Protestant again; so
Unto her shame, hath lightly char
Of her religion, as a stronger swor
Hath, turn by turn, prevail'd, afte
Nebuchadnezzar set, when the wh
Bow'd in one worship to his golde
To batter down a stronghold, a
A tower or castle, men bring not :
And second admonition, and at la
An excommunication, which are a
The Spirit's weapons toward those
Nor bring they exhortations to rej
And be baptiz'd, or to believe in C

the mighty to subdue the very thought
To his obedience, or to shackle fast
The unbelieving soul with chains of darkness.
Our Lord commanded for the common good
That tares should be permitted in the world,
Else we should risk to root up the good wheat
Ev'n with the tares; and yet, despite his word,
Yea, under cover of the general good,
The field, which is the world, has been laid waste
And desolate with rage of civil war,
All in the name of the one true religion,
In plucking up the tares of heresy.
Hence Germany's, Ireland's, and now England's tears
And dreadful desolations, which before
Ought to have been, and in the future may be,
By simple obedience to the Lord's command
That tares should be permitted in the World —
Not in the Church — mercifully prevented.
He paused, and Peace took up the argument:
As for seducing teachers, they offend
Against the church and not the commonwealth;
Therefore they should be dealt with in the way
And by the weapons that the Lord appointed;

Of Jews and Gentiles against all
Our Lord himself, and all his wit
Whom their accusers ever so con
With evil doers leading scandalou
Jeremy weaken'd the hand of Isr
Yea, Moses made the people neg
The Jews built the rebellious, wi
The Three regarded not the king
Jesus deceiv'd the people by con
And, being King of the Jews, he
A traitor unto Cæsar, and he the
Was number'd with notorious ev
And nail'd between two thieves
So Paul and all true messengers
Are held seducing and seditious t
Who turn the world of order ups
But they who in their zeal uproo
Destroy'd the precious wheat; an
Men do no less who punish other
For conscience' sake; for there is
That he can surely part the tares
So all men should obey the Lord
And let them grow together till t

And walk upon the decks and breathe the air
Of civil liberty on the sole pledge,
Civil obedience to the civil state,
Forget their former bondage and refuse
To weigh to others as unto themselves.
He shows the present's fatal contradiction:
In case the Church offend, who then shall judge?
The magistrate. But who shall judge in case
The magistrate offend? The Church. It follows,
What is most monstrous, that the selfsame person,
The Church, the magistrate, shall be in turn
Delinquent at the bar, judge on the bench.
What blood, what tumults, hath been spilt, have risen,
And must be still upon these dangerous grounds!
Truth shows how Church and State should live to-
Depicted in the likeness of a ship: [gether,
If in a ship at sea, wherein the master
Is charg'd to bring her to a certain port,
Suppose a prince to bid the master steer
Out of their course and so to miss their haven,
What shall the master do? Surely present
Out of his mariner's art convincing reasons
If so the prince be capable thereof,

The youngest sailor is to be preferred
More than the courtiers, even though
And these must stand aside, and
Alone perform the business of the
Nay, if a wilful prince command
Then 'tis the seamen's duty to resist
Or, if the master yield through fear
And all be lost but he, when conquered
If he confess, may he not be considered
Justly as guilty of the death and
The Church of Christ is such a society
The prince is passenger, and the
But such as were appointed by the
They are the chief, above the prince
And in their works they are to be
And yielded to even before the prince

Here ends the record of the colony
But Williams, when he set his face
Toward the New World, his own
Heard he not in his bosom a third voice
O come with me where two broad rivers meet
Where I, your Hope, have pitched my tent

Opposite the nature of a Christian church,
The only holy state, God's Israel;
Opposite the tender heart of humanity —
How much more of Christianity! — abhorring
To pour out without stint the blood of men,
And merely for their soul's belief and worship;
Opposite the true essentials of the nature
Of civil magistracy or commonweal,
Which has to do only with civil things;
Opposite the conversion of the Jews,
By not permitting them a civil life;
Opposite civil peace, the lives of millions,
Slaughter'd upon this ground, in persecution
Mutually of each other's conscience,
Especially the Protestant and the Papist;
Opposite all men's souls, whom persecutions
Ravish into a false, dissembl'd worship,
Which yet their hearts embrace not; opposite
The best among God's servants, who in all
Popish and Protestant states, are commonly
Maltreated as the only heretics;
Opposite the light of Scripture, which is yet

~
Taxt with its hardships, there sho
The magistrates, however, tho tl
Could see no ground, so long as
His dangerous principles, for gra
Or his, freedom to come and go :

The people of Providence, on l
Crossing to Seekonk in fourteen
Convoy'd him home in triumph.
Again he fac'd the hard and thar
To save the neighbor colonies of
From Indian massacre. Mianto
Chief of the Narragansetts, had l
By the Mohegans, and the Unite
Had given their approval. The
Were making ready to avenge th
And had already drawn Mohega
Williams warn'd the Commissior
The Indians, tho they were furio
Their chieftain, besought Willian
Again he was successful, and a t
Of peace was sign'd between the
And the Mohegans; but no more
Would the four rescu'd colonies :

Drew up a code of laws, wherein was written
That in the colony all men may walk
Even as their conscience may persuade them, freely
Each in the name of his God. By his own wish
Williams was not elected President,
Preferring that the honor go to Newport.
But, in return for his high services
In winning them their charter, the four towns,
Whom it united, in their gratitude
Granted by vote to Williams as their gift
A hundred pounds; they granted it, but paid
Only in part and that long afterwards.

Meanwhile, soon after his return, had Williams
Tho still an active citizen of Providence,
Set up a trading post at Caucumsquissick,
A point southwestward, half-way down the bay.
Here for six years, trader and missionary,
He wrought among the Indians. Of this life
We have from his own hand a souvenir,
If not a picture, in a letter written
When absent from his wife, on her recovery
As by a miracle from a dangerous illness.
This letter is a mirror of the faith

Than were its lines and letters go
I send thee, tho in winter, a few
Made in a little posy, for thy dea
And our dear children all to look
When as the grass of the field I sl
'Tis true at times I have engag'd
In controversies; but my Witness
How loth I am to touch those dol
Especially against such worthy m
In both our Englands, in whom jo
Before the world and freely I ack
In heavenly traits, a lively charac
And image of the Son of God. E
These poor experiments are but t
Of a still, gentle voice, and I need
None but the God of this world a
Will be my opposites. My words
Will seem but rude, and, truth is,
Were written in the deepest wilds
The naked Indians of America,
In their bark houses, by their bar
What first I wrote but in a privat

10 will and do after his own good pleasure,
Yet should it be his pleasure to command us
To work out our salvation with fear and trembling?
Let us beseech the Spirit of the Lord,
His Finger, to untie these knots for us.
My dearest love and ever-loving companion,
Thy sudden dangerous sickness, and the Lord's
Gracious and speedy raising of thee up
Out of the gates and jaws of death, as these
Were wonderful in thine and others' eyes,
So may they still be, in our thoughts, a warning
From heaven to make us ready, and await
A sudden call arising to go hence;
Meanwhile to live out our uncertain span
As strangers longing for another country;
To slough the cares and fears, desires and joys,
Of this vain life, this candle that so soon
Shall be blown out; but in the living God
To trust, of whose exceeding power and mercy
Thou hast so late had blest experience.

As the outward man desires not only life,
But also health and cheerfulness, even so,
But vastly more, the inward, spiritual man

Like heavenly soldiers that our
Like instruments that all our sti
To make him heavenly music.
Tho mourning in himself the lac
Patience, and heavenly love he
Yet views the lives and deaths c
Or witnesses of Christ, with a tr
And longing for their graces, wh
Confesses his own wants and po
Yet those there are, like Balaam
And excellence of God's saints, :
Desire the righteous' death and
But not the righteous' life and r
They are like the Red Men amo
They see the excellence of Engli
And better state, obtain'd by to
Endure the life-long labor and e
Wherein that better state and p
It argues strength of grace withi
When we so use this world and :
With a wean'd eye, as if we us'd
As Englishmen, lodg'd in an Inc
Use all its comforts with estrang

Our great example, Christ, made it his work
To go about doing good, and this he did
Untiring, to the souls and bodies of men.
His followers all, the least even as the greatest,
Become partakers in his nature and spirit;
Therefore we read not only of the service
Of those great master-builders of Christ Jesus,
But also of the help of Christian women,
Phebe, Priscilla, Mary, Junia, Persis,
All eminent in forwarding his work.
The searching and examining our ways
As in God's presence makes our souls and God
True friends. This ought we most to do when God
With chastisement softens our hearts, for then
We are like ground after a thaw, made fit
For breaking up, or, moist with storms and showers,
Made ready for God's gracious seed and planting.
To keep ourselves in spiritual health and cheer,
We need to taste the hope of joys to come,
And, as the soldier meditates upon
The glory of his victories, the sick passenger
At sea upon his sweet refreshments ashore,

To give his own a taste, which
Of the unending harvest, which
In tears shall reap with inconceal
Lastly, my love, let us walk do
Upon the steps of holy meditat
Into the Valley of the Shadow
Where millions, men and wome
Are gone forever from this life
As the swift ship, the weaver's
As lightning thru the air. And
Have only trodden earlier the p
All flesh must tread. How ther
Of him who hath deliver'd us fr
And bitterness of death and gr
Our Savior, who shall make ou
Like his own glorious body, wh
He shall appear in glory! Thr
Of that most certain blow, the
The manner of its falling, these
Should be a threefold cord to b
Unto a holy watchfulness, a sp
To prick us to abounding faith
In doing and in suffering for ou

Will turn to blest account in our own country!
How should we scorn the refuse of this world,
Tho current here, which will not pass in Heaven!
How constant should we be in doing good,
Ev'n to our enemies, when we remember
That this our seed-time is, and, as our sowing,
Ev'n so must our eternal harvest be!

Altho in name united, the four towns
Had not yet learn'd to live in unity.
Williams deplor'd their bickerings, and unweari'd
Sought to appease them. Writing on one occasion
To Providence proposing arbiters,
He used these words: That men are prone to differ
Is no new thing. 'Tis woefully as true
That in all ages, in all parts of the world,
Each party is most right in its own eyes,
Its cause, its arguments, its carriage right.
And when the God of peace has tak'n away
Peace from the earth, a single spark of action,
Carriage, or word, may kindle such a fire
As burns up cities, armies, navies, kingdoms.
And, since it is an honor to cease from strife,

I earnestly beseech you to beco
Pacifiable, reconcilable, sociable
And listen to my motion for adj
Every difference, grievance, and
Of justice, peace, and common sa
So to end all and set the whole in

John Clarke of Newport, clergyn
Driven by persecution from the B.
After long years had ventur'd back
Old friends at Lynn, arriving on a
On Sunday, preaching in a private
He was arrested, with his two comp.
By order of John Endicott, the Gove
The three were heavily fin'd, and, in
Of payment, sentenc'd each to be wel
Clarke's fine was paid without his know
One of his comrades, was severely whi
Williams had been a friend and intim
Of Endicott; but, following this outrag
He pour'd out in a letter his whole sou
Flaming with indignation. The dreadf
Still crash like volleying thunder out of

Why wouldst thou, say'st thou, not thy bloody hands,
Hang me and burn me? Yea, sir, I beseech you,
Remember what a dangerous thing it is
To hazard this! But O, poor dust and ashes,
Where shall we stop till infinite mercy stop us,
When a false fire of zeal and confidence
Drives us against eternal God Himself!

Meanwhile had William Coddington of Newport
Been long in England, scheming to annul
The colony's charter. Suddenly he return'd
Governor of Newport and Conanicut,
Its richest lands. Newport and Portsmouth then
Voted to send John Clarke to seek in England
A revocation of this new commission
To them so hostile; Providence and Warwick
Urg'd Roger Williams to accompany him.
Tho still his former charges were unpaid,
Williams consented; but, to find the means,
He needs must sell his source of livelihood,
His trading-post. The two set sail from Boston,
After obtaining with great difficulty
Permission to set foot in Massachusetts.
They found in England all things chang'd; the throne

To this request he paid no heed,
Until he won, renewal of the cha

Nearly a year had past, but ne
Happily ended, he remain'd in E
More than a year. At this time
Was stirr'd with pleas for liberty
To go beyond a partial toleration
To full, free voluntarism. Willi:
Held not his peace, but with the
United in a protest, and alone

Thus wrote to the High Court of
O ye, the prime of English men,
So oft have felt the everlasting a
Of the invincible King, when you
Hath been awash with water, ye:
When storms without and mutin
Were raging; when she beat upo
As if to split into a thousand pie
Yet this so nigh stav'd, founder'
Hath God by your most valiant,
Now brought in safety unto Pea
Why now should any duty possil

A taste of such their dainties; yet, with all
Befitting reverence to so wise a state,
And thankfulness for mercy and relief
To many poor oppressed consciences,
Neither their piety nor their policy
Could ever reach so far, nor they themselves,
In all their school of war — as men have call'd
Their country — learn that one poor, easy lesson,
To set men's consciences entirely free.
But light on your eyes from the Father of Lights
Hath shin'd; and mercy from the Father of Mercies
Softened your breasts, to make you tender toward
The tenderest part of man, his conscience.

With this appeal he prefac'd his new book,
The Bloody Tenet yet more Bloody, printed
During his stay in England, adding to it
Another to the several general courts
In the New England Colonies, most of all
That of the Massachusetts, in these words:
While you by God's most gracious providence
Sit dry upon your safe American shores,
Beholding thence the tossings of so many

That he shall never grow too old
'Tis the command of Jesus to his
To try all things; and liberty of t
That which a friend or worthy en
Presents, in point of Christianity,
Hath ever been approv'd a specia
Of their attaining to the truth of

The book itself he sums up in t
Which less appear written with ir
Than trac'd in characters of bloo
Indelibly across the firmament:
As for myself I must proclaim al
Before most holy God, angels, an
That persecution against heresy
Is a most foul and black and bloo
A tenet of high blasphemy agains
The God of peace and order, who
Of one blood all mankind to dwel
A tenet that against the Prince of
Christ Jesus, wages war, fighting
The sweet end of his coming, not
Mens' lives for their religions, bu

Who stand up for the peace of all the saints
Against the nations warring with the truth,
Each for its own religion, leaving on earth
No room for such as fear and love the Lord;
A tenet against which the blessed souls
Under the altar cry aloud for vengeance,
Because thruout the ages it hath shed
Their blood as misbelievers and blasphemers;
A tenet that no infamy can equal,
That ravishes the souls and consciences
Of all the men and nations of the world;
A tenet that puts out the very eye
Of all true faith, which needs must be as free
As any virgin to refuse or choose;
A tenet loathsome in the eyes of God
And serious men, compelling men to don
The ugly vizard of hypocrisy
For fear of punishment and hope of favor;
A tenet guilty of the hardening
Of all deluded consciences, even by
The cruelties invok'd to put them down,
For all false teachers from their sufferings
Contract a steely hardness of the conscience;
A tenet that bars out the gracious promises,

A spiritual and a civil state toget,
Wrecking the purity and strength
A tenet kindling the devouring fla
Of warfare in most nations of the
And, but for God's grace, had nig
A tenet that bows down the backs
Of every civil state and magistrate
Under the proud feet of the popish
Who make them slavish executione
Of their imperious decrees and doo
A tenet rendering ministers of just
Odious or grievous to the best of su
By laying on their necks the iron y
Of cruel oppression of their conscien
A tenet sprinkl'd with the bloody m
Plots, poisonings, against many fam
Princes and states, perform'd or und
A tenet bloody with the barbarous
And tigerish massacres of so many ti
In France and elsewhere, and so hor
Of late in Ireland, and while this con
The bloody issue must break forth a

That which they deem not right nor fit to be
Weighed out unto their own; a tenet making
Religion but a cloak or stalking horse
To policy and private ends, a crown,
A benefice; a tenet that corrupts
And spoils the very civil honesty
And natural conscience in a nation; lastly,
A tenet most unseasonable in England,
As pouring oil upon those dreadful flames
Which the high wisdom of the Parliament,
By easing conscience, had begun to quench.
I must profess, while heav'n and earth shall last,
That no one tenet that the world doth harbor,
Is so heretical, seditious, dangerous
To body and to spirit, to the present
And the eternal good of every man,
As is the bloody tenet, however washt,
Of persecution for the cause of conscience.

Tho on a public mission, Williams needs
Must meet his own expenses. This he did
By teaching languages, Greek, Latin, Hebrew,
With French and Dutch. He wrote that grammar
Begin to be esteem'd a tyranny; [rules

On the contrary might, on whom
The admirable Crichton of his day
Then lying helpless in a debtor's
Williams unknown to him wroug
By his appeals to Parliament and
But would not see him to receive
Until, as Urquhart says, in Willie
He had perform'd some more acc
Worthy of his acquaintance. M
Past ere they met. In all before
Says Urquhart, Williams by his c
And by those many books set for
To the advance of piety and orde
Approv'd himself a man of such
Of parts inimitably sanctified,
That an archangel come from hea
Have shown more goodness with
So Urquhart wrote in his amazin
On universal language, which dev
For all man's written thought th
Fram'd for itself by modern cher
We fain would think that Urquha
The Abbey of Goodwill, as told b
Or in his own English reincarnati

TO HIS OWN COLONY HE BORE A LETTER
Written by Vane, chiding their lack of union.
To this he join'd a letter of his own,
Stating that he had often been accus'd
Of laboring for a contentious people.
But, gentlemen, he writes, blessed be God,
Who faileth not, and blessed be his name
Forever for his wonderful providences,
By which alone this town and colony, [science,
And that grand cause of Truth and Freedom of Con-
Hath been upheld unto this day. I pray you
If you have not disfranchis'd human love,
To sacrifice unto the common peace,
The common safety and the common credit,
That which you may affirm has cost you something.

Williams himself was askt to write the answer
To Vane's reproving letter. He regrets
That haply a sweet cup hath render'd many
Wanton and too active, for we have long
Drunk of the cup of as great liberties
As any people under the whole heaven.
We have not only long been free, together
With all New England, from the iron yoke
Of wolfish bishops and their ceremonies,

We could name other special privi
Ingredients of our honey'd cup, w
In your great wisdom, know to ha
Save there be more than common
To make the best men wanton an
But blessed be your loving heart :
Waking our spirits by your sweet
And blessed be your noble family,
And all your own engagements an
We hope that no more shall your
Be sadden'd by the men of Provic
But that when we are dead and g
Shall read the record of your favo
And pious letters, and your loving
To us, and this our answer, and o
Endeavor after peace and righteou
These letters bore good fruit of
But now one made a public plea,
That 'tis blood-guiltiness and con
To the plain Gospel rule to execu
Judgment upon transgressors agai
Or private weal. Williams could

Embark; on which supposal I affirm
That all the liberty of conscience wherefor
I ever pleaded turns on these two hinges —
That none among the Papists, Protestants,
The Jews or Turks, ever be forc'd to come
To the ship's prayers or worship, nor compell'd
From prayers or worship of their own, if any.
I never have denied that, notwithstanding
This liberty, the master of the ship
Ought to command its course, yea, and command
That justice, peace, sobriety be kept
And practist equally among the seamen
And all the passengers. If any seamen
Refuse to do their tasks, or passengers
To pay their freight; to help, in purse or person,
Towards the common charges of defense;
To obey the common laws and orders set
Concerning common peace and preservation;
If any mutiny and rise against
Their officers and commanders; if any preach
That there should be no officers nor commanders,

By robberies of Indians on the be
Who claim'd the patronage of M:
Williams, as president of the colo
Protested to the General Court i
He waited half a year, and then a
To Endicott, the Governor. Bei
Invited to set forth his case at B
He durst not go until he had assu
In writing from the General Cour
That he might travel free from th
He bore in Boston on his way to
Furnisht with this assurance, Wil
And soon we find him writing to
His thanks for its great gentleness

Now came a trial of soul-liberty
More terrible than all before or si
On Massachusetts fell like an inv
The Quakers, owning no authorit
But that of God, as they conceiv
In Massachusetts they were fin'd,
Whipt, branded, cropt, and hang'
Would fain induce the people of

In persecution by the civil powers,
For so it is they gain more followers,
By witness of their patient sufferings.

In England now the Commonwealth had fallen,
Which had been unto many the world's hope.
Rhode Island, as it must, proclaim'd the King,
And prest John Clarke, its agent, still abroad,
To seek a royal charter. Baff'd long,
After three years succeeding beyond hope,
He gain'd all that the colony had sought.
For in this charter, destin'd to endure
Well-nigh two hundred years, the royal seal
Confirm'd the doctrine of soul-liberty,
Directing that no person in the colony
At any time shall be in any wise
Punisht, disquieted, or call'd in question,
For any differences in opinion
In matters of religion, who does not
By act disturb the civil peace, nor use
This liberty unto licentiousness
Or to the civil injury of others.

So the long fight was won at last; but Williams,
With all his vision yet could not foresee

His closing years still fraught with
To save the Indian from the white
To save the white-man from the I
Still shepherding his lively experim
Of liberty toward unity and love.
But then indeed his colony was ea
One shelter for the refugees of fait
So, when his townsmen voted to d
Among themselves the lands they
From him, a free gift not for them
He wrote these words: My loving
I have one only motion and petitio
Which earnestly I pray you lay to
As ever you look up to God to see
A blessing on the town, your famil
Your corn, your cattle, and your c
'Tis this, that after you have once
Got over the black brook of some
You tear not down the bridge on
By leaving no small pittance for tl
Of souls distrest that may come a
What tho your own allotment be

V

OPPORTUNITY

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF THE FOUND-
ING OF GEORGIA

But not our Governor, the
Founder of Georgia, so th
The old, old man, the first in all
To found a colony and live to see
His colony become a sovran stat
It must be he, yet seems imposs
Why, he was older than my fath
And *he*, if he were living, would
Nearly a hundred. When I saw
I was but sixteen, a mere child,
You grandsons lift me in your a
As easily as once I lifted you
To still your crying. Oh! had I
Your fathers, when in England,
To seek our founder, kneel to hi
His blessing on their heads. Bu
I dreamt not our great founder
He seem'd already as far off as
You read of in your books, Rom
The Seven Champions of Christ
Or any heroes of the ancient wo
And yet I saw him, spoke with
His hand has lain. But even th
No mortal like the other men I

His family could no longer scrape together
The gold demanded by the greedy wretch,
He threw the innocent man, despite his prayers,
Yea, even despite the pleas of his own jailers,
Into a room where small-pox patients lay.
There soon the poor man caught the pest and died.
A few days after, Colonel Oglethorpe
Came to the Fleet to seek his friend. Already
Had I liv'd there for years, and knew too well
The faces that came daily from the world
To look upon our misery. Some in scorn,
Some in disgust, some in a wicked joy
Feasting upon our sorrow; but never one
In tenderness and sympathy like his.
But when he learn'd the treatment and the fate
Of him he came to help, his noble friend,
An inexpressible grief and horror seiz'd him,
So that he stagger'd to a seat. But quickly
He rose, his face aflame with holy wrath,
And kneeling on the flags, he rais'd his hands,
And swore to heav'n that he would never rest
Till he had brought the criminals to justice.

Thru kindness had lost all; but for
Had found no friend to save him
But, hurri'd off to prison, there he
Helpless and hopeless, all his manhood
Made in a moment naught, tho' could
If used again for others' benefit
As formerly for ours, to pay in full
All he stood bound for; but the law
And he and we must suffer without
For I had not been born to poverty
My father at my birth was well-to-do
And soon by skill and foresight became
Then from my early home we mov'd
Better to serve my father's business
To London. How I wept to leave
As if I had foreseen! Would you mind
As yet you may, the girlhood's home
A home of happiness, yea, even as then
And, tho' you will not credit me, as then
My home I have not seen since that
When we drove off, the smiling sun
Soon drying up my tears; but, if to-

But the years brought regret, and longing grew
To tread the ancient homeland. You, I hope,
Will all some day see her and know my words
Are less than truth; and yet I doubt if you,
Born to this air, to manhood breathing it,
Can feel the beauty that your eyes will see,
Or even see it as I see it now
In memory. You have never seen a house
So old by years as I; and yet the house
That I was born in was a century old
Before Columbus sail'd. Why, I was christen'd
Out of a font that for a thousand years
Had held the sacred water. In the churchyard
The yew-tree spread its branches over stones
Whose chisell'd names the rains of centuries
Had washt away, names of my forefathers
And yours; and what the rains had spar'd, the moss
Had buri'd in its velvet. The church walls,
So thick and grey and rusted o'er with moss,
Prest the damp earth less with their stony weight
Than with the weight of years and memories.
Here nothing stands for long; we build, and mean,
Even while we build, ere long to tear all down

NOT LOSING COLOR. I ET WHEN I W
I never dream'd of any other wo
The summer sun there lingers —
Tell you how late. Here is the d
Till the sun touches the horizon l
The twilight there in summer-tim
Long before sunset; one might al
The sun has been forgotten ere h
Here when the day has ended it i
There the long summer twilights,
Woo young and old into the frag
Some to the village green, for tall
Some to the blossomy lanes. Ho
You have seen roads and paths, l
You never smelt a violet. Oh, h
The English violets are! You sn
Then hunt for them. You never
Fluttering and singing in the sun
The sweetest ever warbl'd. You
A nightingale, that lover of the d
Ourpouring its rich music. You
The little robin redbreast. Oh, y
Our glorious mocking bird is wor
He may be so, but not to me; he

Amid the world of London, and your ears
Are deafen'd by its roar. Now from its springs
A bitter draft memory begins to draw.
Yet my first years in London were not sad,
But glad and proud. My father, as you know,
Grew rich thru traffic. From our country home
He had sent every day long lines of carts,
Loaded with grain or wool or other freight,
To London, a day's journey long and hard.
From London now he oversaw their work,
And drew more freight from other countrysides.

He cherisht a great plan; for which, I think,
He car'd more than for all his current gains.
A young man he had travell'd in the North,
Had driven over roads the Romans built,
Which after all the centuries remain'd
The soundest roads in England. He believ'd
That Englishmen could do what Romans did,
And strove to interest our government
In his great enterprise to build such roads
That teams could haul upon them in one day
The heaviest loads, thirty, yes, forty miles.
You never knew my father; he was one

Righting all wrongs and helping :
But no one, to the measure of his
Was ever readier to give help, or
In giving it. The mill that grow
For all our countryside was old a
Too small and slow to grind the l
That London askt. Yet was the
Us'd rightly. This the miller sav
With help my father gave, in cas
Built a new, higher dam and a ne
Fourfold in power. Soon corn fr
Loaded its floors, and all the farm
Plann'd to sow greater crops for
Then came a storm and flood, su
Had never in its oldest records ki
The pond was fill'd to overflow, a
The downpour never ceast. In t
A dreadful noise was heard, and t
With links and lanterns to the riv
Only the water raging in its bank
But neither dam nor mill. Amid
Long after, was the miller's body

not pity held the first place in some hearts,
But pay for losses, pay or punishment.
So, while they sought together for the body,
My father and the miller's son were seiz'd.
Soon after they were tried, and, lacking means
Of instant reparation for all damage,
They both were thrown into the Fleet, and so
All means of future payment were cut off.
My father — who had bitterly oppos'd
Imprisonment for debt, as helping not
The creditor, save by revenge, and stopping
The debtor's power and opportunity
Of earning, either to support himself
Or to repay his debt — was now himself
Caught in the fatal noose, he and the son
Of him he had befriended. My father pleaded
To be allow'd freedom on any terms,
Showing how he might hope within five years
To pay all back with interest; but in vain.
Even now I cannot understand why men
For very selfishness should not prefer
Such hope, almost assurance, to revenge,
Which threw the loss on them; but I suspect
They thought to find their profit when they seiz'd

My father begg'd the warden that
Might rest in the old churchyard
The warden laught, and sneer'd: Yet
Your alderman's coach and take
Too broken to be angry, only sigh'
And turn'd away. From that day
Meant nothing more to him, and he
Follow'd my mother, had not the
Stood by him, and tho, I could see
Had little hope, yet pour'd around
An atmosphere of hope. So much
He gain'd, that still my father kept
On life, and grew no weaker. 'Twas
But a few months that Colonel Og
Came to our prison, and, on leaving
Made his impassion'd vow. I saw
Of hope light up the young man's
Shone in my father's. Hard experience
No doubt had taught him the long
'Twixt words and works. But it was
Ere we in prison began to feel a strain
And things grew better. Suddenly

Was all on fire with hope; his confidence
Kindl'd the like in me; meanwhile my father
Sat by with eyes of stone, nor ever spoke
So much as even to doubt. But the day came
When Colonel Oglethorpe again appear'd,
This time with lighter brow, tho I could see
How the sad sights about him wrung his heart.
I sat upon a bench beside my father,
And listen'd while the Colonel spoke and told us
How he was going out to found a colony
Across the seas, where all who went should have
Land and the means to till it; that Parliament
And generous men and women of all ranks
Had made provision for it; that a ship
Was soon to sail with the new colonists
And their supplies. They will not be oblig'd,
He said, to bind themselves to a long service,
Or pay their passage, for they will be carri'd
Free to a land of liberty and plenty,
Where they will find themselves at once possess
Of ample estates, and in a happier climate
Than they have known before, and they will be
Indeed unfortunate if they cannot there

A full head taller, and he lookt ag
What I had never hop'd to see or
Himself. Even Colonel Oglethor
Paus'd in his reading, took my fa
And said, I know you now, friend
But till you rose, tho I was looki
I could not find you. You shall
Work equal to your strength, and
As your great heart. When he h
And all whom he had chosen stoo
He said: Now are you free. Thi
To rooms made ready for you, an
Please God, to happier scenes. V
And found provided clothing, foo
Next morning we awoke to a new
As ours should be the southmos
Under the English flag, with host
Upon the border, and inland at o
Indians who might be hostile, it v
That we should go prepar'd for fi
So all our men were fitted out wi
And daily, while we waited, they

After our prison bounds it seem'd a kingdom.
As we should have such moderate lots of land,
And they design'd that we should cultivate
No single staple crop but a variety,
Our good Projectors deem'd we should not have
Such heavy tasks as to require the toil
Of negroes; therefore they prohibited
Slavery in our province; this the more,
Because, if slaves should be allow'd, and some
Were able to import them, their forc'd labor
Would ruin all the poor, whom our Projectors
Meant for the stay and sinew of the land.
Likewise the importation of ardent spirits
Was made illegal, that the colony
Might not be curst with drunkenness, nor suffer
The dangers of strong drink among the Indians,
To whom they would the coming of our colony
Might prove a blessing, not a fatal curse.
We were no body of adventurers,
No idlers, and no seekers after ease.
We all had empti'd to its bitter dregs
The cup of poverty, seen every hope
Flicker and die. Now that beyond all hope

When all their terms had been exp
We show'd ourselves well pleas'd, :
We testified under our hands and s
One pang, for which there was no r
We felt at thought of those who mi
Before whom we had been preferr'd
Rejected, turn'd away to starve or t
Before the winter ended. Sights lik
Embitter'd our sweet cup; and we c
Our better future but as God's free g
Mysteriously vouchsaf'd to us. God
That neither you nor your remotest l
May see the sights of misery I have s
May feel the sufferings that my soul h
Were it not so, what were a new worl
Better the race had died there where i
Than follow'd a new hope but to defea
We went on board our ship, the Anne,
Some twenty miles from London, havin
In small boats from the city. Going a
We found our vessel fitted comfortably,
Each one receiv'd a berth between her c
No better than a shelf, but easier far

With our Trustees, who came to bid us godspeed,
But he, our rescuer, now our Governor,
To make the long voyage with us, not content
To leave his great experiment to chance,
But giving up the joys of place and wealth
With a new joy, which glorified his face,
At his high privilege from human lives
To root out killing sorrow, and to plant
Gladness and health, yea, as it seem'd to me,
Ev'n as Our Lord, to seek and save the lost.

On the next afternoon our voyage began;
It chanc'd that I was standing by the rail
With Henry, looking at the open fields,
Sodden and brown. We heard the seamen call,
But knew not what they said. Then suddenly
The land began to move away from us!
I was so startl'd that I threw myself
On Henry for protection, too surpris'd
For speech, and it was not till afterwards
That I recall'd that Henry, when he calm'd me,
Not only laught my fears away, but kist me.

And on the coast of Africa we saw
A group of mountains rising from
They call'd them the Madeiras.
And shipt five tuns of wine. I r
Nor shall again, such mountains,
The lowest a mile high, rising up
Out of the sea, their slopes a wal
Coming from England's raw Nov
We found the air like June, and
Wafted a fragrance, now from th
Now from the bloom-bright shore
To disembark and linger in this i
But had no choice. From here c
Due west, and so we sail'd week
Our sick ones now were well; ar
Not always favor'd us, at least t
And by and by we saw the flashi
And low shores of Bermuda, dar
Soon after this we crost that stre
Bluer than any sky, within the s
And on its bosom bears from the
Perpetual summer. Then we kn
Was near at hand; and so, after
We woke one morning in mid-Ja

Left us and went ahead to choose a site
For our new town, while we kept on our voyage
To Beaufort, where we went ashore, right glad
To set our feet once more on solid ground.
Our Governor soon return'd, and the next Sunday
We made a day of solemn, glad thanksgiving
For our arrival. In our services
The families of neighboring settlers join'd,
As afterwards they join'd us in a dinner
Provided by the Governor for us all.
Next morning we embarkt, some in a sloop,
Some in five periaguas, and set sail
Toward our new home; but we were forc'd to land
For two nights and a day; but the third day,
The first of February, in the afternoon,
A mild, sweet day, we reacht our journey's end,
And landed at the Bluff. Of all our voyage
That was the happiest part; for Henry told
His love for me, and askt, when he had built
His new home all his own on his own land,
Me to become its mistress. So, as we sail'd

Below us the broad river stretch
To the last islands in the sea; and
We saw it gleaming golden in the
Winding afar between the lofty
But little time was left to gaze,
Already had sunk low, and we
Our shelter for the night; so we
To lop off branches from the tree
Our spreading plain, cedars and
All evergreen, and weave them in
Fragrant and warm. When it glowed
A watchfire, posted sentinels, and
What with our weariness and the
The rest of us were sound asleep
If ever any, promised pleasant dream
But whether 'twas the early morning
Or the excitements of the day, I
But in my fancy I was back in
Its chill, its misery, its hopelessness
I stood or mov'd amid the haggard
Half-clad, half-fed, some still with
Others too weak for wrath sitting

Who when they died might not be laid to rest,
But needs must go unburi'd and still know
And feel that they were dead. I dimly heard
A murmur, felt a touch upon my arm,
And thought, perhaps to-day comes our release,
And we can really die and be at rest,
We three, laid side by side, and be so dead
We shall forget everything else but this,
That we lie dead together. With such a strange
Reversal of true joy, I op'd my eyes.
I lay amid pine boughs, my father's hand
Was on my arm, and at the bower's door
Stood Henry with the sunshine on his face,
Laughing at my daz'd look. Wake up, my girl,
He cried, I have already been abroad,
And brought you fish and game, and here's the fire
To cook them on. He must have thought me queer;
But not till I had scrambl'd down the bank
And bath'd my face in the cool stream, could I
Rise from the dead, as in my dream I was,
To the new life around me. But when once
I woke, my old life died, and never again
In dreams of girlhood has it haunted me.

He bade us to be mindful of our duties
As founders of a colony, a new state,
That should endure for ages, and wherein
The seed that we should sow, of good or
Should bring forth increase, not for us alone
But for our children's children. Then he
That for the present, or, till we had cleared
The site of our new town, we all must labour
In common, and he asked, as on our voyage
We had been friendly and borne cheerful
Our hardships, that we now on shore now
Friendly and cheerfully would work together
He told us also of his great concern
That we should live in friendship with the
Who were the rightful owners of the land
To this end he sought out the chief, or
Called Tomo Chichi, of the Yamacraws
A few miles up the river. As interpreter
He took an Indian woman, Mary Musgrave
Wife of a Carolina trader, who then
Served both sides well, but afterwards
Our Governor found the aged chief and
A friendly compact with his little tribe
But when he learned from them that j

The land we were to dwell on and to till,
All but a few for shade and beauty spar'd.
Four noble pines, which made a canopy,
Our Governor chose to pitch his tent beneath,
And there for nearly a whole year he liv'd
In a plain canvas tent, long after we
Were living in our houses, so unspoil'd
And simple he was. But all the time he strove
That we might live still better, his concern
Seeming to be lest we in our new life
Should miss some good remember'd in the old.
So he was not content with clearing land,
And out of timber sawn upon the spot
Building our homes and barns, and fencing in
Our farms and garden-plots; but he laid out
A public garden that should yield us all
Supply of mulberry trees, vines, oranges,
Olives, and other fruits that we might plant
In our home gardens; and this nursery
He placed in care of its own gardener.
With wider knowledge than our own of dangers
Not visible but real, he had us first
Erect a guard-house and a palisade.

In all this work he sought of every man
What he was fittest to perform. Meanwhile,
We women had enough and more to do
In cooking, washing, mending, and, with all,
In caring for the children; but we sang
About our tasks, and daily gain'd in strength,
Courage, and happiness; indeed, I think
That never since in all the years have we,
Women or men, found life so much a joy,
Lived so entirely carefree, known such health,
As in that earliest spring, our nesting time.

When first we landed, as my father said,
'Twas like a Devon winter; ere we knew,
So swift the season marcht, the spring was here,
Not chill and doubtful, but almost at once
Less like a springtime than an English summer.
The birds, the grass, the flowers, came all at once;
And on the springtide in our hearts outbloom'd
The summer's fragrant ardor. The day's toil
From sun to sun suffic'd not to exhaust
Our new-found strength; when evening came we lit
A roaring campfire and around it sat,
As merry as the grigs among the leaves, —
No need to scant our firewood. There we sang
Old songs of home, and some had instruments,
A violin, a viol, and a flute;
And after danc'd. Sometimes amid our mirth
I thought of those same figures as they mov'd
About our prison; and, so great the change,
The past seem'd more and more a cloudy dream,
Only the present real; and so I think
It was with all, and so out of our lives,
Under those twinkling stars, even with the sparks

He gave our lot the preference, for we fac'd
Not a drown'd world lying about us dead,
But a live world of friends; and, if of foes,
'Twas oursto make them friends. And then we thought
That, even as at the Flood, such fate could fall
But once unto a race; and tho hereafter
Our kin might taste of joys denied to us,
Yet could they never know the joy of being
Like us the first to build in a new world
New homes, and a new state, and, more than all,
From such despair mounting thru such a hope
To such a blest assurance. Our Governor
Kept all in discipline, and when one knows
How few of us were bred to toil of hand,
'Twas wonderful how well we wrought; one heard
Not even the true-born Briton's birthright, grumbling,
Much less saw idleness or drunkenness.

Ere long there came to us the delegates
Of the strong Indian tribes, some fifty men;
Tall and well-built they were, and by repute,
Daring and skillful hunters. We could talk
Only thru an interpreter, and they seem'd

Little inclin'd to speaking, but they told us
That all men are descended from two brothers,
One white, one red. They had no form of worship,
But held an annual festival, at which
They sang the praises of their ancient heroes.
When injur'd, they demanded satisfaction
Three several times; then, if it was denied,
They took revenge both as redress and warning.
They showed a friendly spirit, and expected,
As they receiv'd, a like return from us.
They knew that we had arts unknown to them,
And humbly begg'd that we would teach and guide
But show'd withal no lack of self-respect. [them,
Our Governor receiv'd them courteously,
Going to meet them in full uniform,
A splendid figure. He invited them
Into a new-built house for conference
And there thru the interpreter assur'd them
That we in settling here had no intention
Of dispossessing or annoying them,
But sought instead to live in friendship with them.
He hop'd to gain thru those who heard his voice
A grant of land, and to confirm a treaty
Of peace, goodwill and traffic. In reply
A tall and grizzl'd warrior, standing up,
Claim'd all the land to southward for his tribe.
He said, tho they were poor and ignorant,
Yet he who gave the English breath had also
Giv'n breath to them; and he who had made both
Had giv'n the greater wisdom to the white men;
And they believ'd that the Great Spirit had sent
The English to them to become the teachers
Of them and of their children; and they therefore

Lov'd us and wisht to live and die with us.
They knew not good from evil, but would fain
Be taught and led by us, and win the right
To be accounted children of the Trustees.
So out of his small means he offer'd us
Gifts in return. He gave a bison skin
Deckt with the head and feathers of an eagle.
The bison stands for strength, the eagle, swiftmess.
The English in their swiftmess hither flew
Over the mighty waters; like the bison
Naught can resist them; but the eagle's feathers
Are soft, and stand for kindness; the bison's skin
Is broad, and means protection. Let these gifts
Bespeak for him both kindness and protection.
When he had ended Yahou-Lakee rose,
The Mico of Coweeta, and declar'd
That he had come a twenty-five days' journey
To see us; he had heard that we were good,
And knew that he who lives in heav'n had sent us
To teach the Indians wisdom; so he came,
And he was glad that he had liv'd to see
This day; for we had comforted the banisht,

When the spring had pass'd, our planting was
And the first crops were gather'd; 'twas
But no such summer had we known before
Either in air or soil; the fierce heat drew
Life visibly from the moist ground; but
The children of the colder North, soon learn'd
That we must yield the midday to the sun
In his own months, nor truly were we learn'd
On a day long awaited our Governor
Assembl'd us at daybreak on the strand
And after divine service, indicated
The wards of our new town, and then
Our house-lots. He had plann'd a larger
Than we, with six-score at the most,
For he foresaw the future; so he made
Wide streets and ample squares, among
Our forty little houses were quite lost
But we to-day enjoy his foresight's
As they shall who come after us. 'Tis
We all had wrought in common, but
Each family should have and hold
And thrive by its own toil. Our lot
And each man having now a home

So he appointed a court, with its recorder
And other magistrates duly empower'd;
And on that afternoon they held a session,
And, having drawn a jury, tried a case.
So, all agreeing, our new government
Was fairly launcht, and we began to be
What since we have become, a sovran state.

But it is passing strange that our great founder
Should have been spar'd these more than fifty years
So watch his people's progress. May he still,
Among the spirits of the just made perfect,
Watch over us and ever guard his own!

VI
THE SOVRANTY OF GOD
THE SPIRITUAL BACKGROUND OF
PURITANISM

THE SOVRANTY OF GOD

A MAN from birth fill'd with the Spirit of God,
As if he who had breath'd into the nostrils
Of the first man the breath of life, again
Had breath'd upon a mortal, and so made him,
Not by inheritance, but by a new creation,
A living soul. So to his fellow men
Seem'd Edwards, less a citizen of earth
Than heavenly changeling; for his soul's delight
Was in the law of God, and in God's work
Upon the hearts of men. With outward eyes
That read God's works in Nature — none more
With a mind's eye that threaded every maze [clearly;
Of tangl'd thought — none swifter nor more surely;
Being so a man, not of his land and age,
But of all lands and ages; yet his vision
He used, not for the mastery of men
To his own gain or fame, but to reveal
To souls astray the darker ways of God.

A heart on fire with love, a spirit fus'd
With gentleness and courtesy, he accepted
The call divine to cry aloud and spare not
In warning sinful mortals of their danger
Beneath the frown of an offended God.
The dreadful call, tho he accepted it,
Was not of his own choosing; rather he sought

The lightning's dreadful play, he heard, he saw,
God's greatness and his glory. Yea, sometimes
The beauty of holiness so ravisht him,
He wonder'd if he lov'd it in his heart,
Or but admir'd it for its loveliness.

As on the flowers of early spring he gaz'd,
The soul of the true Christian seem'd to him
Even such a tiny flower, low on the ground,
Yet opening its white bosom to receive
The pleasant sunbeams, and rejoicing in them
With a calm rapture; on the air diffusing
Sweet fragrance; peacefully and lovingly
Standing mid other flowers, and all alike
Unfolding to drink in the light of the sun.

From early childhood onward had his heart
Rebell'd against the sovrantry of God
In choosing whom he would to life eternal,
And whom he pleas'd rejecting, leaving them
To endless torments in the fires of hell.
This doctrine to his soul was horrible;
But afterwards, he knew not when nor how,
His mind became convinc'd and satisfied
Of God's eternal justice in disposing

And awaiting of his work in c

The vision of God's greatness f

The absolute supremacy of Go

Stretcht like the shadow of a n

Across life's desert way; but, v

Before the majesty of God, his

Worshipt with songs of praise t

God in his heaven he saw, the

From which he manifests hims

Thru all infinity to all eternity

And all the great and good, the

The excellent from this world a

Thither unceasing tend; as all

Of earth flow into ocean, so all

Are drawn forever to the heav

Illimitable, of purity and bliss;

There are the souls redeem'd

As in the air and sun the sing

But man on earth, tho in th

Of heavenly joys he may refr

Yet must he do so but to gat

For working out his own salv

In fear and trembling. Mos

Acknowledgement of the sov

The painful pews, and hang upon the words
Of that low voice, which only sounds the more
Appalling or assuring for its calm;
Yea, voice and speaker vanisht, they receive
The message as immediate from God.

Of old, when Moses led his flock to Horeb,
That Mount of God, the angel of the Lord
Appear'd to him within a flame of fire
Out of a bush burning yet unconsum'd.
And when the Lord had made known unto Moses
Israel's deliverance, and appointed him
The minister of his redeeming power,
Then Moses sought to learn the awful name
Of him who should deliver Israel.
God answer'd Moses: I AM THAT I AM.
In these words God hath pictur'd unto men
His only, uncondition'd sovranty.
He alone is, and in the universe
All else is but the creature of his will,
Tenant and pensioner of his good pleasure.

Subject to limitation. Else, having
He would have been, like them, sensible
Not uncreate, uncaus'd, unlimited
The works of God proclaim him infinite
In power and understanding; he that
Made all things out of nothing, and
And rules them every moment in
And never wearies. He must like
Of knowledge infinite, for if he made
And governs all things, always, everywhere
Then must he know and clearly see
The great and small, in heaven and earth
Continually at one view, which cannot
Except with understanding infinite
So, being infinite, he must also be
Perfectly holy, for unholiness
Proves ever some defect, some fault
But where there is no darkness nor
Can enter naught unholy; 'tis impossible
That wickedness consist with infinite
God, being infinite in power and knowledge
Must needs be self-sufficient and independent
So can he not be tempted to do wrong
For he could have no end in doing

A nutshell with more reason might complain
That it cannot enfold the boundless ocean.
Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou,
His puny creature, find out the Almighty?
Who art thou that repliest against God?
If we presume to chide God's government,
We set ourselves to be his counsellors.
Rather should we cry out with the Apostle
In adoration: O the depth of riches
Both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!
O how inscrutable his judgments are,
His ways past finding out! If little children
Should criticize a nation's parliament,
Or the administrations of their sovran,
Would not men say that they had meddl'd with things
Too high for them? And what are we but babes?
Yea, when our wisdom is compar'd with God's,
Infinitely less than babes. When we consider
The measureless gap between the mind of God
And ours, we should be still concerning all
That God performs, howe'er mysterious
And unintelligible it seems to us.

The very angels, tho' celestial sp
Cover their faces from the light

As he is God, so all things are
And he may rightly and without
Dispose of them according to his
All things are God's, for all things
They wholly are from him, and
Things made by man are never
Man builds a house, and calls it
Whereof 'tis made receiv'd its being
But all God's creatures wholly are
Of God's own power, and therefore
That they be subject to and for
As all things from God are, all are
In being by him; should he loose
All would sink into nothing in a
All things are to him; all mankind
Their lives and breath and being
Our souls and our capacities from
In heaven and earth all things are

As he is God, so is he worthy
The sovran over all. Men are
Owners of more than they are worth
But God not only owns the world

So all things fittingly are in his hands,
To be dispos'd of at his will and pleasure,
Which infinitely outweighs the will of creatures.
'Tis meet his will be done, tho contrary
Unto the will of every other being;
'Tis meet he make himself his end, and order
All things but for himself. It is more fit,
Surely, that wisdom, perfect and unerring,
Should guide all things, than that all things be left
To their own guidance, to be brought to pass
By mere blind causes, only at the end
To fall into confusion. It is not meet
That anything within God's government
Should lack his wise directing providence,
And things of greatest moment, least of all.
Yea, God's perfections and his excellencies
Crown him the absolute sovran of the world.
Some have absurdly fanci'd God oblig'd
To keep his creatures from committing sin
And so incurring their due punishment.
If this could be, then were there no such thing
As moral government exercis'd by God
Over a rational creature, and 'twould be

For 'tis God's part to rule all th
And God, as he has wisdom, so
To execute what wisdom shall c
Being essentially and unfailing
Holy and righteous, infinitely g
God is a perfect governor of the
Therefore, when he so acts as s
Should willingly submit and ho
Not grudging him the glory of
But in a deep sense of his worl
Ascribe to him the power and g
For, being God, he will both be
Sovran, and, sitting on his thro
And have all men to know he is

He works according to his so
Both in the hosts of heaven and
Mortals on earth, and none can
Nor undermine or baffle his des
There is no wisdom nor counsel
Whatever he shall do, it is for e
And nothing shall be added nor
He works, and who shall hinder
To break the bow and cut the s

Who can behold him? when he breaketh down
It cannot be built up; he hath the keys
Of hell and death; he openeth, and no man
Shutteth; he shutteth, and no man openeth.
O then our folly when we dare rebel
Against the sovran dispensations of God!
O how much wiser they who quietly
And sweetly bend before his sovran will!
As God is God, he can avenge himself
On all who dare oppose his sovranity.
For wise of heart, mighty of strength is he.
What man hath ever hardened himself against God
And prosper'd. He that will contend with God
Must answer it. Yea, all God's enemies
Will be but as the chaff before the whirlwind,
And as the fat of lambs upon the altar;
They shall consume and vanish into smoke:
Briars and thorns set against him in battle,
He will go through and burn them all together.
Yet this divine and perfect will of God,
This absolute, unbounded sovranity,
God chooses to employ in the salvation
Of sinful men. His choice is unconstrain'd,

to promise all who shall believe in Chr
Salvation, and deny it unto those,
All who shall sin against the Holy Ghos
So is he bound by his own will alone.

When first man fell, and ere God had
His purpose of redeeming men by Christ
No angel could have thought it might co
With God's high attributes that he shoul
Any lost child of men, as in themselves
Men were. Nor could it ever have been
Had God not found a way consistent wit
The honor of his holiness, majesty,
Justice and truth. But nothing is too ha
For him to do; and since Christ hath wr
The work of man's redemption, and fulfill
The law, by keeping it, there now remains
None whom God may not save without in
His attributes, except such as have sinn'd
Against the Holy Ghost, and even those
He might have sav'd, and not gone contra
To any of his attributes, had he
Not chosen to declare that he would not.

Nor stain the glory of his attributes.
Tho men have long and obstinately sinn'd,
Done countless heinous sins, grown old in sin,
Heapt up their guilt, sinning against great light,
Backslidden, and have sinn'd against the Spirit's
Warnings and strivings, solemn, manifold,
And mercies of his common providence;
Tho greater far their danger than of others,
Yet, if God pleases, for the sake of Christ,
These can he save nor dim his attributes;
He may have mercy upon whom he will,
Have mercy even on the chief of sinners,
Such the sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice.
The glory of no attribute of God
Was tarnisht even when Christ upon the Cross
Sav'd some of those whose hands had nail'd him there.
The holiness of God is infinite;
Not ev'n the heavens in his sight are pure.
His eyes are purer than to look on evil;
And were he to give countenance to sin,
And not bear witness to his hatred of it,
The honor of his holiness were marr'd.

But God can save the greatest sinner, and yet
Give not the slightest countenance to sin.
Tho he saves one who long and stubbornly
Hath spurn'd the gospel; one who against light
Has been a pirate or blasphemer, still
This he may do, nor countenance wickedness,
For his abhorrence of it has already
Been fully manifest in Christ's sufferings.
It was sufficient proof of God's abhorrence
Ev'n of the greatest wickedness, that Christ,
The eternal Son of God, died to reveal it.
No greater proof can be. The wicked man,
Himself thrust into hell's extremest pains,
Would not more clearly show God's hate of sin
Than do the sufferings of the Son of God.

God may save any among the children of men
Nor cloud the honor of his majesty.
Tho men may have affronted God, and cast
Contempt on his authority, yet God
Can save them, if he pleases, without harm
Unto his majesty. Yet, if such were sav'd
Without full satisfaction, then the honor
Of majesty divine would be obscur'd;
But the wrong done Christ's sufferings have repair'd.
Let the contempt be ne'er so great, if Christ
Offer to mediate for the offender,
In mediation suffering in his stead,
The injury done the majesty of heaven.
Tho by the worst of sinners, Christ repairs.

God may save any sinner whatsoever,
Nor violate his justice, which demands
The punishment of sin. God is the judge
Supreme, and he shall judge the world with justice.

The sins of any man than what Christ suffer'd,
The Son of God, to make propitiation
And justify those who believe in him.

God can save any sinner, nor impair
The honor of his truth. He past his word
That sin should suffer punishment by death.
But God can save the greatest sinner, and still
Hold to this truth; for Christ sustain'd our guilt
And in his sufferings bore our punishment.

God may deny salvation to any sinner,
Nor dim the honor of his attributes.
A natural person may be wise or foolish,
Of temper good or ill, of parentage
Mean or honorable, wicked or godly,
Himself be moral or immoral, and yet
Whatever good he may have done, how fully
He may have kept God's law, how many prayers
Offer'd, whatever pains he may have taken
To win salvation, what distress endur'd
For fear he shall be damn'd; it matters not.
God can deny salvation to such a man,

Nor sully in the slightest his perfections,
Nor stain his glory. God may deny salvation
Without detracting from his righteousness.
There is no natural man whom God may not
Cast down to hell, nor deal unfairly by him,
Because they all deserve hell, and a judge
May justly give to any their deserts.
Besides they have done nothing to remove
Their liability, nor laid on God
An obligation not to punish them.
God may deny salvation to any sinner
Nor prejudice the honor of his goodness.
Sinners are often fain to flatter themselves
That, tho God justly may condemn them, yet
He cannot, in accordance with his mercy,
Remove his pity or compassion from them.
But that which is not contrary to God's justice
Is even so not contrary to his mercy.
If justice has condemn'd them, then may mercy
Choose its own object. Nay, God shows the riches
Of his own glory on the vessels of mercy
Which he prepar'd aforetime unto glory.
No more does it impeach God's faithfulness
That he should punish any natural man.
For God by no word has oblig'd himself
To such men to bestow salvation on them;
They are not children of promise, but lie open
Unto the full curse of his righteous law.
That God may exercise his sovranity
In men's salvation is made manifest;
And this in large and small we see him do.
He calls a single nation, and on that
Bestows the means of grace, but unto others

Has made what difference between us and them!
In this he manifests his sovranity.

The same he did of old time, when he chose
One people to receive his covenant,
And unto them he gave his means of grace,
But all the others left to heathen darkness,
And tyranny of Satan, so to perish
From generation unto generation,
Century on century, peoples great and mighty,
Egyptians and Assyrians and Chaldeans,
Persians and Greeks and Romans, nations fam'd
For strength and policy, wisdom and skill
In peace and war, who by their might of arm
One after one subdu'd and rul'd the world.
Those God rejected, leaving them to perish
For lack of vision, and chose one only people
To be his own, to have his means of grace,
Showing his judgments unto Israel.
Small were they, chosen not for multitude,
Neither for righteousness, but God favor'd them
As he declar'd, from free electing love,
Not for their worth, but in his sovran pleasure.

Not all of Abraham's seed he chose, nor Isaac's,
But only Jacob's; likewise, when Christ came,
God show'd his sovranity anew, rejecting
His Chosen People, and the Gentiles calling.
So he cast off the Children of Abraham
After the flesh, tho they alone possess
The true and only God, and chose before them
Idolaters, calling these to be his people.
And now among the Gentiles God reveals
Some nations favor'd far above the rest,
And all according to his sovran pleasure.

God shows his sovranity in the advantages
That he bestows on some, withholds from others.
All need alike salvation, and alike
By nature all are undeserving of it;
But greater advantages he gives to some
By far than others. Unto some he grants
The family altar, where religious parents
Dedicate them to God, and put up prayers
Unceasing for them. Some he permits to dwell
Under a mightier ministry than others,
More bountiful outpourings of his spirit.
To some he grants more largely of the Spirit's
Strivings and awakening influences;
And all according to his sovran pleasure.
His sovranity God sometimes exercises
In granting to the low and mean salvation
While he denies it to the wise and great.
Christ in his sovranity passes by the gates
Of prince and noble, and enters some poor cottage
To dwell there with its humble inhabitants.
God in his sovranity withheld salvation
From Dives, who far'd sumptuously every day,

So does he in bestowing salvation on some
Who have had few advantages, thereby blessing
Weak means to work astonishing effects,
Where means more excellent are unsuccessful.
Some are, with potent means of grace, rejected,
Others, with less advantages, are sav'd.
Thus were the Scribes and Pharisees, who enjoy'd
So much of light and knowledge of the Scriptures,
Mainly rejected, and the ignorant publicans
Were sav'd. Of those who heard Christ day by day,
And saw him work his miracles, most were left,
And the woman of Samaria was taken.
So was the woman of Canaan, an alien,
Who saw Christ only once; and yet the Jews,
Who daily saw and heard him, saw his miracles,
With whom the Apostles labor'd, were not sav'd;
But many of the Gentiles, who but casually
Heard the Glad Tidings, believ'd and were converted.

God exercises his sovranity in calling
Some of the heinous wicked to salvation,
And others, moral and religious, leaving.
The Pharisees were not as other men,
Extortioners, unjust, adulterers;

For such was their morality. They fasted
Twice in the week, gave tithes of all they had;
For such was their religion. Yet were most
Rejected, and the publicans, the harlots,
The openly vicious enter'd into the kingdom
Of God before them. The rich young man had kept
All the commandments from his youth, and Jesus,
Looking upon him, lov'd him; still he was left,
Whereas the robber crucified with Christ
Was chos'n and call'd, even upon the cross.
So God may show his sovranty by calling
The wicked even at the eleventh hour,
Showing his mercy to some who have spent their lives
In Satan's service, and have little left
To spend in that of God. So too he shows
His sovranty in saving some of those
Who seek salvation, and rejecting others.
God helps some over mountains in their way,
Others whose ways are level find him not.
Some he delivers from the snares of Satan,
Others he leaves to perish. Some who hear
Are not awaken'd; others he fully rouses.
Some God abandons to backsliding hearts;
Others he makes to hold out to the end.
Some lose their trust in their own righteousness;
Others life-long are blockt by that obstruction.
Some are renew'd and sav'd who never had
Strivings like others, who notwithstanding perish.

But why does God show thus his sovranty
In the eternal salvation of mankind?
It is agreeable unto God's design
In the creation of the universe
To exercise his every attribute,

Manifestation of his glory, and such
As should exhibit every attribute.
If God should glorify one attribute
And not another, then the manifestation
Would be defective; the picture incomplete.
If all God's attributes are not display'd,
The glory of none is truly manifest,
For they reflect glory on one another.
Thus, were his wisdom shown and not his holiness,
The glory of his wisdom would not be shown
As truly it is, for 'tis a holy wisdom.
So, were his holiness shown and not his wisdom,
The glory of his holiness would not be shown
As truly it is, for 'tis a wise holiness.
So with his mercy and justice; and so regarding
God's sovranity; it reflects glory on all
His other attributes. 'Tis a part of the glory
God's mercy wears that 'tis a sovran mercy.
So all the attributes of God reflect
Glory on one another. The glory of one
Cannot be manifested as it is,
Without the manifestation of another,
The manifestation of all. Hence 'tis God's will
To manifest all his attributes; his sovranity

in which he governs, t
His sovranity appears.
As sovran over men, n
Than that as sovran o
His sovranity over ang
Is manifest than his so
For the more excellent
The greater and the h
In exercising sovranity
As 'tis a greater honor
To have dominion ove
Still greater to have d
Princes and kings than
So is the glory of God
In being sovran over t
Who are so excellent a
The further the don
Over another, the grea
If one man has domin
Only in part, he so is l
Than in complete dorr
His fortune and posse:

To manifest his glory, will and does
Exercise his sovranty toward men
Over their bodies and their souls, and even
This chief concern of their eternal salvation.
Mercy he has on whom he will have mercy;
And likewise whom he will he hardeneth;
For he alone is God, and over all
The sovrán absolute, the sole I AM.

Herein appears how wholly we depend
On God for the salvation of our souls;
Not only on his wisdom to contrive
A way, and on his power to bring to pass,
But in it all, from the foundation-stone
Up to the coping, on his sovrán will.
'Twas of his sovrán pleasure he contriv'd
A way to rescue any of mankind,
And gave us Jesus Christ, his only Son,
For our Redeemer. Why lookt he on us,
Sent us a Savior, not the fallen angels?
'Twas solely from the sovrán pleasure of God.
So too the means were of his sovrán grace,
The Bible and his holy ordinances,

Appear in naught more than his
Hath he not said: See now that
Am he, and there is no God with
I make alive; I wound, I heal; I
Any that can deliver out of my
Our Savior prais'd and glorified
For exercising his sovranity in sa
I thank thee, Father, Lord of he
That thou hast hid these things
And hast reveal'd them unto ba
For so it seem'd good in thy sig
Therefore give God the glory of
Adoring him, whose sovran will
Orders all things, looking upon
As nothing in comparison with
Supremacy and sovranity requir
Honor and humble reverence fro
It is impossible that man should
Too far in lowliness and reveren
Unto that Being who may dispo
To all eternity at his sovran ple:
Those who are in Christ Jesus
Their safety to his sovran grace
And give the praise to him, who

Alone they have their righteousness and strength.
They should exalt the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Who of his free and sovran grace has called them
Out of darkness into marvellous light,
Shown them the evil and the danger of sin,
And brought them off from their own righteousness,
Open'd their eyes to discern the glory of God,
And the wonderful riches of God in Jesus Christ,
And sanctified them, making them new creatures.
They, when they hear the wickedness of others,
Or look upon the vicious, should recall
How wicked they once were, how much they too
Once provokt God; how they deserv'd to be
Forever left to perish in their sins,
And only grace has made the difference.
So have the people of God the greater cause
Of thankfulness, more reason to love God,
Who hath bestow'd such great, unspeakable mercy
On them out of his mere and sovran pleasure.

Herein we see what cause we have to admire
The grace of God, that he should condescend
To bind himself to us by covenant;

— demand it of him, as a debt thru
And it would mar the glory of God
Should he deny it to them, and we
Contrary to his faithfulness and ju
What wondrous condescension it a
In such a being, thus to become be
To us, worms of the dust, for our
He bound himself to us by his wor
Yea, by his oath, sworn unto Abra
That we might have a stronger ass
A refuge to lay hold upon, a hope,
An anchor to the soul both sure ar
Which entereth into that within th

So let us labor to submit ourselv
Unto God's sovranty; for God insi
That we acknowledge it, and that,
Even in so near and infinite a conc
As the eternal welfare of our souls
This is the stumbling-block on whi
Men fall and perish; and, if we st
With God about his sovranty, 'twi
To our eternal ruin. Therefore co
What you are doing when you stri

Who have been seeking a shorter time than you? —
Be still. Consider who he is that orders
These things. You shall consider it; you shall
Know it; for he will make all men to know
That he is God, — to know it by submission,
Here for your good, or to your cost hereafter,
When in due time, unwarn'd, your feet shall slide.

Who shall declare God's will before the event?
After, the dullest eye, the slowest lip,
Discerns, proclaims it. 'Tis to no man given
To sum his life, much less its influence,
Not even to one of heaven-scaling mind
Like Edwards. So, the Sabbath's message given,
Down from the sacred desk he stept, and past
Back to his daily life of want and toil,
Unweeting that 'twas God's will he should go
Ere long, an exile, forth from civil ways
Into the wilderness, there to serve and save
The uncouth Indians, yea, to rend the toils
By wicked white men woven for their harm,
Himself their lone defender. This from him
Was veil'd, but we look back and watch with awe

And laid on Edwards all. To him
Our earliest leading on the forward
Of the new thought of God. Ag
We owe the feeding of the multi
With bread divine upon America
To him the world-wide missions
Turn as their inspiration God-or
He lit the torch of love that burn
The shackles of the slave, that sl
The weakest child, the lowliest li
In him the world welcomes a voi
Even as in Taylor, Augustine, Cl
In him it honors an Angelic Teac
A later but not less. To him his
Traces with gratitude a noble str
Of men and women, such as are
And such alone — the hope and
Of Liberty unfolding under Law.
So from his age to ours he hands
The torch of lowly mood and loft
Of reverent fear and manly fortit
In the free world of God's sole so

VII NOTES

red-men to themselves. To the dev
Captain Bonneville, speaking of the
following tribute: "Simply to call
would convey but a faint idea of the
devotion which pervades their w
honesty is immaculate, and their p
their observance of the rites of their
form and remarkable. They are, c
nation of saints than a horde of sav

II

Stephen Parmenius is a real perso
him is given by the Rev. Abiel Holme
Wendell Holmes) in the ninth volu
of the Massachusetts Historical Soc
be found the Latin original of his lett
to Gilbert, with a translation by H
Parmenius to Hakluyt quoted near
printed in the twenty-ninth volume
the Prince Society, with other docu
bert's expedition. A comparison
travels shows it to have been poss
meet Montaigne in Basel. Montai

owing to the faulty chronology then in vogue, the Pilgrims celebrated Christmas on the day that should have been called the fourth of January. The treaty of the Pilgrims with the Wampanoags lasted fifty-four years, and was then broken by the Indians.

IV

This poem is based on the writings of Roger Williams and his various biographies, particularly the brilliant and sympathetic study of his life and work by the Hon. Oscar S. Straus. The poem was written in Providence within a few minutes' walk of Williams's landing-place, one of the hallowed spots in the New World.

V

The historical sources of this poem are the lives of Oglethorpe by Bruce and Wright, and certain Georgia documents and British parliamentary reports. The unnamed heroine and the fortunes of her family are inventions.

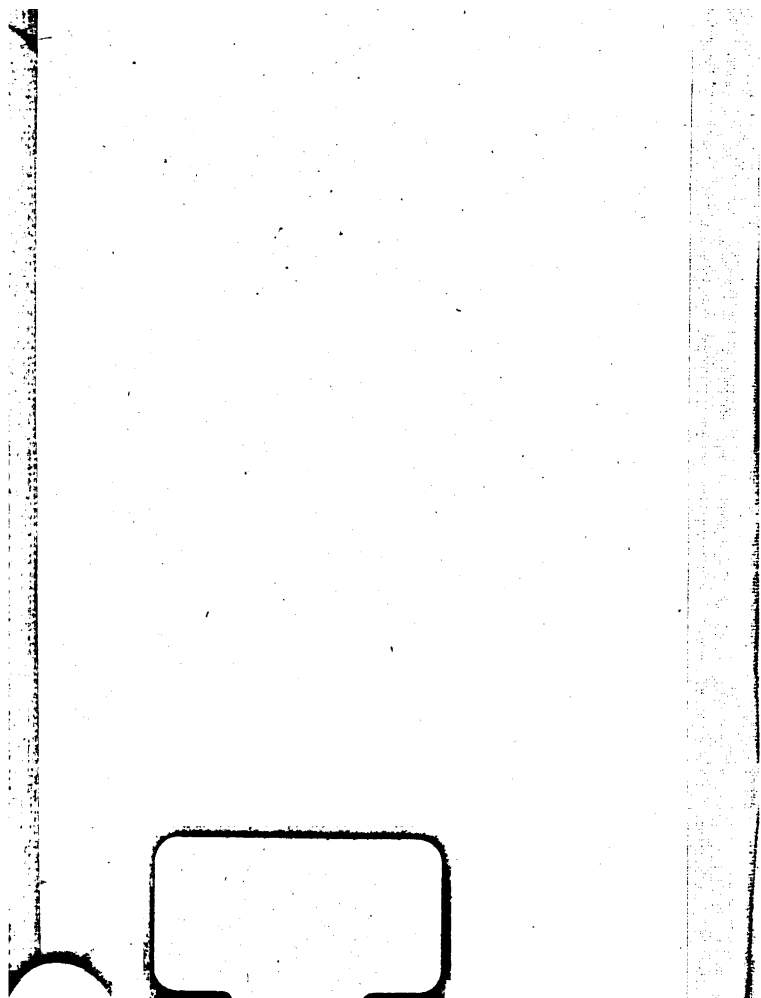
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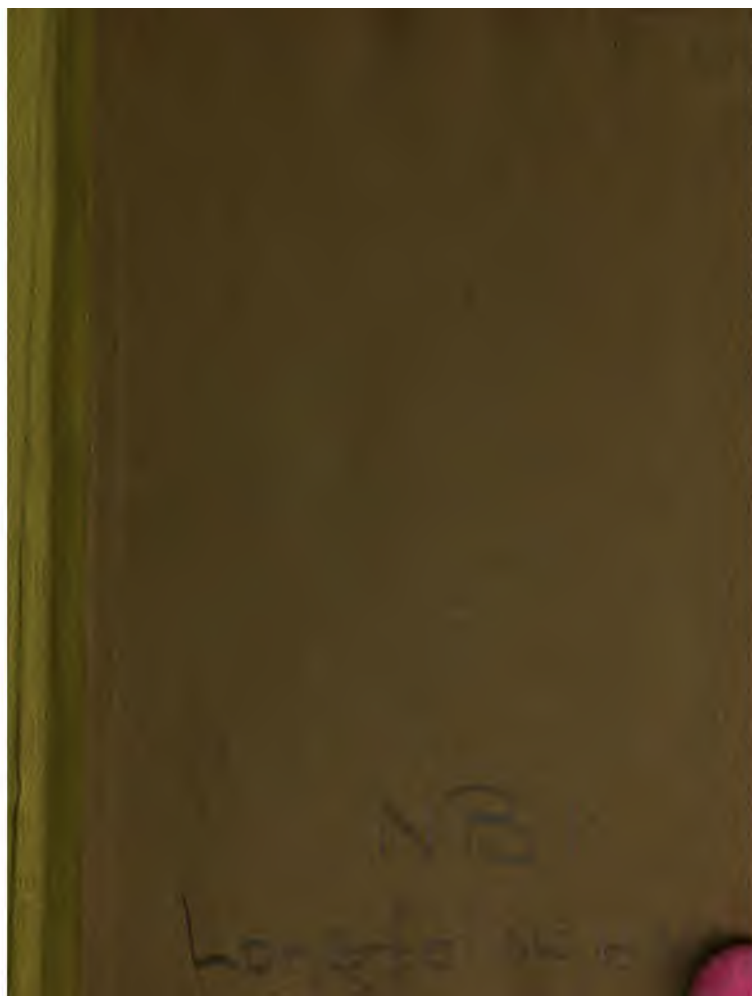
This poem is indebted to various lives and estimates of Edwards, particularly the life by Allen. The sermon is a

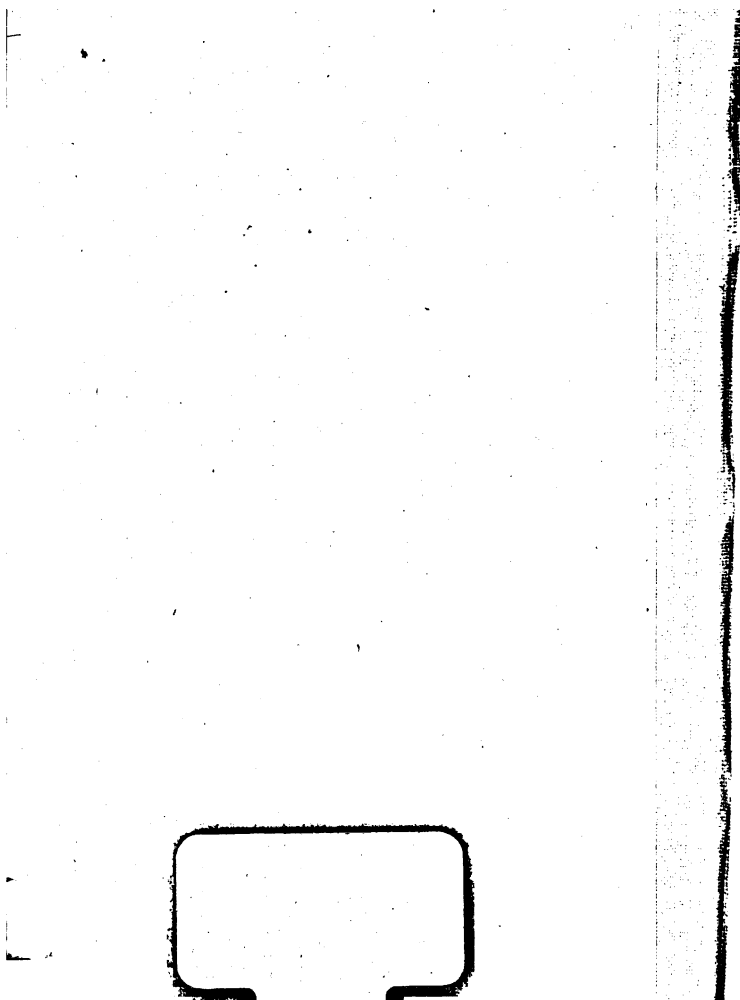
combination of two written by Edwards, one on Psalms xlii, 10, and the other on Romans ix, 18. It is to be remembered that the theology of Edwards includes his philosophy of the universe, to express which he has only the terms of theology. Thus he thinks in terms of the Sovereignty of God where we think in terms of the Reign of Law. So his denial of the freedom of the will is really a defense of the universe against the charge of admitting caprice or chance.

The few old-time spellings that appear in this book are a scanty concession to the almost forgotten rights of the reader of poetry in the printed page. The two most noticeable, far from being modern or American, were in vogue centuries before an Englishman set foot in the New World.

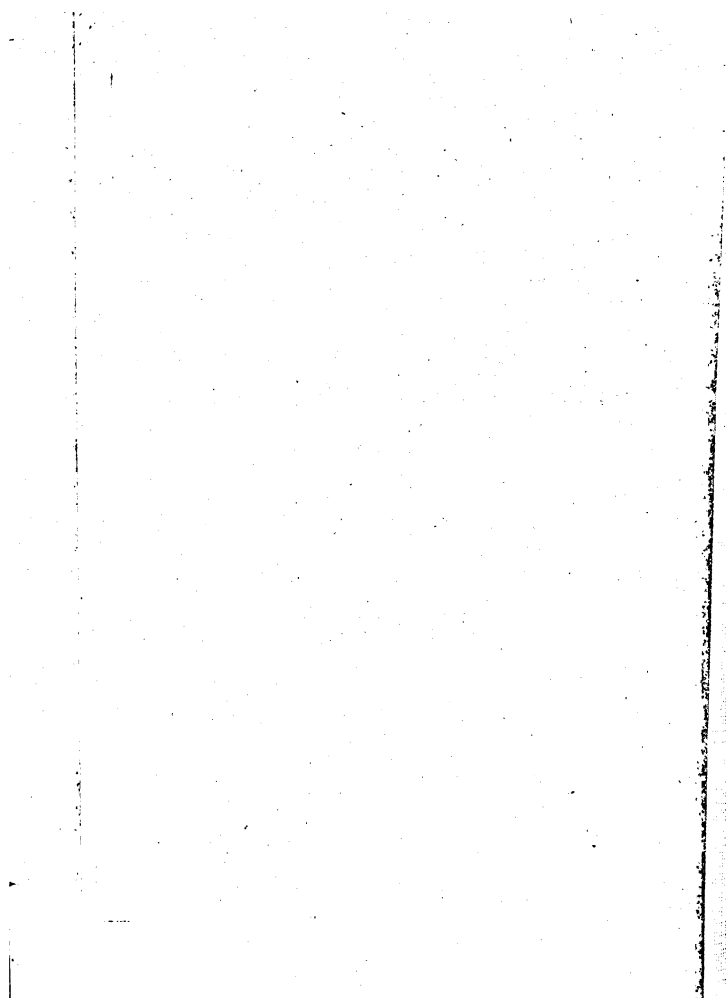
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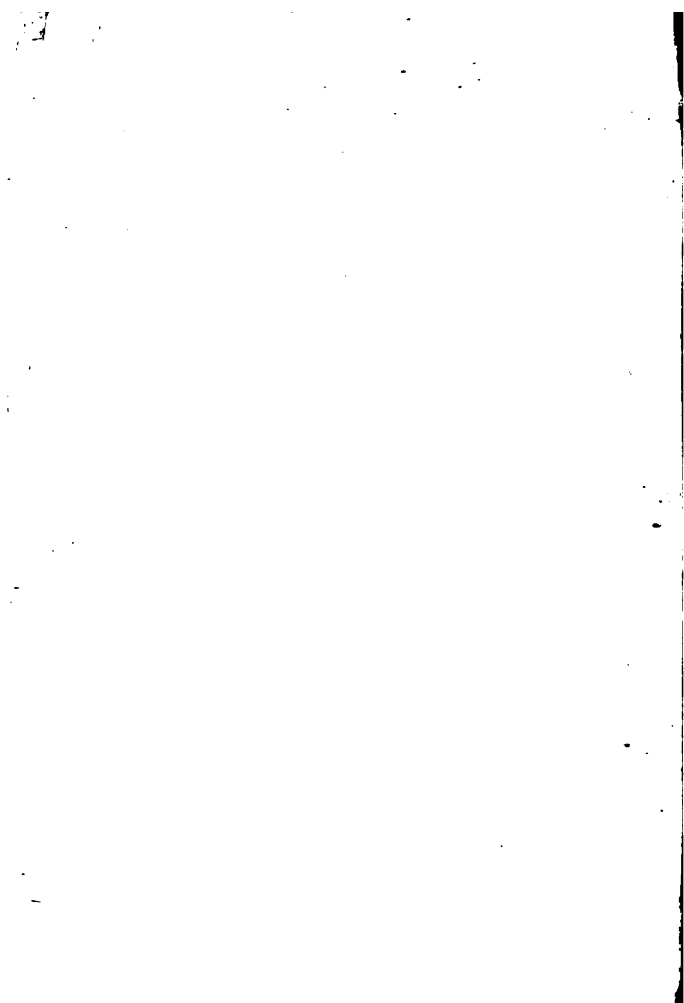












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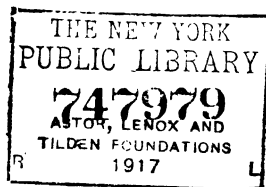
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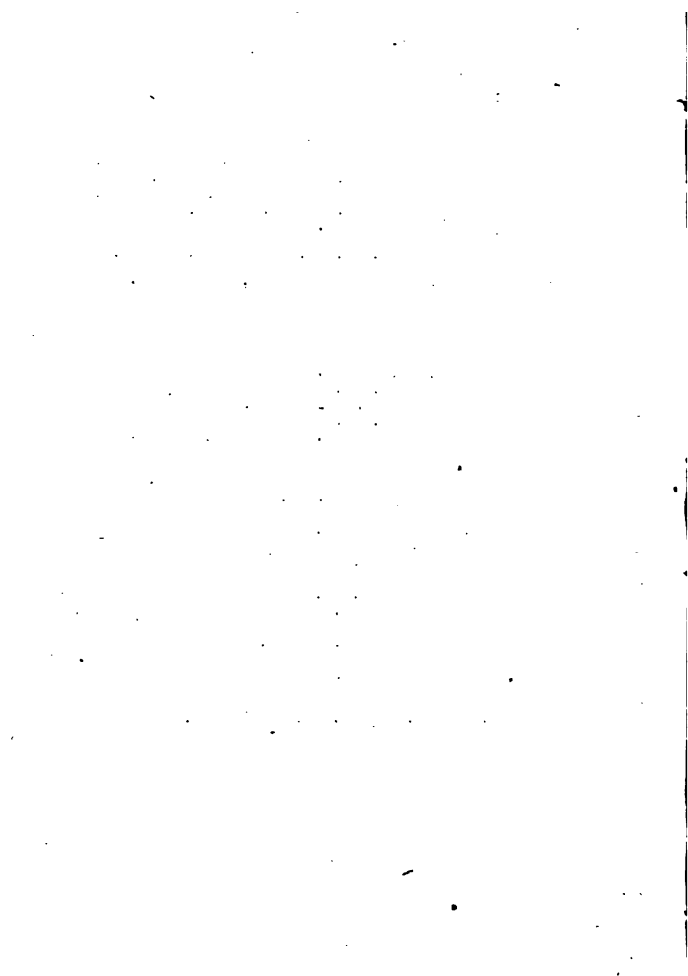
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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

1839.

Πόντια, πόντια νύξ,
ὕπνoδoτέρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
Ἐραβόθεν ἰδὲ· μᾶλε μᾶλε κατὰπτερος
Ἀγαμειμόνιον ἐπὶ δάμον·
ὕπo γὰρ ἀλγύνω, ὕπo τε συμφορᾶς
διοχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

. PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were
green,

And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs be-
tween,

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound ; —

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

1

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny
gleams,

Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !

They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
" Come, be a child once more !"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar, —

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !

Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer !
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines ;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lisps of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !
Ye were so sweet and wild !
And distant voices seemed to say,
" It cannot be ! They pass away !
Other themes demand thy lay ;
Thou art no more a child !

" The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs ;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

" Learn, that henceforth thy song shall
be,

Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

" There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

" Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;
Pallid lips say, ' It is past !
We can return no more ! '

" Look, then, into thine heart, and
write !
Yes, into Life's deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,

All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright, —
Be these henceforth thy theme."

• HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασία, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the
Night
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with
light
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the
Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the
Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
air

My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows
there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of
Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe
this prayer !

Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the
most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

• A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.
 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and
 brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !
 Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !
 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;—
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
 Yet us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is
 Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.
 "Shall I have naught that is fair?"
 saith he ;
 "Have naught but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is
 sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.
 "My Lord has need of these flowerets
 gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.
 "They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."
 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.
 O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day ;
 'T was an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.
 There is no light in earth or heaven
 But the cold light of stars ;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.
 Is it the tender star of love?
 The star of love and dreams?
 O no ! from that blue tent above,
 A hero's armor gleams.
 And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.
 O star of strength ! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain ;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.
 Within my breast there is no light
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cher-
ished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
Yet I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and
olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled
Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and
golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do
shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our his-
tory,
As astrologers and seers of old ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mys-
tery ;
Like the burning stars, which they
beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as won-
drous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets un-
der us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of
ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden
flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and
heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shin-
ing,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silves
lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous
tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain is-
sues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than
seeming ;
Workings are they of the selfsame
powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is
born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'er-
flowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden
corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-embazoned
field.

But in arms of brave old Autumn's wear-
ing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the
brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland val-
leys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop to
drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in
stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling
towers,

Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flow-
ers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-
like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive rea-
sons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better
land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvellous
tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of
man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-
bell

Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yea, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, " Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray ! "

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild-flowers and with
heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king, a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
" Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me ! "

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
" Vex not his ghost ! "

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyson !
Christe, eleyson !

EARLIER POEMS.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous attire."]

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned
again,

'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where
springs

The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,

When forest glades are teeming with
bright forms,

Nor dark and many-folded clouds fore-
tell

The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and
thrives;

Though stricken to the heart with win-
ter's cold,

The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and
colored wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that
moves along

The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green
slope throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the
hills,

And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching
far,

Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her
horn,

And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling
shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by
side,

And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are
wed;

Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn
brought,

Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes
the year!

The buds of spring, those beautiful har-
bingers

Of sunny skies and cloudless times, en-
joy

Life's newness, and earth's garniture
spread out;

And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and
with

A sober gladness the old year takes
up

His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid
scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing
now

Its mellow richness on the clustered
trees,

And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn
woods,

And dipping in warm light the pillared
clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer
bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the
vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passion-
ate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-
crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-
leaved.
Where Autumn, like a faint old man,
sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the
trees
The golden robin moves. The purple
finch,
That on wild-cherry and red-cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive
whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst
aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-
bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the
busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes
forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and
looks
On duties well performed, and days well
spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow
leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him elo-
quent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that
Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the
gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.
Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.
Where, from their frozen urns, mute
springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.
Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow
lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were
green,
And the song ceased not with the day !
But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your
crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.
Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song ;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard
the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.
" Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,

When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lances shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's
wide arch

Was glorious with the sun's returning
march,

And woods were brightened, and soft
gales

Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed

in light,
They gathered midway round the wood-
ed height,

And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting
glance,

Through the gray mist thrust up its
shattered lance.

And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.

The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's
flow

Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of
day,

The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral
way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver
beach,

The woods were bending with a silent
reach.

Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the
woodland fills,

Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot,
thin smoke,

Through thick-leaved branches, from
the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst for-
get,

If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will
keep

Thy heart from fainting and thy soul
from sleep,

Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south-
wind blows;

Where, underneath the white-thorn, in
the glade,

The wild-flowers bloom, or, kissing the
soft air,

The leaves above their sunny palms
outspread.

With what a tender and impassioned
voice

It fills the nice and delicate ear of
thought,

When the fast ushering star of morning
comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden
scarf;
Or when the cowed and dusky-san-
daled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the west-
ern gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit
moves
In the green valley, where the silver
brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cas-
cade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled
woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones
with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap it-
self
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind.
And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep
woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts
from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright
air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence
gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet
shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice
in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden
sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its
way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gen-
tle winds,
The swelling upland, where the side-
long sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening,
goes,
Groves, through whose broken roof the
sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sun-
ny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty
trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth
fill
The world; and, in these wayward days
of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly
forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft
hues
That stain the wild-bird's wing, and
flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her tender
eye
The heaven of April, with its changing
light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is
hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her
hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and
on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her
breath,
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it
comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passion-
ate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down,
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred

The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;

Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial
dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they
freed
Beside the grave his battle steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh
Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

TRANSLATIONS.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés ; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young ; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476 ; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés ; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful ; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on, — calm, dignified, and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake ;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past, — the past,
More highly prize.
Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ;

And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay ;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal ; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few ;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wander-
ing thought
To its high state.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came ;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this tale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery !
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances
strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all ;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth im-
parts

In life's first stage ;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward
gate

To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array ;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more ;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide

How soon depart !

Did not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are
found ;

Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded bawbles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,
They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein ;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the strong ?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng ?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and
read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled ;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon ?
Where are the courtly gallantries ?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the
eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene ?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and
where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights, that
came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent
flame,
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal coat displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But O how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Unsurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of Death,
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,

Might rival kings:
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;

Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a
groan,

By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and
shade,

To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion ;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,
Ye saw his deeds !
Why should their praise in verse be
sung ?

The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal sief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise :
What grace in youthful gayeties ;
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;
His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws ;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antomine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,

Firm, gentle, still ;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command ;
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate ;
He fought the Moors, and, in their
fall,

City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave ;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he
traced

On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains

And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served ;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down ;
When he had served, with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien ;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

" Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

" Think not the struggle that draws
near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate ;

The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

" But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ;
And the brave knight, whose arm en-
dured
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

" And thou, brave knight, whose hand
has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

" Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

" O Death, no more, no more delay ;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest ;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

" My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh ;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign
will
That we shall die.

" O thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

" And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently ;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me !"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade

THE NATIVE LAND.

Upon his mind ;
 Encircled by his family,
 Watched by affection's gentle eye
 So soft and kind ;
 His soul to Him, who gave it, rose ;
 God lead it to its long repose,
 Its glorious rest !
 And, though the warrior's sun has set,
 Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.
 SHEPHERD ! who with thine amorous,
 sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber that encom-
 passed me,
 Who mad'st thy crook from the ac-
 cursed tree,
 On which thy powerful arms were
 stretched so long !
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing foun-
 tains ;
 For thou my shepherd, guard, and
 guide shalt be ;
 I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the moun-
 tains.
 Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy flock
 art dying,
 O, wash away these scarlet sins, for
 thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O, wait ! to thee my weary soul is crying,
 Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when
 I see,
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt
 waiting still for me !

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.
 LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing
 care,
 Thou didst seek after me, that thou
 didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my
 gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter
 there ?

O strange delusion ! that I did not greet
 Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven
 how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon
 thy feet.
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and
 thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for
 thee !"
 And, O ! how often to that voice of sor-
 row,
 "To-morrow we will open," I re-
 plied.
 And when the morrow came I answered
 still,
 "To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO
 DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light ! my native land on
 high,
 Bright with a glory that shall never
 fade !
 Mansion of truth ! without a veil or
 shade,
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's
 eye.
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal
 essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble
 breath ;
 But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious
 presence
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears
 not, death.
 Beloved country ! banished from thy
 shore,
 A stranger in this prison-house of
 clay,
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for
 thee !
 Heavenward the bright perfections I
 adore
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers
 the way,
 That, whither love aspires, there shall
 my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO
DE ALDANA.

O LORD! who seest, from yon starry
height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how
fast
The world obscures in me what once was
bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou
hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast de-
cays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in
Heaven.
Celestial King! O let thy presence
pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on
high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks
it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain! — lyre of bird
and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the
morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are
born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in
thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current
strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver
teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter
seems
Than golden sands, that charm each
shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all trans-
parent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious
eye

Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round
pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides
thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to
dwell in limpid fount!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach
of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars grows
fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean
floor,
Appeared to me, — may I again behold
it!
A light along the sea, so swiftly com-
ing,
Its motion by no flight of wing is
equalled.
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a
little
Mine eyes, that I might question my
conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and
larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and under-
neath,
Little by little, there came forth an-
other.
My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first whiteness into wings
unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized the
pilot,
He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and
bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy
hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such
officers!
See, how he scorns all human argu-
ments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other
sail
Than his own wings, between so dis-
tant shores!

See, how he holds them, pointed straight
to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pin-
ions,
That do not moult themselves like
mortal hair!"
And then, as nearer and more near us
came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious
he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his
presence,
But down I cast it; and he came to
shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and
light,
So that the water swallowed naught
thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat
within.
"In exitu Israel de Egypto!"
Thus sang they all together in one
voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after
written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon
them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the
shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARA- DISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living-
green,
Which tempered to the eyes the new-
born day,
Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly,
slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed
fragrance,
A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the fore-
head,
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant
breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward to-
wards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy
Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direction
bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tun-
ful art;
But, with full-throated joy, the hours of
prime
Singing received they in the midst of
foliage
That made monotonous burden to
their rhymes,
Even as from branch to branch it gather-
ing swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore
of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I
had entered.
And lo! my further course cut off a
river,
Which, tow'rd the left hand, with its
little waves,
Bent down the grass, that on its mar-
gin sprang.
All waters that on earth most limpid
are,
Would seem to have within them-
selves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing
doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown,
brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the
moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX.,
XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final sum-
mons,
Shall rise up quickened, each one
from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the
flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui venis*,"

And scattering flowers above and round about,

"*Manibus o date lilia plenis*."

Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,

And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,

So that, by temperate influence of vapors,

The eye sustained his aspect for long while;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,

Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,

And down descended inside and without,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,

Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,

Vested in colors of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living rafters

Upon the back of Italy, congeals,

Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,

Where'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,

Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,

Before the song of those who chime forever

After the chiming of the eternal spheres;

But, when I heard in those sweet melodies

Compassion for me, more than had they said,

"O wherewith, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"

The ice, that was about my heart congealed,

To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,

Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,

Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,

To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 't is discharged,

Too tensely drawn the bow-string, and the bow,

And with less force the arrow hits the mark;

So I gave way beneath this heavy burden,

Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,

And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,

Well dost thou thy power display!

For Winter maketh the light heart sad,

And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,

The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;

And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,

When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,

Their beards of icicles and snow;

And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold, We must cower over the embers low;

And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,

Mope like birds that are changing feather.

But the storm retires, and the sky grows
clear,
When thy merry step draws near.
Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy
sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of
cloud;
But Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful
shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Win-
ter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and
early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy fa-
ther's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have
pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently
place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's
breast.
Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh
not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, de-
fend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone
for thee!
His arms fall down; sleep sits upon
his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor
dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy
glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's
cold arm?
Awake, my boy! I tremble with af-
fright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought!
Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the
light!
Even at the price of thine, give me
repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe
again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of
sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in
vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking
smile?

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open

The door for thee,
And descend after thee ;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES
EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty
mast

In mist and smoke ;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it
passed ;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly !" shouted they, "fly, he who can !
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke ?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's
roar,

Now is the hour !
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tem-
pest's roar,

"Now is the hour !"
"Fly !" shouted they, "for shelter fly !
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power ?"

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky !
Then champions to thine arms were sent ;
Terror and Death glared where he went ;
From the waves was heard a wail, that
rent

Thy murky sky !
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
Dark-rolling wave !
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave !
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave !

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine ;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !"

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian
and Saxon !"
A bold Bohemian cries ;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend, —
There lies the happiest land !"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou ?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN.

How they so softly rest,
All they the holy ones,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.
"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.
"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or
whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?" —
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide
sea
I haste from the narrow land.
"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast
tall,

For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all." —

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the
mast,

Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still,
at last,

Thou shalt hear the sound of my
voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bedtime draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.
"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."
"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."
"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"
"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."
"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?"
"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?"

Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"
"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.

Thus began the King and spake:
"So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,
From balcony the King looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.

"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"

"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,

And the castle 'gan to rock;
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock;

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls
glances,

Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;
'Twixt son and daughter all dis-
traught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:
"Golden wine will make you whole!"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:
"O, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly
gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on thy
strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-vis-
ions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's
pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The milder herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth
stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land !

L' ENVOI.

Yz voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart re-
pose !

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, " Be of good cheer ! "

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death
camps !

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

1841.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

" SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me ? "

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

" I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse :
For this I sought thee.

" Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skipped the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

" Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

" But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

" Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;

Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
 As we the Berserk's tale
 Measured in cups of ale,
 Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
 Tales of the stormy sea,
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
 And as the white stars shine
 On the dark Norway pine,
 On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
 Yielding, yet half afraid,
 And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted.
 Under its loosened vest
 Fluttered her little breast,
 Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,
 Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory;
 When of old Hildebrand
 I asked his daughter's hand,
 Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
 Loud then the champion laughed,
 And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
 So the loud laugh of scorn,
 Out of those lips unshorn,
 From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
 I but a Viking wild,
 And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
 Should not the dove so white
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,
 Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
 Bearing the maid with me,—
 Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen I—

When on the white sea-strand,
 Waving his armed hand,
 Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
 Bent like a reed each mast,
 Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
 And with a sudden flaw
 Came round the gusty Skaw,
 So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 Death! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter!
 Midships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel;
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o'er,
 Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;
 There for my lady's bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
 Time dried the maiden's tears;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother;
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,
 Under that tower she lies;
 Ne'er shall the sun arise—
 On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen!
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful!
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! *skoal !*"
 Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little
 daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn
 buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw
 did blow

The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailör,
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Lastnight, the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
 pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the northeast,
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ;
 She shuddered and paused, like a fright-
 ed steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little
 daughter,
 And do not tremble so ;
 For I can weather the roughest gale
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
 coat
 Against the stinging blast ;
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,
 And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
 O say, what may it be ?"
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound
 coast !"—

And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
 O say, what may it be ?"
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
 O say, what may it be ?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleam-
 ing snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
 prayed

That saved she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled
 the wave,
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
 drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and
 snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Tow'rd the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
 bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
 waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

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Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
'Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers
all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Eden-
hall !"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall ;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : "This glass 'to
praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal !"
The graybeard with trembling hand
obeys ;

A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it
light :

"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !*

"'T was right a goblet the Fate should
be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;

And willingly ring, with merry can,
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Eden-
hall !

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's
fall,

The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling ! klang !—with a harder blow
than all

Will I try the Luck of Edenhall !"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift, the wild flames
start ;

The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful
Lord,

But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall
aside,

Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !"

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven
miles wide,

But never, ah never can meet with the
man

A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
 A Knight full well equipped ;
 His steed was black, his helm was
 barred ;
 He was riding at full speed

He wore upon his spurs
 Twelve little golden birds ;
 Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
 And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
 Twelve little golden wheels ;
 Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
 And round and round the wheels
 they flew.

He wore before his breast
 A lance that was poised in rest ;
 And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
 It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
 A wreath of ruddy gold ;
 And that gave him the Maidens Three,
 The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
 If he were come from heaven down ;

" Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,
 " So will I yield me unto thee."

" I am not Christ the Great,
 Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
 I am an Unknown Knight,
 Three modest Maidens have me be-
 dight."

" Art thou a Knight elected,
 And have three Maidens thee bedight ;
 So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
 For all the Maidens' honor !"

The first tilt they together rode
 They put their steeds to the test ;
 The second tilt they together rode,
 They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
 Neither of them would yield ;
 The fourth tilt they together rode,
 They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
 And their blood runs unto death ;
 Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,
 The youngest sorrows till death.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
 Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
 Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
 Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
 Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
 Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
 Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace ! with lips rosy-tinted
 Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
 Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
 Sweet and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor
 Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within upon each cross of iron
 Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
 Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,
 (There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms
 Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
 Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
 So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
 Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes.
 While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
 Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
 When the young, their parting hope, and the loved-ones of heaven

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
 Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was
 Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
 There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions
 Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
 Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
 Budded once more anew, as aforesaid the rod before Aaron.
 Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,
 Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.
 But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,
 Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of angels
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was assembled
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
 Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,
 So cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
 Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land
 Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its mighty pinions
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
 And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
 Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
 Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly plainness
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
 As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
 Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
 Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
 Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man ;
 Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
 All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
 But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man
 Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
 Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
 Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
 Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
 Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,
 Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
 Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
 But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,
 Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens, —
 Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
 Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning,
 Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
 Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.

Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
 Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
 And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
 Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
 Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
 E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when spring-tide approaches,
 Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
 Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
 Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
 So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
 Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
 Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;— and straightway transfigured
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
 Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment
 Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.
 Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were transparent
 Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
 So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

" This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
 This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
 Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
 Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;
 Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendor
 Downward rains from the heaven ; — to-day on the threshold of childhood
 Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
 For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.
 This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
 Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth
 Now from your lips the confession ; Bethink ye, before ye make answer !
 Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.
 Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
 Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,
 Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
 Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting
 Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him
 Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.
 Thus then, — believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created ?
 Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united ?
 Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish
 God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?
 Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
 Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
 Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness ?
 Will ye promise me this before God and man ? " — With a clear voice
 Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes ! with lips softly-breathing
 Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher
 Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

" Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome !
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters !

Yet, — for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,
 Ruling them all as his household, — forgiving in turn and chastising,
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
 Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
 Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
 Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.
 O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
 Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
 O, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long to turn backward
 Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment
 Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
 Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
 Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal
 Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
 Known them all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
 Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
 Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert
 Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth
 Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble,
 Follows so long as she may her friend; O do not reject her,
 For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens. —
 Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant
 'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
 Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit
 Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.
 Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
 Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets,
 Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels.
 Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven
 Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship;
 Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.
 Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
 Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,
 Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children
 Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.
 Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
 Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
 Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded,
 Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.
 Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?
 What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?
 Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring
 Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who
 Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world he created.
 Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.
 Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,

Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums
 Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.
 Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,
 Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger
 Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.
 Yet, — why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful avenger,
 Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
 Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.
 Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without number
 Lie in his bosom like children ; he made them for this purpose only.
 Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
 Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your being.
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
 Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 't was that you may be happy
 Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour
 Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed.
 Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma, — Atonement !
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
 Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection :
 Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
 Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren ;
 One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.
 Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?
 Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing
 Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
 By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother ?
 Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter
 Of the Eternal's language ; — on earth it is called Forgiveness !
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples ?
 Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say, dost thou know him ?
 Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,
 Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
 Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd
 Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
 This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
 Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love among mortals
 Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
 Hope, — so is called upon earth, his recompense, — Hope, the befriending,
 Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
 Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !
 Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
 Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
 Him, who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been transfigured,
 Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
 Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,

Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
 Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
 For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation.
 Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
 Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.
 There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
 Fears not the wingéd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.
 Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous
 Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
 Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
 Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate spring-tide.
 Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
 Not what they seemed, — but what they were only. Blessed is he who
 Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's hand
 Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
 Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
 More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
 Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,
 Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its Father.
 Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,
 Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him
 Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
 Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing
 Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors;
 Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
 Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
 Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
 Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
 You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
 Never forgets he the weary; — then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter!
 Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,
 Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not;
 Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.
 God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
 Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
 Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
 Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
 May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
 Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me,
 Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
 Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man
 Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
 Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
 With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
 Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.
 Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
 Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
 Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness
 "On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard!"

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
 Bow down his head to the earth : why delay I ? the hour is accomplished.
 Warm is the heart ; — I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
 What I began accomplish I now ; what failing therein is
 I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
 Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
 Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?
 What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
 Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
 Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
 Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in the beginning
 Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
 Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the Heart the Atonement.
 Infinite is the fall, — the Atonement infinite likewise.
 See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
 Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
 Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
 Sin is brought forth full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
 Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
 Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
 Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
 Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
 Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
 Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
 Downward to earth he came, and, transfigured, thence reascended,
 Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
 Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
 Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.
 Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
 Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
 Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
 Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention alone of amendment
 Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
 Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
 Penitence weeping and praying ; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
 Purified forth from the flames ; in a word, mankind by Atonement
 Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
 But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
 Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
 And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself he eateth and drinketh
 Death and doom ! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father !
 Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement ?"
 Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
 "Yes !" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
 Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem :
 "O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
 Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have mercy upon us !"
 Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
 Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
 O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
 Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
 Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
 But in the children (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a
 Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
 Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,
 Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
 Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
 Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
 Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy
 friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars;
 Her level rays, like golden bars,
 Lie on the landscape green,
 With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
 As if Diana, in her dreams,
 Had dropt her silver bow
 Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
 She woke Endymion with a kiss,
 When, sleeping in the grove,
 He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
 Love gives itself, but is not bought;
 Nor voice, nor sound betrays
 Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity, —
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, — as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings ;
And whispers, in its song,
" Where hast thou stayed so long ! "

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream, — away !
Too long did it remain !
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see ;
And wander through the world once
more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks — and they are wondrous
fair —
Left me that vision mild ;

The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red ;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antes,
Spanish Prov.

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ; — the buds, the
leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ; —
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight !
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering
wall,

But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;

My thoughts still cling to the moulder-
ing Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the
blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which
calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is
just;
It consecrates each grave within its
walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleep-
ing dust.
God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name
imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave
have sown
The seed that they had garnered in
their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more
their own.
Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise
again
At the great harvest, when the archan-
gel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and
grain.
Then shall the good stand in immortal
bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second
birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its
perfume
With that of flowers, which never
bloomed on earth.
With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn
up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed
we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human har-
vests grow.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and
free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!
Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.
Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.
Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.
And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.
Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide
thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.
More than this;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.
Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!
'Tis for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee:
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;

He hears the crowd;—he hears a
breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my
hands?"

And he replies, "O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, *Υἱαγε*
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὑπάγε!
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippo-
crene,

Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,

And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate
fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief
Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares !
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slum-
bered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ; —
Age, that bough with snows encum-
bered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered
branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

1842.

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God ! well done !"

Well done ! Thy words are great and
bold ;

At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and
yokes

Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write !"

Write ! and tell out this bloody tale ;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse !

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his
dreams

The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his
cheeks.

They held him by the hand ! —
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard
of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their
flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the
reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of
drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of
Sleep,

And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outboard sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay ;

He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-
worms shine,

In bulrush and in brake ;
Where waving mosses shroud the pin,
And the cedar grows, and the poison-
ous vine

Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled
grass,

Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
Great scars deformed his face ;
On his forehead he bore the brand of
shame,

And the rags, that hid his mangled
frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild-birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth !

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;
They gleam from the abyss ;
They cry, from yawning waves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives ;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey ;
Murders, that with affright
Scare school-boys from their play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry, from unknown graves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail ;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon. "

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garments she wore save a kirtle bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren, — the farm is old " ;
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains : [Life,
For he knew whose passions gave her
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak :
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maiden's
cheek,

Her hands as icy cold.
The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who tore
 The lion in his path, — when, poor
 and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of heaven no
 more,
 Shorn of his noble strength and forced
 to grind
 In prison, and at last led forth to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry, —
 Upon the pillars of the temple laid
 His desperate hands, and in its over-
 throw
 Destroyed himself, and with him those
 who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;
 The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and
 jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perished in
 the fall !
 There is a poor, blind Samson in this
 land,
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in
 bonds of steel,
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise
 his hand,
 And shake the pillars of this Com-
 monweal,
 Till the vast Temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish
 lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

1843.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN	}	<i>Students of Alcala.</i>
HYPOLITO		
THE COUNT OF LARA	}	<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS		
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.		
A CARDINAL.		
BELTRAN CRUZADO		<i>Count of the Gypsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN		<i>A young Gypsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.		
PEDRO CRESPO		<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO		<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO		<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA		<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR		<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA		<i>A Gypsy girl.</i>
ANGELICA		<i>A poor girl.</i>
MARTINA		<i>The Padre Cura's niece.</i>
DOLORES		<i>Preciosa's maid.</i>

Gypsies, Musicians, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

Lara. You were not at the play to-
 night, Don Carlos ;
 How happened it ?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
 Pray who was there ?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
 The house was crowded ; and the busy
 fans
 Among the gayly dressed and perfumed
 ladies
 Fluttered like butterflies among the
 flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom
Lover,

Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you
see,

As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day
of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the
first act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly
wounds,

Laying their hands upon their hearts,
and saying,

"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown

lover,
Who looks intently where he knows
she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa
danced to-night?

Lara. And never better. Every
footstep fell

As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.

I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege
of woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal, — queen-like, —
and her face

As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her
Paradise,

And be no more a saint?

Don C. Why do you ask?

Lara. Because I have heard it said
this angel fell,

And, though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner; like those
panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin

Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Ve-
nus!

Don C. You do her wrong; indeed,
you do her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why
look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Ma-
drid.

In this whole city! And would you
persuade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who shows
herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for
money,

And with voluptuous motions fires the
blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held

A model for her virtue?

Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all!

The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.

Dearer than life she holds it. I re-
member

A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless
bawd,

Whose craft was to betray the young and
fair;

And yet this woman was above all
bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched by her
beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her
race,

Offered her gold to be what she made
others,

She turned upon him, with a look of
scorn,

And smote him in the face!

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may
be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I be-
lieve

That woman, in her deepest degrada-
tion,

Holds something sacred, something un-
defiled,

Some pledge and keepsake of her high-
er nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark, re-
tains

Some quenchless gleam of the celestial
light!

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.
But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer,

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

Lara. Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I believe Victorian is her lover. I believe

That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter

Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a cashot.*)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it
I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A street in Madrid.*

Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa. *Abernuncio Satanas!* and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads.

It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt he- with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.
Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honor.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Mus. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honor.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — PRECIOSA'S chamber.

She stands at the open window.

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air
 Descends the tranquil moon! Like
 the thistle-down
 The vapory clouds float in the peaceful
 sky;
 And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of
 shade
 The nightingales breathe out their souls
 in song.
 And hark! what songs of love, what
 soul-like sounds,
 Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down yon western steep,
 Sink, sink in silver light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

(*Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.*)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!
 I hate to have thee climb that wall by
 night!

Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.
Prec. 'Tis very dangerous; and
 when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come
 here
 Thus stealthily by night. Where hast
 thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from
 thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I've been in
 Alcalá.

Erelong the time will come, sweet
 Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no more
 divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall by
 night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but
 what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together un-
 molested,

And words of true love pass from tongue
 to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to an-
 other.

Prec. That were a life to make time
envious!
I knew that thou wouldst come to me
to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee
look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair?

Vict. Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see
thee.

And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I heed them not;
When thou art present, I see none but
thee!

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beau-
tiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it
beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for
those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and
those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy
looks.

The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the
schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the
schools

To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardi-
nal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest
is this?

Prec. It is no jest; indeed it is
not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here
into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would
fain behold

With his own eyes these dances; and
the Archbishop

Has sent for me—

Vict. That thou mayst dance be-
fore them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'T will be thy proudest conquest!

Prec. Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be
stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er
asked for alms;

'With such beseeching eyes, that when
I saw thee

I gave my heart away!

Prec. Dost thou remember
When first we met?

Vict. It was at Córdoba,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast
sitting

Under the orange-trees, beside a foun-
tain.

Prec. 'T was Easter-Sunday. The
full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and
with joy.

The priests were singing, and the or-
gan sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed
together.

I never had been happy till that mo-
ment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel!

Prec. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that
day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more. Let
not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet
Preciosa!

I loved thee even then, though I was
silent!

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see
thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in
the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,

And play the prelude of our fate. We hear

The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel!

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think

We cannot walk together in this world!

The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic! Dost thou still doubt? What I most

prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth;

What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world, Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it.

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria

Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

Prec. It is a hateful sound, To scare thee from me!

Vict. As the hunter's horn Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not! I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth). Hush! hush!
Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good night! good night!
Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?
Others can climb a balcony by moonlight

As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air of night

That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief). Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes,

It is my benison!

Vict. And brings to me Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath

Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star

To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

Prec. Good night!
Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.*

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body of me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Hold! ancient Baltasar!

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a

one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted drink in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victoriano in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.

Chispa. What! are you on fire, too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without). Chispa!

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcalá. *HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.*

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep! And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument! And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrieve her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vict. Come, shrieve me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live. I will confess the sweetest of all crimes, A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,

Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same. Thou knowest how her image haunted me

Long after we returned to Alcalá.

She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be

In Alcalá.

Vict. O pardon me, my friend,

If I so long have kept this secret from thee;

But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the time, They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love. Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa —

Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;

Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cunus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!*

Vict. Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!

I am in earnest!
Hyp. Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her!

Vict. Why not?

Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,

If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

Vict. They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict. In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was
born!

She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not
laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else
upon thy forehead,

**T will be indeed a wonder.*

Vict. Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell
me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp. Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this
moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle
breath

Comes like the fragrance from the lips of
flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and on her
breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell
asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of
dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little
open!

Vict. O, would I had the old magi-
cian's glass
To see her as she lies in childlike sleep!

Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast
thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word,
now?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of
Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic,
change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might
we cast

Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about
the death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad
farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed
eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those
cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what funereal
shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and
struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips to-
gether!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were
in love,

That is the very point I most should
draw.

This magic glass, these magic spells of
thine,

Might tell a tale were better left un-
told.

For instance, they might show us thy
fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Col-
chis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a wo-
man's love,

Desertest for this Glaucé.

Vict. Hold thy peace !
 She cares not for me. She may wed another,
 Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
 Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.
Hyp. (rising). And so, good night !
 Good morning, I should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark ! how the loud and ponderous
 mace of Time
 Knocks at the golden portals of the day !
 And so, once more, good night ! We'll
 speak more largely
 Of Preciosa when we meet again.
 Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
 Shall show her to thee, in his magic
 glass,

In all her loveliness. Good night !

Vict. Good night !
 But not to bed ; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
 The changing color of the waves that
 break

Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind !
 Visions of Fame ! that once did visit me,
 Making night glorious with your smile,
 where are ye ?

O, who shall give me, now that ye are
 gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that
 bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immortal ?
 Or teach me where that wondrous man-
 drake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth
 with groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends
 away,

And make the mind prolific in its fan-
 cies ?

I have the wish, but want the will, to
 act !

Souls of great men departed ! Ye whose
 words

Have come to light from the swift river
 of Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Ta-
 gus' bed,

Where is the strength to wield the arms
 ye bore ?

From the barred visor of Antiquity
 Reflected shines the eternal light of
 Truth,

As from a mirror ! All the means of ac-
 tion —

The shapeless masses, the materials —
 Lie everywhere about us. What we
 need

Is the celestial fire to change the flint
 Into transparent crystal, bright and
 clear.

That fire is genius ! The rude peasant
 sits

At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
 With charcoal uncouth figures on the
 wall.

The son of genius comes, foot-sore with
 travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement
 night.

He takes the charcoal from the peasant's
 hand,

And, by the magic of his touch at once
 Transfigured, all its hidden virtues
 shine,

And, in the eyes of the astonished
 clown,

It gleams a diamond ! Even thus trans-
 formed,

Rude popular traditions and old tales
 Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
 Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wan-
 dering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his
 pains.

But there are brighter dreams than those
 of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love ! Out of
 the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
 As from some woodland fount a spirit
 rises

And sinks again into its silent deeps,
 Ere the enamored knight can touch her
 robe !

'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
 Like the enamored knight beside the
 fountain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's
 stream ;

Waits to behold her rise from the dark
 waters,

Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows
 evermore,
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my
 dreams.
 Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can
 feel
 The pressure of her head! God's benison
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous
 eyes,
 Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that
 bloom at night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my
 name!
 (*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*PRECIOSA's chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.*

Prec. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
 The poor too often turn away unheard
 From hearts that shut against them with
 a sound
 That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell
 me more
 Of your adversities. Keep nothing from
 me.
 What is your landlord's name?
Ang. The Count of Lara.
Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!
 Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with
 him!
 And rather die an outcast in the streets
 Than touch his gold.
Ang. You know him, then!
Prec. As much
 As any woman may, and yet be pure.
 As you would keep your name without
 a blemish,
 Beware of him!
Ang. Alas! what can I do?
 I cannot choose my friends. Each word
 of kindness,
 Come whence it may, is welcome to the
 poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl
 so young and fair
 Should have no friends but those of her
 own sex.

What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name

Was given you, that you might be an
 angel

To her who bore you! When your infant
 smile

Made her home Paradise, you were her
 angel.

O, be an angel still! She needs that
 smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
 No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
 Whom chance has taken from the public
 streets.

I have no other shield than mine own
 virtue.

That is the charm which has protected
 me!

Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
 Here on my heart! It is my guardian
 angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for this
 counsel, dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Prec. Pray, do not go. I have much
 more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare
 not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when
 we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come
 to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last
 time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be
 yours,

If that can save you from the Count of
 Lara.

Ang. O my dear lady! how shall I
 be grateful

For so much kindness?

Prec. I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.
Prec. Farewell.
 Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
 And all good angels. [*Exit.*]

Prec. May they guard thee too,
 And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
 My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels! Make me look
 Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!
 What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold! gold!

Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Cruz. The gold of the Busné,—give me his gold!

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about in dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—

Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
 Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné? give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
 Never denied thee; never had a wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
 Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
 Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
 And live in idleness; but go with me,

Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
 And wander wild again o'er field and fell;

For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
 The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,

And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

Then I am free and strong.—once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!

—I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (*with emotion.*) O, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,
 If my humility and meek submission

In all things hitherto, can move in thee
 One feeling of compassion; if thou art

Indeed my father, and canst trace in me

One look of her who bore me, or one
tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it
plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force
me
To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !
I do not love him ! On my knees I beg
thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone !

Crus. O child, child, child !
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal
it.

I will not leave thee here in the great
city

To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee
ready

To go with us ; and until then remem-
ber

A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*
Prec. Woe is me !

I have a strange misgiving in my heart !
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may ; they cannot take that
from me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.

Arch. Knowing how near it touched
the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt and
rotten

By such excesses, we have sent to
Rome,

Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the
stage.

All this you know.

Card. Know and approve.
Arch. And further,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust forever.
It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people

Murmur at this ; and, if the public
dances

Should be condemned upon too slight
occasion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we
cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein ;
And therefore have induced your Grace
to see

These national dances, ere we interdict
them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her
the musicians

Your Grace was pleased to order, wait
without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall
your eyes behold

In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint An-
thony.

(*Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle
thrown over her head. She ad-
vances slowly, in a modest, half-
timid attitude.*)

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and
ministering angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet wo-
man fell !

*Prec. (kneeling before the ARCH-
BISHOP).* I have obeyed the or-
der of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest,
and her words discreet !

I did not look for this ! Come hither,
child.

Is thy name Preciosa ?

Prec. Thus I am called.
Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is
thy father ?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the
Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of
that man ;

He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember
still

The river, and the mountains capped
with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the
street;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand and
the shepherd;

The march across the moor; the halt at
noon;

The red fire of the evening camp, that
lighted

The forest where we slept; and, further
back,

As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp
was pitched.

But the time wears; and we would see
thee dance.

Prec. Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III. — *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening.* DON CARLOS and HY-
POLITO meeting.

Don C. Holá! good evening, Don
Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my
friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this
way.

I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Queve-
do's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judg-
ment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do;

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours
have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the
Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces

Which, with due interest—
Don C. (giving his purse). What, am

I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madri-
leña;

Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there,
good Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me
often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the
brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say,
not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the
glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen
catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill

To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and
foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal;

A creature of his own imagination;

A child of air; an echo of his heart;

And, like a lily on a river floating,

She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets.

But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some
woman,
Some living woman, — not a mere
ideal, —
Must wear the outward semblance of his
thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman! But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn
her,

As pious priests adorn some favorite
saint

With gems and gold, until at length she
gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these, you
know,

And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

Don C. Well, well! who is this doll?

Hyp. Why, who do you think?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last
storm

He threw her overboard, with all her
ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me
who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not?

Hyp. (mysteriously). Why? Because
Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Sala-
manca!

Don C. Jestings aside, who is it?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible! The Count of
Lara tells me

She is not virtuous.

Hyp. Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a
wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.

But hie! I see him yonder through
the trees,

Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.
Hyp. It has been truly said by some
wise man,

That money, grief, and love cannot be
hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed
is holy ground!

These groves are sacred! I behold
thee walking

Under these shadowy trees, where we
have walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm
from thee,

And is forever hallowed.

Hyp. Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air,

Like that odd guest of stone, that grim
Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the
play.

Don C. What ho! Victorian!

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us?

Vict. Hold! amigos! Faith, I did
not see you.

How fares Don Carlos?

Don C. At your service ever.

Vict. How is that young and green-
eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of?

Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. Ay de mí!

Vict. You are much to blame for
letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we some-
times see

In evening skies.

Hyp. But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so?

Hyp. I think

The slightest shade of green would be
becoming,

For thou art jealous.

Vict. No, I am not jealous.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why?

Hyp. Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always

jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

Vict. Marry, is that all?
Farewell: I am in haste. Farewell,

Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

Hyp. Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy
guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count of
Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel.

Vict. Indeed !
Then he will have his labor for his pains.

Hyp. He does not think so, and
Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

Vict. How 's this, Don Carlos?

Don C. Some hints of it I heard from
his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.

Vict. Death and damnation !
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,

And throw it to my dog ! But no, no,
no !

This cannot be. You jest, indeed you
jest.

Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so,

farewell ! [*Exit.*]

Hyp. Now what a coil is here ! The
Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his
death,

And the great Moor Calaynos, when
he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him ! O hot-headed

youth !
But come ; we will not follow. Let us
join

The crowd that pours into the Prado.
There

We shall find merrier company ; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almagivas,

And fifty fans, that beckon me already.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — PRECIOSA'S chamber.

*She is sitting, with a book in her
hand, near a table, on which are*

flowers. A bird singing in its cage.

*The COUNT OF LARA enters behind
unperceived.*

Prec. (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were here.

I know not what it is makes me so
restless !

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley
coat,

That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon
singing,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like
thee,

I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,

For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart !

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and me-
thinks

More hearts are breaking in this world
of ours

Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have

wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of

passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they

take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence

perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?

Or who takes note of every flower that
dies ?

Heigho ! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores !

(*Turns to lay down her book, and
perceives the COUNT.*)

Ha !

Lara. Señora, pardon me !
Prec. How 's this ? Dolores !

Lara. Pardon me —
Prec. Dolores !

Lara. Be not alarmed ; I found no
one in waiting.

If I have been too bold —
Prec. (turning her back upon him).

You are too bold !
Retire ! retire, and leave me !

Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me ! I beseech you, let me

speak !
'T is for your good I come.

Prec. (turning toward him with indignation). Begone! begone!
You are the Count of Lara, but your

deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors

Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?

O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love,

And think to buy my honor with your gold!

I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!

Begone, I say!
Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!
Therefore beware! You are deceived

in me.
In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this I owe the honor of the present visit,

You might have spared the coming.
Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you

What strange reports are current here in town.

For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing

you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself

the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas!
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,

Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield

myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I

live
Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you?
Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound

your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need

not spare me.
Lara. I will deal frankly with you.

Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks toward

the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?

In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—

You see the roof there just above the trees,—

There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,

That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You

are silent!
I would not blame you, being young

and fair—

(*He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.*)

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer

And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am

your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop

To all those idle tales, and make your
 name
 Spotless as lilies are. Here on my
 knees,
 Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
 I love, you even to madness, and that
 love
 Has driven me to break the rules of
 custom,
 And force myself unasked into your
 presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.) *

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That
 is not the place
 For such as you are. It becomes you
 not
 To kneel before me. I am strangely
 moved
 To see one of your rank thus low and
 humbled;
 For your sake I will put aside all anger,
 All unkind feeling, all dislike, and
 speak
 In gentleness, as most becomes a
 woman,
 And as my heart now prompts me. I
 no more
 Will hate you, for all hate is painful to
 me.
 But if, without offending modesty
 And that reserve which is a woman's
 glory,
 I may speak freely, I will teach my
 heart
 To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

Prec. Ay, in truth,
 Far better than you love yourself or me.
Lara. Give me some sign of this, —
 the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec. Nay, come no nearer!
 The words I utter are its sign and
 token.
 Misunderstand me not! Be not de-
 ceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not
 such

As you would offer me. For you come
 here

To take from me the only thing I have,
 My honor. You are wealthy, you have
 friends

And kindred, and a thousand pleasant
 hopes

That fill your heart with happiness;
 but I

Am poor, and friendless, having but one
 treasure,

And you would take that from me, and
 for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and make
 me

What you would most despise. O sir,
 such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be true
 love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
 is of a different kind. It seeks your
 good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
 Your earthly passion, your unchaste

desires,
 And bids you look into your heart, and

see
 How you do wrong that better nature
 in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you,
 I would not harm you; I would only
 love you.

I would not take your honor, but restore
 it.

And in return I ask but some slight
 mark

Of your affection. If indeed you love
 me,

As you confess you do, O let me thus
 With this embrace —

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold! hold!
 This is too much.

What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have you
 To question thus a nobleman of Spain?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are
 no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when
 the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

Prec. (to LARA). Go! I beseech you,
 go!

Vict. I shall have business with you,
 Count, anon!

Lara. You cannot come too soon!

[Exit.]

Proc. Victorian !
O we have been betrayed !

Vict. Ha ! ha ! betrayed !
"T is I have been betrayed, not we ! —
not we !

Proc. Dost thou imagine —
Vict. I imagine nothing ;
I see how 't is thou whilst the time away
When I am gone !

Proc. O speak not in that tone !
It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter.
Proc. Too well thou knowest the
presence of that man
Is hateful to me !

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.

Proc. I did not heed his words.

Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

Proc. Hadst thou heard all —
Vict. I heard enough.

Proc. Be not so angry with me.

Vict. I am not angry ; I am very calm.

Proc. If thou wilt let me speak —

Vict. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art
false !

I do not like these Gypsy marriages !
Where is the ring I gave thee ?

Proc. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest ! I would not
have thee wear it ;

I thought thee spotless, and thou art
polluted !

Proc. I call the Heavens to witness —
Vict. Nay, nay, nay !

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy
lips !

They are forsworn !

Proc. Victorian ! dear Victorian !

Vict. I gave up all for thee ; myself,
my fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul !
And thou hast been my ruin ! Now, go
on !

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian
was !

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

Proc. And this from thee !

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V. — *The Count of Lara's
rooms. Enter the Count.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world
so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is
hate !
I've learned to hate, and therefore am
revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me !
The fire that I have kindled —

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan ?

Fran. Good, my lord ;
He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermosa ?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest ?

Fran. I've found

The men you wanted. They will all

be there,

And at the given signal raise a whirl-

wind

Of such discordant noises, that the dance

Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.

Ah ! little dost thou dream, sweet Pre-

ciosa,

What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall

not close

Thine eyes this night ! Give me my

cloak and sword. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *A retired spot beyond the
city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and
HYPOLITO.*

Vict. O shame ! O shame ! Why do
I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine

mocks me,

And voices, and familiar sights and

sounds

Cry, "Hide thyself !" O what a thin

partition

Doth shut out from the curious world

the knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in

darkness !

Disgrace has many tongues. My fears

are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing.

Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,

We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him! 'Tis for gold! for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me! God! she is false!

But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.

Where stays the coward?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward; A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.

I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way

Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No! none! I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,

Stand not between me and my foe. Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara. Strike! strike!

Vict. You are disarmed. I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content. I sought no quarrel. A few hasty

words, Spoken in the heat of blood, have led

to this. *Vict.* Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you. Therein I did not mean to cross your

path. To me the door stood open, as to

others. But, had I known the girl belonged to

you, Never would I have sought to win her

from you. The truth stands now revealed; she

has been false To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself! *Lara.* In truth, I did not seek her;

she sought me; And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was ofteneast left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all! *Lara.* You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it
not so,
Francisco?

Lara. Ay, my lord.

Fran. If further proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave
me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring?
It is the same!

*(Throws it upon the ground, and
tramples upon it.)*

Thus may she perish who once wore
that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus
trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of
Lara,

We both have been abused, been much
abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and
frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours
gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I
thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare
you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town for-
ever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more,
farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]

Lara. Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my
worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is
done.

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!
[Exit with FRANCISCO.]

SCENE VII. — *A lane in the suburbs.*
*Night. Enter CRUZADO and BAR-
TOLOMÉ.*

Crus. And so, Bartolomé, the ex-
pedition failed. But where wast thou
for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama moun-
tains, near San Ildefonso.

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Crus. And thou bringest nothing
back with thee? Didst thou rob no
one?

Bart. There was no one to rob,
save a party of students from Segovia,
who looked as if they would rob us;
and a jolly little friar, who had nothing
in his pockets but a missal and a loaf
of bread.

Crus. Pray, then, what brings thee
back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee
here?

Crus. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back.
Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Crus. The two years are not passed
yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be
thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Crus. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,
—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes
in and out, and speaks with her alone,
and I must stand aside, and wait his
pleasure.

Crus. Be patient, I say. Thou
shalt have thy revenge. When the
time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her
house.

Crus. Come this way. But thou
wilt not find her. She dances at the
play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the
house. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. — *The Theatre. The or-
chestra plays the cachucha. Sound
of castanets behind the scenes. The
curtain rises, and discovers PRECIO-
SA in the attitude of commencing the
dance. The cachucha. Tumult;
hisses; cries of "Brava!" and
"¡Fuera!" She falters and pauses.
The music stops. General confusion.
PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. — *The COUNT OF LARA'S
chambers. LARA and his friends
at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more
many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

Don F. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

Don F. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humor

She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don F. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine. A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

All. Preciosa.

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,

Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth

Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore

A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!

(*Drinks and dashes the goblet down.*)
Don F. ¡Ite! misa est!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X. — *Street and garden wall.*

Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOME.

Crus. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Crus. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.*) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!

To be near thee, — to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,

Thy lips are crimson flowers!

Good night! Good night, beloved,

While I count the weary hours.

Crus. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest

Argent-clear above!

All night long enlighten

My sweet lady-love!

Moon that shinest,

All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

Crus. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister

Sang to each other;

For so many sisters

Is there not one brother!

Ay, for the partridge, mother!

The cat has run away with the partridge!

Puss! puss! phss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that!
Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*)

Bart. They went in at the gate.
Hark! I hear them in the garden.
(*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again!
Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI. — *PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.*

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(*Opens the window and listens.*)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (*in her sleep.*) I must go hence!

Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps!

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

Dol. (*from the window.*) Who's there?

Voice (*from below.*) A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! Shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now, — give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.*)

Voice. Muera!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (*shutting the window.*) Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue!

Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me!

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes

Arcadian;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about

With tapestries, that make its walls dilate

In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend,

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !

They are cheats,

Thorns below and flowers above.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it ?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her ! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds !

I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter, When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name, And she will say, " He was indeed my friend ! "

O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar, That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart !

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more !

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword That pierces me ; for, like Excalibar, With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it, And waves it in the air ; and wailing voices

Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last Down sank Excalibar to rise no more. This is not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty health

To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die ! To go through life, unloving and unloved ;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul

We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have not

And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ;

All this the dead feel not, — the dead alone !

Would I were with them !

Hyp. We shall all be soon. *Vict.* It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life, Where strangers walk as friends, and

friends as strangers ;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;

And through the mazes of the crowd we chase

Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us

A mockery and a jest ; maddened, —
 confused, —
 Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know?
 Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy
 youth !

Take each fair mask for what it gives
 itself,
 Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
 That were the wiser part. But Hope
 no longer

Comforts my soul. I am a wretched
 man,
 Much like a poor and shipwrecked mar-
 iner,

Who, struggling to climb up into the
 boat,

Has both his bruised and bleeding
 hands cut off,
 And sinks again into the weltering sea,
 Helpless and hopeless !

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.
 The strength of thine own arm is thy
 salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds,
 there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust
 thy star !

(*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

Vict. Ave Maria ! I hear the sac-
 ristan

Ringing the chimes from yonder village
 belfry !

A solemn sound, that echoes far and
 wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,
 And bids the laboring hind a-field, the
 shepherd,

Guarding his flock, the lonely mulet-
 eer,

And all the crowd in village streets,
 stand still,

And breathe a prayer unto the blessed
 Virgin !

Hyp. Amen ! amen ! Not half a
 league from hence

The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat-fields, where the shad-
 ows sail

Across the running sea, now green, now
 blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us has-
 ten on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Public square in the vil-
 lage of Guadarrama. The Ave Ma-
 ria still tolling. A crowd of villa-
 gers, with their hats in their hands,
 as if in prayer. In front, a group
 of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier
 peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PAN-
 CHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds
 and Gypsy thieves !

Make room for the Alcalde and for me !
Pedro C. Keep silence all ! I have
 an edict here

From our most gracious lord, the King
 of Spain,
 Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
 Which I shall publish in the market-
 place.

Open your ears and listen !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA at the door
 of his cottage.*)

Padre Cura.
 Good day ! and, pray you, hear this
 edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be
 with you ! Pray, what is it ?

Pedro C. An act of banishment
 against the Gypsies !

(*Agitation and murmurs in the
 crowd.*)

Pancho. Silence !

Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order
 and command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean
 strangers,

Known by the name of Gypsies, shall
 henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as vag-
 bonds

And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,
 Any be found within our kingdom's

bounds,
 They shall receive a hundred lashes

each ;
 The second time, shall have their ears

cut off ;

The third, be slaves for life to him who
 takes them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!

You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!
Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.
(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura, — you know all things, —

How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you:
They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,

There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor.

Is not a Christian, so't is with the Gypsies.

They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,

Nor see the inside of a church, — nor — nor —

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,

They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!
And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. *[Exit.*

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,

I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks,

A certain scholar-like and studious something, —

You understand, — which cannot be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,

"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,

Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so? Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true.
He's out of humor with some vagrant
Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.

There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emolliis moris*,

Nec sinit esse ferus, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it
Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the PADRE CURA's house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say,
"Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow .

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes! I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva?

Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(*Enter MARTINA.*)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emolliis moris.* (*Aside.*)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry.

See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Mart. 'T will be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay ; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Ex.ii.*]

Hyp. Hist ! Martina !

One word with you. Bless me ! what handsome eyes !

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.

Is it not so ?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mart. (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune ?

Hyp. Yes, yes ; I know they did.

Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said, — they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not ?

Mart. (*surprised*). How know you that ?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand ! and then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall

And rich, should come one day to marry you,

And you should be a lady. Was it not ?

He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon ?

Vict. I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,

And, from a pitcher that he held aloft

His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp. What news from Court ?

Vict. He brought this letter only.

O cursed perfidy ! Why did I let

That lying tongue deceive me ! Preciosa,

Sweet Preciosa ! how art thou avenged !

Hyp. What news is this, that makes

thy cheek turn pale,

And thy hand tremble ?

Vict. O, most infamous !

The Count of Lara is a worthless villain !

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.

Vict. He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,

He swore to be revenged ; and set on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of ; and, once more a beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,

Housing with Gypsies !

Hyp. To renew again

The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains

Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo !

Vict. Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart !

I will go seek for her ; and with my tears

Wash out the wrong I've done her !

Hyp. O beware !

Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly,

Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,

I will confess my weakness, — I still love her !

Still fondly love her !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,

Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood ?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,

I thank thee ! She is found ! is found again !

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,

Called Preciosa ?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.
Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long
day's journey.
Padre C. Then, pray you, come this
way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A post-house on the road
to Segovia, not far from the village
of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA,
cracking a whip and singing the
Cachucha.*

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let
us have horses, and quickly. Alas,
poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost
thou lead! I thought, when I left my
old master Victorian, the student, to
serve my new master Don Carlos, the
gentleman, that I, too, should lead the
life of a gentleman; should go to bed
early, and get up late. For when the
abbot plays cards, what can you expect
of the friars? But, in running away
from the thunder, I have run into the
lightning. Here I am, in hot chase
after my master and his Gypsy girl.
And a good beginning of the week it is,
as he said who was hanged on Monday
morning.

[*Enter DON CARLOS.*]

Don C. Are not the horses ready
yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the
hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! with-
in there! Horses! horses! horses!
(*He knocks at the gate with his whip,
and enter MOSQUITO, pulling on his
jacket.*)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience.
I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm
glad to see you come on dancing, padre!
Pray, what's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses;
because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that
bone to another dog. Do I look like
your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estrama-
dura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that
I am going to set up a coach, and I have
already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!
Don C. Enough of this folly. Let
us have horses. (*Gives money to
Mosquito.*) It is almost dark; and
we are in haste. But tell me, has
a band of Gypsies passed this way
of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in
the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in
the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*]

Don C. Now this is lucky. We
will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the
evil eye? Have you a stag's horn
with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass
the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires
of Hernan Daza, nine under one
blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the
Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies,
blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are
giving ourselves trouble enough on her
account. Don't you think so? How-
ever, there is no catching trout without
wetting one's trousers. Yonder come
the horses. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *The Gypsy camp in the
forest. Night. Gypsies working
at a forge. Others playing cards
by the fire-light.*

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come rooping over the lee,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee,
flee?

O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with

your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran:
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (*to the left.*) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies. Ay! ay!

Cruz. Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees

The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows

Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,

Then flitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being

As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!

How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolomé! Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,

And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. O touch me not! The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!

The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!

Thou art in danger! They have set a price

Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long Among the mountains; and for many days

Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,

And the loud echo sent it back to me, Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,

And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm !

Fly with me !

Pres. Speak of that no more. I cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time When we were children ! how we played together,

How we grew up together ; how we plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood !

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.

I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf !

Fulfil thy promise.

Pres. 'T was my father's promise, Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,

Nor promised thee my hand !

Bart. False tongue of woman ! And heart more false !

Pres. Nay, listen unto me. I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee ;

I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live, Whose heart is broken ? Seek another wife,

Better than I, and fairer ; and let not Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.

I never sought thy love ; never did aught

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,

And most of all I pity thy wild heart, That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Pres. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Pres. Hark ! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come !

Pres. Away ! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come ?

Pres. Never !

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee !

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [*Exit.*]

Pres. All holy angels keep me in this hour !

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me ! Mother of God, the glorified, protect me ! Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me !

Yet why should I fear death ? What is it to die ?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair, And be at rest forever ! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.*)

Vict. 'T is she ! Behold, how beautiful she stands

Under the tent-like trees !

Hyp. A woodland nymph !

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist ! Gypsy !

Pres. (aside, with emotion). That voice ! that voice from heaven ! O speak again !

Who is it calls ?

Vict. A friend.

Pres. (aside). 'T is he ! 'T is he !

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector ! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart ! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true ?

Vict. A true friend to the true;
Fear not; come hither. So; can you
tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer
to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed,
I see.

Vict. (*putting a piece of gold into her
hand*). There is the cross.

Prec. Is't silver?

Vict. No, 't is gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court,
who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story!
Tell me a better fortune for my money;
Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate;
And this same passionate humor in your
blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see
it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.
Shame! shame! O you have wronged
the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold!
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's
hand!

There is no blessing in its charity!
Make her your wife, for you have been
abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes,
mending hers.

Vict. (*aside*). How like an angel's
speaks the tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause her
own!

That is a pretty ring upon your finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the
ring*.)

Prec. No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 't is but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep
it,

Will give you gold to buy you twenty
such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would
fain keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed
maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I
die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers
thus,

That it may not fall from them. 'T is a
token

Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse
than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep this
ring.

I will rise with it from my grave here-
after,

To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (*aside*). Be still, my swelling
heart! one moment, still!

Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is
mine,

And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!

Vict. I not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is
aught

I have not dared, I would not dare, for
thee!

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

Prec. 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes;
yes; my heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's
heaven!

Where hast thou been so long? Why
didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest
Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—
Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here
among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what
I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a
moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not
slept.

For thinking of the wrong I did to
thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou
forgive me?

Proc. I have forgiven thee. Ere
those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down
against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed
thee false.

It was the Count of Lara—

Proc. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast
thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet
speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am
happy;

For every tone, like some sweet incan-
tation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for
me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pas-
toral poets,

All passionate love scenes in the best
romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal

stars
Have winked at, as the natural course
of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend,
the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Pre-
ciosa!

Proc. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your
hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night:
For, should you treat me as you did

Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids for-
lorn,

My wedding day would last from now
till Christmas.

Chispa (*within*). What ho! the Gyp-
sies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!
(*Enters booted, with a whip and law-
tern.*)

Vict. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou
been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered;
and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (*to Preciosa*). Good news
from Court; good news! Bel-
tran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your
father,

But your true father has returned to
Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more
a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your

health,
As wells drink in November, when it

rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

Chispa. As the old song says,
His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

Proc. Is this a dream? O, if it be a
dream,

Let me sleep on, and do not wake me
yet!

Repeat thy story! Say I'm not de-
ceived!

Say that I do not dream! I am
awake;

This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victo-
rian,

And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak!
speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a
waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness which even on

earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now
art thou rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good ;
And I am now the beggar.

Proc. (giving him her hand). I
have still
A hand to give.

Chispa (aside). And I have two to
take.

I've heard my grandmother say, that
Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's
nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I
find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange
story?

Chispa. Nothing more.
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the
village

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old
hag,

Who stole you in your childhood, has
confessed ;

And probably they'll hang her for the
crime,

To make the celebration more complete.
Vict. No ; let it be a day of general

joy ;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes
not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell,
The student's wandering life ! Sweet
serenades,

Sung under ladies' windows in the
night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful !
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by

truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,

And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish
Student.

SCENE VI. — *A pass in the Guadara-*
rama mountains. Early morn-
ing. A muleteer crosses the stage,
sitting sideways on his mule, and
lighting a paper cigar with flint
and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,

'T is the break of day, and we must
away,

O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,

But come with thy naked feet ;

We shall have to pass through the

dewy grass,

And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a
Monk. A Shepherd appears on the
rocks above.)

Monk. Ave María, gratia plena.

Olá ! good man !

Shep. Olá !

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the
valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these
mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa María ! Come with
me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be
well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my ben-
ediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Con-
trabandista passes, wrapped in his
cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow.
He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,

And I march me hurried, worried ;

Onward, caballito mio,

With the white star in thy forehead !

Onward, for here comes the Ronda,

And I hear their rifles crack !

Ay, jaleó ! Ay, ay, jaleó !

Ay, jaleó ! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA,
on horseback, attended by VICTORI-
AN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and
CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point.
Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty
mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted
halberds,

San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an armysmote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

Prec. And which way lies
Segovia?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the
horizon's edge.

There, yonder!

Hyp. 'Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil

Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a
time

Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the
Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the valley
creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes! I see if now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine
eyes,

So faint it is. And, all my thoughts
sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and
forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind
and tide

Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic
Mountains,

And there were wrecked, and perished
in the sea! (*She weeps.*)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst
bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls
on thee

Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary
heart

Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no
more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him
there,

Now looking from the window, and now
watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in the
street,

And saying, "Hark! She comes!"
O father! father!

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA re-
mains behind.*)

Chisp. I have a father, too, but he is a
dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor
was I born, and poor do I remain. I nei-
ther win nor lose. Thus I wag through
the world, half the time on foot, and
the other half walking; and always as
merry as a thunder-storm in the night.
And so we plough along, as the fly said
to the ox. Who knows what may hap-
pen? Patience, and shuffle the cards!
I am not yet so bald that you can see
my brains; and perhaps, after all, I
shall some day go to Rome, and come
back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ
wildly, as if in pursuit, with a car-
bine in his hand.*)

Bart. They passed this way! I hear
their horses' hoofs!

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet car-
amillo,

This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet
caramillo!

Well whistled! — I have missed her!
— O my God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ
falls.*)

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

1845.

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these *chimes*
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in *vain*,
On the roofs and stones of cities !
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas !
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long :
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous
eyes

Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

81

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land ! "

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before I was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my
steed,

Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

6

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,

Through which I walked to church with
thee,

O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees

Lay moving on the grass ;

Between them and the moving boughs,

A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,

And thy heart as pure as they :

One of God's holy messengers

Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees

Bend down thy touch to meet,

The clover-blossoms in the grass

Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,

Of earth and folly born !"

Solemnly sang the village choir

On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the goldensun

Poured in a dusty beam,

Like the celestial ladder seen

By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,

Sweet-scented with the hay,

Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering
leaves

That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,

Yet it seemed not so to me ;

For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,

And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,

Yet it seemed not so to me ;

For in my heart I prayed with him,

And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;

Thou art no longer here :

Part of the sunshine of the scene

With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my
heart,

Like pine-trees dark and high,

Subdue the light of noon, and breathe

A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,

As when the sun, concealed

Behind some cloud that near us hangs,

Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRING FIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceil-
ing,

Like a huge organ, rise the burnished
arms ;

But from their silent pipes no anthem
pealing

Startles the villages with strange
alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild
and dreary,

When the death-angel touches those
swift keys !

What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful sym-
phonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which, through the ages that have gone
before us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon
hammer,

Through Cimbric forest roars the

Norseman's song,

And loud, amid the universal clamor,

O'er distant deserts sounds the Tar-
tar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his
palace

Wheels out his battle-bell with dread-
ful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of

serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning
village ;

The shout that every prayer for mercy
drowns ;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pil-
lage ;

The wail of famine in beleaguered
towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway
wrenched asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing
blade ;

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

<p>Is it, O man, with such discordant noises, With such accursed instruments as these, Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices, And jarrest the celestial harmonies? Were half the power, that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals or forts : The warrior's name would be a name abhorred ! And every nation, that should lift again</p>	<p>Its hand against a brother, on its fore- head Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain ! Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ; And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! " Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies ! But beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodies of love arise.</p>
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NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here-Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, *o*
l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domes-
tique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs,
comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.
THIERRY, Conquête de l'Angleterre.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighboring klooster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas was-
sail ;

Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits ;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

" Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger !
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free ! "

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
" Miserere, Domine ! "

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched crea-
tures,

By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, " Amen ! "

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
hide,

Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking
soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes

Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told, —
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,

To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to
earth ;

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable
wheel
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy mother's
knee,
With merry-making eyes and jocund
smiles,

Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin ;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape,
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild
goat,

Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbuté,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser, Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise !

And, restlessly, impatiently,
 Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
 The four walls of thy nursery
 Are now like prison walls to thee.
 No more thy mother's smiles,
 No more the painted tiles,
 Delight thee, nor the playthings on the
 floor,
 That won thy little, beating heart be-
 fore ;

Thou strugglest for the open door.
 Through these once solitary halls
 Thy pattering footstep falls.
 The sound of thy merry voice
 Makes the old walls
 Jubilant, and they rejoice
 With the joy of thy young heart,
 O'er the light of whose gladness
 No shadows of sadness
 From the sombre background of mem-
 ory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
 One whom memory oft recalls,
 The Father of his Country, dwelt.
 And yonder meadows broad and damp
 The fires of the besieging camp
 Encircled with a burning belt.
 Up and down these echoing stairs,
 Heavy with the weight of cares,
 Sounded his majestic tread ;
 Yea, within this very room
 Sat he in those hours of gloom,
 Weary both in heart and head.

But what are those grave thoughts to
 thee ?

Out, out ! into the open air
 Thy only dream is liberty,
 Thou carest little how or where.
 I see thee eager at thy play,
 Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
 With cheeks as round and red as they ;
 And now among the yellow stalks,
 Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
 As restless as the bee.
 Along the garden walks,
 The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels
 I trace ;

And see at every turn how they efface
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
 That rise like golden domes
 Above the cavernous and secret homes
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of
 ants.

Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,
 Dost persecute and overwhelm
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !

What ! tired already ! with those sup-
 pliant looks,
 And voice more beautiful than a poet's
 books,
 Or murmuring sound of water as it
 flows,
 Thou comest back to parley with re-
 pose !

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal
 hues,
 And shining with the argent light of
 dews,

Shall for a season be our place of rest.
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent
 nest,

From which the laughing birds have
 taken wing,
 By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant
 swing.

Dream-like the waters of the river
 gleam ;

A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
 And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
 Thou driftest gently down the tides of
 sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand

Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate !

Into those realms of love and hate,
 Into that darkness blank and drear,
 By some prophetic feeling taught,
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
 Freighted with hope and fear ;

As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
 Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !
Like the new moon thy life appears ;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years ;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect
sphere ;

A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power, —
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side ;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility ;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they
smote

The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear the pursuivant of Hope.

Thy destiny remains untold ;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I saw, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam im-
pendent ;

And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of old,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of
snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone—
Began with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his side
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of his hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint
And beautiful as some fair saint.

Serenely moving on her way
 In hours of trial and dismay.
 As if she heard the voice of God,
 Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
 Upon the hot and burning stars,
 As on the glowing coals and bars,
 That were to prove her strength, and try
 Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
 And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
 She reached the station of Orion.
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm !
 And suddenly from his outstretched arm
 Down fell the red skin of the lion
 Into the river at his feet.
 His mighty club no longer beat
 The forehead of the bull ; but he
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
 When, blinded by CEnopion,
 He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
 And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.
 Then, through the silence overhead,
 An angel with a trumpet said,
 " Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er ! "
 And, like an instrument that flings
 Its music on another's strings,
 The trumpet of the angel cast
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
 And on from sphere to sphere the words
 Re-echoed down the burning chords, —
 " Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er ! "

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
 The wavering shadows lay,

And the current that came from the
 ocean
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through
 them,
 Rose the belated tide,
 And, streaming into the moonlight,
 The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea ;
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas;
 Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!
 Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?
 How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?
 Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
 Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
 Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
 Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
 Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
 Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
 Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
 There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!
 There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,
 Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?
 Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
 Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
 And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
 Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
 Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
 Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
 Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak
 Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race;
 It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches!
 Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,
 Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

SONGS.

SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges,
 Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:
 From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
 Of sunken ledges,
 In some far-off, bright Azore;
 From Bahama, and the dashing,
 Silver-flashing
 Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
 The Orkneyan skerries,
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
 And from wrecks of ships, and drift-
 ing
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas;—
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless main;
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
 Of sandy beaches,
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song :
From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth ;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth ;
From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate ;—
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :
A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.
Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.
The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;
While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.
The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;
Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic, —

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friend-
ship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks ; —
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
They, alas ! have left thee friendless !
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom, —

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noon tide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering min-
strels

I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, " Why this waste of food ?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Ciamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

'Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE
PITCHER.

Come, old friend ! sit down and listen !
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards sing delicious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng expresses :
Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken ;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'eraken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains, —
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with
Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic fables ;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !
As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'Éternité est une pendule, dont le
balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux
mots seulement, dans le silence des tom-
beaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais !
toujours !" JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never !
Never — forever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-

door, —
“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has

stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming
strayed ;

O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece

told, —
“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding
night ;

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the
prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —

“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity

Sayeth this incessantly, —
“Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnate-
dines,

Like a fair lady at her casement,
shines
The evening star, the star of love
and rest !
And then anon she doth herself divest

Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !
 My morning and my evening star of love !
 My best and gentlest lady ! even thus,
 As that fair planet in the sky above,
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
 And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
 With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
 Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain !
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging caves ;

Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
 And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
 With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb,
 Thy sacred song is like the tramp of doom ;
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !
 Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
 As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;
 And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace !"

TRANSLATIONS.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree !
 how faithful are thy branches !
 Green not alone in summer time,
 But in the winter's frost and rime !
 O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how
 faithful are thy branches !
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how
 faithless is thy bosom !
 To love me in prosperity,
 And leave me in adversity !
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how
 faithless is thy bosom !

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou
 tak'st for thine example !
 So long as summer laughs she sings,
 But in the autumn spreads her wings.
 The nightingale, the nightingale, thou
 tak'st for thine example !
 The meadow brook, the meadow brook,
 is mirror of thy falsehood !
 It flows so long as falls the rain,
 In drought its springs soon dry again.
 The meadow brook, the meadow brook
 is mirror of thy falsehood !

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON
DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my
gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in
pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my
blood!

Then come the wild weather, come
sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however
it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow,
and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to
the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight
and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more
the rains fall, —

So love in our hearts shall grow
mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows,
through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wan-
der alone
In a desolate land where the sun is
scarce known, —

Through forests I'll follow, and where
the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through
armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven
in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou
hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gain-
said.

How in the turmoil of life can love
stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one
mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble,
and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man
and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and
my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may
be seen;
I am king of the household, and thou
art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's
sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in
one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where
we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home
to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE
CATHEDRAL DOOR.FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, — wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind, —
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs, — green leaves and
blossoms, —
To the doors of heaven would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS-
BILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,

Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
"Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood !"

And that bird is called the crossbill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH
HEINE.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart ;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven
Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIED-
RICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A BLIND man is a poor man, and blind
a poor man is ;
For the former seeth no mau, and the
latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

LIVE I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly.
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all
these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is, where
Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart are
driven ever round ;
If they have nothing else to grind, they
must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and
warmth and comfort it bespoke ;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only
bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not always
are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden room
we find.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,
yet they grind exceeding small ;
Though with patience he stands wait-
ing, with exactness grinds he all.

EVANGELINE.

TRUTH.

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.
Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.
Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, ~
All footsteps retire.
No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

II.

THE book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.
Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.
Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.
Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed !
 Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
 Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
 Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household

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Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard,
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows ;
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odoriferous corn-loft.
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
 Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
 Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
 For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
 Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
 But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
 Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
 Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
 Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
 Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
 Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
 Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
 Whir of wings in the dowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him ;
 While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
 Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
 Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
 Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
 Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
 Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
 Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
 Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
 Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
 As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
 Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
 "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
 "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
 Ever in cheerfulness mood art thou, when others are filled with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
 "Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
 What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
 Then made answer the farmer:— "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
 "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
 Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
 "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
 Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
 "Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
 Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
 Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
 Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
 Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
 Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
 René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
 And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
 Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses with horn bows
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
 Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
 And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
 Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
 Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ?"
 "God's name !" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith ;
 "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore ?
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !"
 But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public, —
 "Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
 Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and erelong a suspicion
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
 Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré ;
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
 Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in the household.
 Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
 And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
 Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
 Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
 Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
 Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
 Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
 Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
 Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !
 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
 Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lawn and her shadow.
 Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
 Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
 And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
 Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
 Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
 Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
 Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
 Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
 Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
 All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
 Stipt of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
 Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
 Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
 Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
 Entered the sacred portal: With loud and dissonant clangor
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
 Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
 "You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
 Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
 Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
 Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
 Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
 Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
 As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
 "Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
 More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
 Spoke he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
 "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
 While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar. Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded, Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated, Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children. Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows. Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table; There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers; There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy, And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer. Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows. Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen, And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, — Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience! Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village, Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women, As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed, Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children. Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai. Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered. All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion, "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living. Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father. Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted, Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror. Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber. In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window. Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created! Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven; Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house. Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession, Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women, Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore, Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings, Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland. Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen, While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
 All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
 Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
 Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
 Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
 "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
 Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
 Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
 "Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux ocean
 Flew away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
 Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders ;
 Loning they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard, —
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
 Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
 Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
 And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
 Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
 " *Benedicite !* " murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
 " We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré ! "
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
 Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
 Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
 Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
 Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
 Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —
 "Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
 Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
 "I was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
 Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
 Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
 Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
 Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
 As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;
 As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
 Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
 Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor ;
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
 Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
 But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse !" they said ; "O yes ! we have seen him.
 He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies ;
 Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
 "Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said others ; "O yes ! we have seen him.
 He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."
 Then would they say, "Dear child ! why dream and wait for him longer ?
 Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
 Many a tedious year : come, give him thy hand and be happy !
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot !
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
 For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
 Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
 Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
 Said, with a smile, "O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh within thee !
 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment ;
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
 Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work of affection !
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven !"
 Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not !"
 Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
 Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's footsteps ; —
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley :
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
 I though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
 It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
 They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
 Over their heads the towering, and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
 Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
 Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;
 And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
 Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
 It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
 Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
 And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
 But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
 And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
 While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
 Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades ; and before them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob.
 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
 Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
 Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
 Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
 Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
 Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, " O Father Felician !
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
 Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
 Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas.
 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; —
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,

Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
 Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
 There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
 Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel !"
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossipers,
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor ;
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them ;
 Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
 Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
 Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
 Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
 All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
 Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
 Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
 Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
 Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened : —
 "Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
 Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !
 Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;
 Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
 Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
 All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows
 More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
 Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;
 Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
 After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
 No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
 Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
 Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
 While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
 So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,
 Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—
 "Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !
 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
 Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell !"
 Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
 Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
 It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
 Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors :
 Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as strangers,
 Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
 Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel ! O my beloved !
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee ?
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me ?
 Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie !
 Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me !
 Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee ?"
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
 Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,

Found their trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

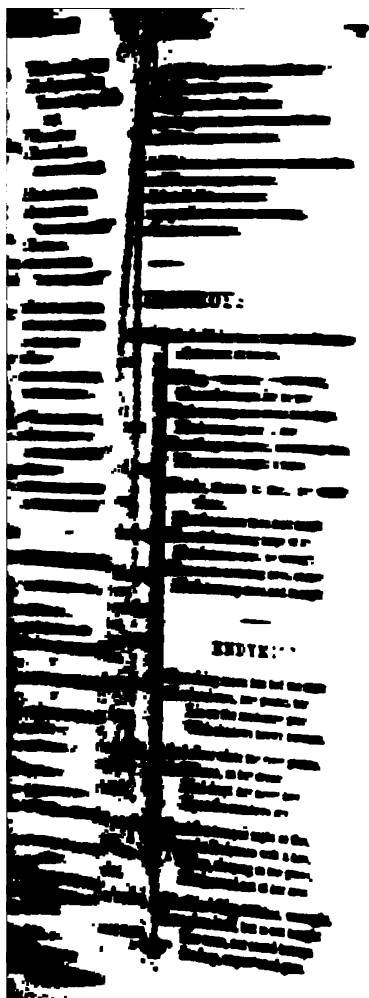
Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.

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of spirits
or a moment
ing a phantom.
phantom had vanished.

l; and the Shawnee
slope of these mountains
of the Mission.

lary and Jesus ;
pain, as they hear him." .
line answered,
s await us !"

pur of the mountains,
of voices,
of a river,
esuit Mission.
the village,
A crucifix fastened
by grape-vines,
neeling beneath it
intricate arches

is of the branches.
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ion had fallen
n the hands of the sower,
ers, and bade them
h benignant expression,
ue in the forest,
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akes of the maize-ear
ourd of the teacher.
lemnity answered : —
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th an accent of kindness ;
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priest ; " but in autumn,
Mission."
and submissive,
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s on the morrow,
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ed at the Mission.

other, —
maize that were springing
e, now waving above her,
g, and forming
ged by squirrels
ed, and the maidens
d a lover.

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
 "Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
 Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
 See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
 This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter, — yet Gabriel came not;
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
 Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
 And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
 When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
 She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
 Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

v.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
 Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
 Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
 There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
 And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
 There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
 Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
 There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
 Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
 And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
 Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
 So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy: frequenting
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger:—
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands:—
 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
 Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you."
 Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
 Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church.
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers
 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness.
 Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
 "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, " Father, I thank thee ! "

STILL stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

1849.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight
gloom,

Hears round about him voices as it
darkens,

And seeing not the forms from which
they come,

Pauses from time to time, and turns
and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my
friends !

I hear your voices, softened by the
distance,

And pause, and turn to listen, as each
sends

His words of friendship, comfort, and
assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have
shown !

Thanks for each kindly word, each
silent token,

That teaches me, when seeming most
alone,
Friends are around us, though no
word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to
land ;

Kind letters, that betray the heart's
deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a
hand, —

One touch of fire, — and all the rest
is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar
places,

And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pic-
tured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form
and semblance ;

Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live forever young in my remem-
brance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass
away !

Your gentle voices will flow on forever,

When life grows bare and tarnished
with decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows
a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made
us friends,

Being oftentimes of different tongues
and nations,

But the endeavor for the selfsame
ends,

With the same hopes, and fears, and
aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside
walk,

Saddened, and mostly silent, with
emotion ;

Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand, majestic symphonies of
ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome
guest,

At your warm fireside, when the lamps
are lighted,

To have my place reserved among the
rest,

Nor stand as one unsought and un-
invited !

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

" BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wres-
tle ! "

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard ;
For his heart was in his work, and the
heart

Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.

And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, " Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and
stanch,

Ever weathered a wintry sea ! "

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature ;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and
tall,

Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that
frown

From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.

And he said with a smile, "Our ship,
I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of
the blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with
these,

The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
motion!

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach.
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's
hand,

When he had built and launched from
land

What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this
ship!"

Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and
fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft
sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest,
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,

And soon throughout the ship-yard's
 bounds
 Were heard the intermingled sounds
 Of axes and of mallets, plied
 With vigorous arms on every side ;
 Plied so deftly and so well,
 That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
 The keel of oak for a noble ship,
 Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
 Was lying ready, and stretched along
 The blocks, well placed upon the ship.
 Happy, thrice happy, every one
 Who sees his labor well begun,
 And not perplexed and multiplied,
 By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
 The young man at the Master's door
 Sat with the maiden calm and still.
 And within the porch, a little more
 Removed beyond the evening chill,
 The father sat, and told them tales
 Of wrecks in the great September gales,
 Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,
 And ships that never came back again,
 The chance and change of a sailor's
 life.

Want and plenty, rest and strife,
 His roving fancy, like the wind,
 That nothing can stay and nothing can
 bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,
 With shadows of palms, and shining
 sands,

Where the tumbling surf,
 O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
 Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
 As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
 And the trembling maiden held her
 breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
 With all its terror and mystery,
 The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
 That divides and yet unites mankind !
 And whenever the old man paused, a
 gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would awhile
 illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom,
 And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;
 And for a moment one might mark
 What had been hidden by the dark,

That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
 And, underly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,
 With timbers fashioned strong and true,
 Stemson and keelson and sternson-
 knee,

Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
 A skeleton ship rose up to view !
 And around the bows and along the side
 The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
 Till after many a week, at length,
 Wonderful for form and strength,
 Sublime in its enormous bulk,
 Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !
 And around it columns of smoke, up-
 wreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seeth-
 ing

Caldron, that glowed,

And overflowed

With the black tar, heated for the
 sheathing.

And amid the clamors

Of clattering hammers,

He who listened heard now and then

The song of the Master and his men :—

“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,

• Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,

And with wave and whirlwind wres-
 tle ! ”

With oaken brace and copper band,

Lay the rudder on the sand,

That, like a thought, should have con-
 trol

Over the movement of the whole ;

And near it the anchor whose giant
 hand

Would reach down and grapple with
 the land,

And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the bellow-
 ing blast !

And at the bows an image stood,

By a cunning artist carved in wood,

With robes of white, that far behind

Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.

It was not shaped in a classic mould,

Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,

Or Naiad rising from the water,

But modelled from the Master's daugh-
 ter !

On many a dreary and misty night,

’T will be seen by the rays of the signal
 light,

Speeding along through the rain and the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright !
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place ;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell, — those lordly pines !
Those grand, majestic pines !
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not
see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friend-
less,

In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'T will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet
and endless !

All is finished ! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched !
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

9

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering,
blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head ;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its fold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its
course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said he :—

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise

With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining
beach

The sights we see, and the sounds we
hear,

Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!

She starts, — she moves, — she seems
to feel

The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward
steer!

The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of

steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our

tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

CHRYSAOR.

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emma-
lous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
Forever tender, soft, and tremulous,

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
 Trailed the gleam of his falchion
 brightly;
 Is it a God, or is it a star
 That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
 As I gaze upon the sea!
 All the old romantic legends,
 All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
 Such as gleam in ancient lore;
 And the singing of the sailors,
 And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
 Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
 Of the noble Count Arnaldos
 And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
 Where the sand as silver shines,
 With a soft, monotonous cadence,
 Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
 With his hawk upon his hand,
 Saw a fair and stately galley,
 Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
 Chant a song so wild and clear,
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly
 Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
 And he cried, with impulse strong,—
 "Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman
 answered,

"Learn the secret of the sea?
 Only those who brave its dangers
 Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
 In each landward-blowing breeze,
 I behold that stately galley,
 Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
 For the secret of the sea,
 And the heart of the great ocean
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 Their shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,
 Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
 As they beat at the crazy casement,
 Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,
 Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
 Sailed the corsair Death;
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
 Glisten in the sun;
 On each side, like pennons wide,
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
 Dripped with silver rain;
 But where he passed there were cast
 Leadens shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
 Three days or more seaward he bore,
 Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
 And ice-cold grew the night;
 And nevermore, on sea or shore,
 Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
" Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"
He said, " by water as by land ! "

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles
away,

The Lighthouse lifts its massive ma-
sonry,

A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by
day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its
base,

A speechless wrath, that rises and sub-
sides

In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how
bright,

Through the deep purple of the twi-
light air,

Beams forth the sudden radiance of its
light

With strange, unearthly splendor in
the glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's
verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless
surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it
stands

Upon the brink of the tempestuous
wave,

Wading far out among the rocks and
sands,

The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and
return,

Bending and bowing o'er the billowy
swells,

And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and
farewells.

They come forth from the darkness,
and their sails

Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,

Gaze at the tower, and vanish while
they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade
and sink ;

And when, returning from adventures
wild,

He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent
night

Burns on forevermore that quenchless
flame,

Shines on that inextinguishable light !
It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp

The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss
of peace ;

It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a
fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the
storm

Smites it with all the scourges of the
rain,

And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hur-
ricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the
din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light
within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and
dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the
rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of
Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the
shock,
But hails the mariner with words of
love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye state-
ly ships!
And with your floating bridge the
ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all
eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto
man!"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLE-
HEAD.

We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent
town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was
dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate
ends,

And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but
mark;

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then ex-
pire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that
yearned!

They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed
within.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched
and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, however defended
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;

The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe af-
fictions

Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists
and vapors ;

Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is
transition ;

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our af-
fection, —

But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor
protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and
seclusion,

By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's
pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursu-
ing,

Behold her grown more fair.
Thus do we walk with her, and keep
unbroken

The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though
unspoken,

May reach her where she lives.
Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild

In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's man-
sion,

Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expan-
sion

Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with
emotion

And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like
the ocean,

That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the
feeling

We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN
AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot
clime

Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of
Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has
seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it-o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's
sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and
bare,

Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the
air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and
faith

Illumed the wilderness.

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian
psalms

In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have
passed !

Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls ex-
pand :

Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting
sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain :
The half-hour's sand is run !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so !
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and
wrongs,
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.
From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.
I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.
The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.
They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall ;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.
The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !
And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed, —
That, whenever they sat at their revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.
So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass ;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.
They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.
And the reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies ;
Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.
And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.
Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.
But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !
We must drink to one Saint more ! "

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.
'T was an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill ;
But, alas ! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.
From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought ;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought ;
Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master !
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within
thee !"

And the startled artist woke, —

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing
wood ;

And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
Take this lesson to thy heart :
That is best which lieth nearest ;
Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and
sheaves,

And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'T was the daily call to labor,

Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odors
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead !"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead !"
And died away
Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods !
Light from his forehead beamed,

Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm ;
Even the plants and stones ;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe !

Høder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before !
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !
The law of love prevails !
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls !
Of the days of old
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood !

SONNET

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM
SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too swiftly
sped !
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the great-
est sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent
dead !
How our hearts glowed and trembled
as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous
pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the
ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said !
O happy Reader ! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline
leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human
thought !
O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !
How must thy listening spirit now
rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice !

THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of
men,
And bring them back to heaven again.
The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and by
streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.
The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.
A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contribution from its mouths of gold.
And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.
"These are the three great chords of
 night,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
 Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
 Doth give thee that, but that alone!
Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
 Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
 And precious only to ourselves!
Take them, O great Eternity!
 Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
 And trails its blossoms in the dust!

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet
 one thing more;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"
Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
 Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have
 been
Laid on a young man's head.
And evermore beside him on his way
 The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
 "Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"
Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be,
 To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
 Of pain and midnight prayer.
O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
 Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's
 breast,
And thus to journey on!

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÉ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;
Let me attempt it with an English quill;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I.

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl-Cuillé,
When the apple, the plum, and the
 almond tree
In the plain below were growing
 white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Jo-
 seph's Eve:
"The roads should blossom, the roads
 should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with gar-
 lands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attend-
 ing,
Seemed from the clouds descend-
 ing;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same
 strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the
 sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven ha-
 sent
For their delight and our encourage-
 ment.
Together blending,
And soon descending

The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant :

"The roads should blossom, the roads
should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with gar-
lands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud
of gloom,

The sun of March was shining bright-
ly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave
lightly

Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges
blossom,

A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trem-
bling bosom.

A band of maidens
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking !

Kissing,
Cafessing.

With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loud-
est and merriest :

While the bride, with roguish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and
cries :

"Those who catch me
Married verily
This year shall be !"

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and
new.
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that
among

These youthful maidens fresh and
fair,

So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent
tongue ?

And yet the bride is fair and young !
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall ?

O no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,

Never bore so lofty a brow !

What lovers ! they give not a single
caress !

To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would
say.

What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth
him oppress ?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old ;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and ten-
der,

Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;
For them the altar was prepared ;
But, alas ! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can
stay,

The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was
changed ;

Their peace was gone, but not their love
estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover
fled ;

Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him
throw,

He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !
Here comes the cripple Jane !" And
by a fountain's side

A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straight-
way.

All comes to pass as she avers ;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin
and white

Her two eyes flash like cannons
bright

Aimed at the bridegroom in waist-
coat blue,

Who, like a statue, stands in view ;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and
gray

Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth
say : —

"Thoughtless Angela, beware !
Lest, when thou weddest this false
bridegroom,

Thou diggest for thyself a tomb !"

And she was silent ; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,

What are two drops of turbid rain ?
Saddened a moment, the bridal
train

Resumed the dance and song again ;
The bridegroom only was pale with
fear : —

And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain : —

"The roads should blossom, the roads
should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with gar-
lands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

II.

AND by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary : —

"He has arrived ! arrived at last !
Yet Jane has named him not these
three days past ;

Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !
And knows that of my night he is the
star !

Knows that long months I wait alone,
benighted,

And count the moments since he went
away !

Come ! keep the promise of that hap-
pier day,

That I may keep the faith to thee I
plighted !

What joy have I without thee ? what
delight ?

Grief wastes my life, and makes it
misery ;

Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night ! forever night !

When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is
sad !

I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me
glad.

When he is near, no thoughts of day
intrude ;

Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste
has blue eyes !

Within them shines for me a heaven
of love,

A heaven all happiness, like that above,
No more of grief ! no more of las-
situde !

Earth I forget, — and heaven, and all
distresses,

When seated by my side my hand he
presses ;

But when alone, remember all !
Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when
I call !

A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine
around !

In pity come ! be to my suffering
kind !

True love, they say, in grief doth more
abound !

What then — when one is blind ?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!

O God! what thoughts within me waken!

Away! he will return! I do but rave!
He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own will;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!

But some one comes! Though blind,
my heart can see!
And that deceives me not! 't is he! 't is he!

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but
sightless eyes;

"T is only Paul, her brother, who thus
cries:—

"Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not
asked?

For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
O, speak! who may the bridegroom
be?"

"My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy
friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing
said;

A milky whiteness spreads upon her
cheeks;

An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to
beat,

Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore
distressed,

A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and
pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?"

How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the
rest!

I would don my hose of homespur
gray,

And my doublet of linen striped
and gay;

Perhaps they will come; for they do
not wed

Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it
is said!

"I know it!" answered Margaret:
Whom the vision, with aspect black and
jet,

Mastered again; and its hand on
ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holi-
day;

To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for a while
alone.

Away, with a hop and a jump, went
Paul,

And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered, Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful
heat!

I am faint, and weary, and out of
breath!

But thou art cold,—art chill as
death;

My little friend! what ails thee,
sweet?"

"Nothing! I heard them singing home
the bride;

And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere-
long,

Thou knowest it is at Whitsun-
tide.

Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and
wide

When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what says-
thou?

It must seem long to him;—methink
I see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth
press:

"Thy love I cannot all approve;

We must not trust too much to happiness ; —

Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less ! ”

“ The more I pray, the more I love !
It is no sin, for God is on my side ! ”
It was enough ; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold ;

But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air ;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles !
Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;

So that, departing at the evening's close,
She says, “ She may be saved !
she nothing knows ! ”

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess !

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,

And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,

Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,

How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,

Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,

And flaunting, fluttering up and down,

Looks at herself and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,

Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;

But in their stead for something gropes apart,

That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,

Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,

'Mid kisses ringing,

And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,

Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,

And whispers, as her brother opes the door,

“ O God ! forgive me now ! ”

And then the orphan, young and blind,

Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths

unscanned,

With tranquil air, her way doth wind.

Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,

Round her at times exhale,

And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,

Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high

degree,

A little chapel, almost bare

At the base of the rock, is builded there ;

All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,

Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,

And its blackened steeple high in air
Round which the osprey screams

and sails

“ Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by ! ”

Thus Margaret said. “ Where are we ?
we ascend ! ”

“ Yes ; seest thou not our journey's end ? ”

Hearst not the osprey from the belfry cry ?

The hideous bird, that brings ill luck,
we know !

Dost thou remember when our father said,

The night we watched beside his bed,

‘ O daughter, I am weak and low ’

Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am dying !

And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud ;

And here they brought our father in his shroud.

There is his grave ; there stands the cross we set ;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret ?

Come in ! The bride will be here soon :

Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to swoon !

She could no more, — the blind girl, weak and weary !

A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,

"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?" — and she started ;

And quick recoiled, aghast : faint-hearted ;

But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door ;

And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid

Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,

And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane

Suspended from the low-arched portal,

No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,

And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,

With booming sound,

Sends forth, resounding round,

Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.

It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;

And yet the guests delay not long,

For soon arrives the bridal train,

And with it brings the willage throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;
To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round
her whisper,

"How beautiful ! how beautiful she is !"

But she must calm that giddy head,

For already the Mass is said ;

At the holy table stands the priest ;

The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;

Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least !

'T is spoken ; and sudden at the groomsmen's side

"T is he !" a well-known voice has cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,

Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !

"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,

As holy water be my blood for thee !"

And calmly in the air a knife suspended !
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,

For anguish did its work so well,

That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,

The De Profundis filled the air ;

Decked with flowers a simple hearse

To the churchyard forth they bear ;

Village girls in robes of snow

Follow, weeping as they go ;

Nowhere was a smile that day,

No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say : —

"The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom,

So fair a corpse shall leave its home !

Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away !

So fair a corpse shall pass to-day !"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAL.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs ;

Hark ! they play so sweet,
 - On their hautboys, Christmas songs !
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !
 In December ring
 Every day the chimes ;
 Loud the gleemen sing
 In the streets their merry rhymes.
 Let us by the fire, etc.
 Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the Babe was born,
 Sang, with many a change,
 Christmas carols until morn.
 Let us by the fire, etc.
 These good people sang
 Songs devout and sweet ;

While the rafters rang,
 There they stood with freezing feet.
 Let us by the fire, etc.
 Nuns in frigid cells
 At this holy tide,
 For want of something else,
 Christmas songs at times have tried.
 Let us by the fire, etc.
 Washerwomen old,
 To the sound they beat,
 Sing by rivers cold,
 With uncovered hands and feet.
 Let us by the fire, etc.
 Who by the fireside stands
 Stamps his feet and sings :
 But he who blows his hands
 Not so gay a carol brings.
 Let us by the fire, etc.

 THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. 1855.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these
 stories?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odors of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of meadows,
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,
 With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 " From the forests and the prairies,
 From the great lakes of the Northland,
 From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and fen-
 lands,
 Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer."
 Should you ask where Nawadaha
 Found these songs, so wild and way-
 ward,
 Found these legends and traditions,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 " In the bird's-nests of the forest,
 In the lodges of the beaver,

In the hoof-prints of the bison,
 In the eyry of the eagle !
 " All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
 In the moorlands and the fen-lands.
 In the melancholy marshes ;
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
 Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,
 Wawa,
 The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa !"
 If still further you should ask me
 Saying, " Who was Nawadaha?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as follow.
 " In the Vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley,
 By the pleasant water-courses,
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
 Round about the Indian village
 Spread the meadows and the corn-
 fields,
 And beyond them stood the forest,
 Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,
 Ever sighing, ever singing.
 " And the pleasant water-courses,
 You could trace them through the val-
 ley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-
storm,

And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries; —
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken; —
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness
Touch God's right hand in that dark-
ness

And are lifted up and strengthened; —
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries

Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter; —
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,

Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.
From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrang-
ling

But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right
hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,

Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, whomade you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;

Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach
you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fin-
gers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,

And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-
skin,

Threw their weapons and their war-gear.
Leaped into the rushing river,

Washed the war-paint from their faces,
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,

Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;

On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,

And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

"HONOR be to Mudjekeewis !"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous,
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,

Out of which the heavy breathing

Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains.
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches ;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise :—

"Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended ;
Else you would not cry and whisper
Like a miserable woman !

Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together ;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains !
Had you conquered me in battle,
Not a groan would I have uttered ;
But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman !"

Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis !"
With a shout exclaimed the people,
"Honor be to Mudjekeewis !"
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind !"

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children ;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,

Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming ;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And forever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.

He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
" Who is this that dares to brave me ?
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone south-

ward,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward ?
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out ! "

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury.
Flapped the curtain of the doorway.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;
Four great logs had he for fire-wood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, " O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal ! "

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,

Still he did not cease his singing,
 Still he did not leave his laughing,
 Only turned the log a little,
 Only made the fire burn brighter,
 Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
 From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
 Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
 Making dints upon the ashes,
 As along the eaves of lodges,
 As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
 Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
 Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,
 Could not bear the heat and laughter,
 Could not bear the merry singing,
 But rushed headlong through the doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
 Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
 Made the snow upon them harder,
 Made the ice upon them thicker,
 Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
 To come forth and wrestle with him,
 To come forth and wrestle naked
 On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
 Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands
 With the fierce Kabibonokka,
 Till his panting breath grew fainter,
 Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
 Till he reeled and staggered backward,
 And retreated, baffled, beaten,
 To the kingdom of Wabasso,
 To the land of the White Rabbit,
 Hearing still the gusty laughter,
 Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
 Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
 You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
 Had his dwelling far to southward,
 In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
 In the never-ending Summer.
 He it was who sent the wood-birds,
 Sent the robin, the Opechee,
 Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
 Sent the wild-geese, Wawa, northward,
 Sent the melons and tobacco,
 And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
 Filled the sky with haze and vapor,

Filled the air with dreamy softness,
 Gave a twinkle to the water,
 Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,

Brought the tender Indian Summer
 To the melancholy north-land,
 In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!
 In his life he had one shadow,
 In his heart one sorrow had he.
 Once, as he was gazing northward,
 Far away upon a prairie
 He beheld a maiden standing,
 Saw a tall and slender maiden
 All alone upon a prairie:
 Brightest green were all her garments,
 And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
 Day by day he sighed with passion,
 Day by day his heart within him
 Grew more hot with love and longing
 For the maid with yellow tresses.
 But he was too fat and lazy
 To bestir himself and woo her;
 Yes, too indolent and easy
 To pursue her and persuade her.
 So he only gazed upon her,
 Only sat and sighed with passion
 For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
 He beheld her yellow tresses
 Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,

Covered as with whitish snow-flakes,
 "Ah! my brother from the North-land,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,
 From the land of the White Rabbit!
 You have stolen the maiden from me,
 You have laid your hand upon her,
 You have wooed and won my maiden,
 With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
 Breathed into the air his sorrows;
 And the South-Wind o'er the prairie
 Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,
 Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,
 And the maid with hair like sunshine
 Vanished from his sight forever;
 Nevermore did Shawondasee
 See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
 'T was no woman that you gazed at,

'T was no maiden that you sighed for,
'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away forever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !

Thus the Four Winds were divided ;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens ;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

Downward through the evening twilight,

In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
" See ! a star falls ! " said the people ;
" From the sky a star is falling ! "

There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
" O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;

Listen not to what he tells you ;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm
you ! "

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of sweet-

ness,
Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder ;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
" O that I were dead ! " she murmured,
" O that I were dead, as thou art !
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin ! "

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
" Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear
thee ! "

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
" Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
Ewa-yea ! my little owlet ! "

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-
clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shad-
ows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
" Minne-wawa ! " said the pine-trees,
" Mudway-aushka ! " said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
" Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! "

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, " What is that, Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered :
" Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
" 'T is her body that you see there. "

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, " What is that, Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered :
" 'T is the heaven of flowers you see
there ;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us. "

When he heard the owls at midnight,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
" What is that ? " he cried in terror ;
" What is that ? " he said, " Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered :
" That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other. "

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them " Hiawatha's Chickens. "

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them " Hiawatha's Brothers. "

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with
feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :

" Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers ! "
Forth into the forest straightway

All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! "
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! "

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-
tree,

Laughed, and said between his laughing.

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway

Leaped aside, and at a distance

Sat erect upon his haunches,

Half in fear and half in frolic,

Saying to the little hunter,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,

For his thoughts were with the red deer;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river,

To the ford across the river,

And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,

There he waited till the deer came,

Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the thicket,

Saw two nostrils point to windward,

And a deer came down the pathway,

Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,

Trembled like the leaves above him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,

As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,

Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,

But the wary roebuck started,

Stamped with all his hoofs together,

Listened with one foot uplifted,

Leaped as if to meet the arrow;

Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,

Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest,

By the ford across the river;

Beat his timid heart no longer,

But the heart of Hiawatha

Throbbled and shouted and exulted,

As he bore the red deer homeward,

And Iagoo and Nokomis

Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,

From the red deer's flesh Nokomis

Made a banquet in his honor.

All the village came and feasted,

All the guests praised Hiawatha,

Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-

taha!

Called him 'Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-

taysee!

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Out of childhood into manhood

Now had grown my Hiawatha,

Skilled in all the craft of hunters,

Learned in all the lore of old men,

In all youthful sports and pastimes,

In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;

He could shoot an arrow from him,

And run forward with such fleetness,

That the arrow fell behind him!

Strong of arm was Hiawatha;

He could shoot ten arrows upward,

Shoot them with such strength and

swiftness,

That the tenth had left the bow-string

Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,

Magic mittens made of deer-skin;

When upon his hands he wore them,

He could smite the rocks asunder,

He could grind them into powder.

He had moccasins enchanted,

Magic moccasins of deer-skin;

When he bound them round his ankles

When upon his feet he tied them,

At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis

Of his father Mudjekeewis;

Learned from her the fatal secret

Of the beauty of his mother,

Of the falsehood of his father;

And his heart was hot within him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,

"I will go to Mudjekeewis,

See how fares it with my father,

At the doorways of the West-Wind,

At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha,

Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,

Richly wrought with quills and wampum;

On his head his eagle-feathers,

Round his waist his belt of wampum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,

Strung with sinews of the reindeer;

In his quiver oaken arrows,

Tipped with jasper, winged with feath-

ers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
 "Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
 To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
 Lest he harm you with his magic,
 Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha
 Heeded not her woman's warning;
 Forth he strode into the forest,
 At each stride a mile he measured;
 Lurid seemed the sky above him,
 Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
 Hot and close the air around him,
 Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
 As of burning woods and prairies,
 For his heart was hot within him,
 Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,
 Left the fleetest deer behind him,
 Left the antelope and bison;
 Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
 Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
 Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
 Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
 Where upon the gusty summits
 Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
 Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
 At the aspect of his father.
 On the air about him wildly
 Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
 Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
 Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
 Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
 When he looked on Hiawatha,
 Saw his youth rise up before him
 In the face of Hiawatha,
 Saw the beauty of Wenonah
 From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
 Long have I been waiting for you!
 Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
 Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
 You bring back the days departed,
 You bring back my youth of passion,
 And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,
 Questioned, listened, waited, answered:
 Much the mighty Mudjekeewis

Boasted of his ancient prowess,
 Of his perilous adventures,
 His indomitable courage,
 His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
 Listening to his father's boasting;
 With a smile he sat and listened,
 Uttered neither threat nor menace,
 Neither word nor look betrayed him,
 But his heart was hot within him,
 Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
 Is there nothing that can harm you?
 Nothing that you are afraid of?"
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
 Grand and gracious in his boasting,
 Answered, saying, "There is nothing,
 Nothing but the black rock yonder.
 Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha
 With a wise look and benignant,
 With a countenance paternal,
 Looked with pride upon the beauty
 Of his tall and graceful figure,
 Saying, "O my Hiawatha!
 Is there anything can harm you?
 Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha
 Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
 Held his peace, as if resolving,
 And then answered, "There is nothing,
 Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
 Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
 Stretched his hand to pluck the bul-

rush,
 Hiawatha cried in terror,
 Cried in well-dissembled terror,
 "Kago! kago! do not touch it!"
 "Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,
 "No indeed, I will not touch it!"
 Then they talked of other matters;
 First of Hiawatha's brothers,
 First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
 Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
 Of the North, Kabibonokka;
 Then of Hiawatha's mother,
 Of the beautiful Wenonah,
 Of her birth upon the meadow,
 Of her death, as old Nokomis
 Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,
 It was you who killed Wenonah.
 Took her young life and her beauty,

Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;
You confess it ! you confess it !
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant ;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains ;
From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa !"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling downward down the moun-
tains,

Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sink the sun, as a flamingo

Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold !" at length cried Mudje-
keewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !

'T is impossible to kill me,

For you cannot kill the immortal.

I have put you to this trial,

But to know and prove your courage ;

Now receive the prize of valor !

"Go back to your home and people,

Live among them, toil among them,

Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,

All the Wendigoes, the giants,

All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,

As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,

Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

"And at last when Death draws near

you,

When the awful eyes of Pauguk

Glare upon you in the darkness,

I will share my kingdom with you,

Ruler shall you be thenceforward

Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,

In the days long since departed,

In the kingdom of the West-Wind.

Still the hunter sees its traces

Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;

Sees the giant bulrush growing

By the ponds and water-courses,

Sees the masses of the Wawbeek

Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;

Pleasant was the landscape round him,

Pleasant was the air above him,

For the bitterness of anger

Had departed wholly from him,

From his brain the thought of ven-
geance,

From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,

Only once he paused or halted,

Paused to purchase heads of arrows

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,

In the land of the Dacotahs,

Where the Falls of Minnehaha

Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker

Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing thro' the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and
visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men?
Who shall say what dreams of beauty
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?
All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at sunset,
Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water!

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
First he built a lodge for fasting,

Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time.
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting,
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life!" he cried, despond-

ing,
"Must our lives depend on these
things?"

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shabbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, despond-

ing,
"Must our lives depend on these
things?"

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashce, the craw-fish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, despond-

ing,
"Must our lives depend on these
things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,

Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.
And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descend-
ing,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'T is enough!" then said Monda-
min,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,

"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."

And he vanished, and it was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descend-
ing,

Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men.

In its coming and its going.
Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset.

Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said: "To-mor-
row

Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgalgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,

From the wigwam Hiawatha

Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth; and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgalgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;

And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"
Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was
growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off
them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singed out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Straight between them ran the path-
way,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.
Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;

All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion;
Now he melted them to pity.
From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from sing-
ing,

And the squirrel, Adjidaamo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,

Never played with other children,
 Never fished and never hunted,
 Not like other children was he ;
 But they saw that much he fasted,
 Much his Manito entreated,
 Much besought his Guardian Spirit.
 "Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
 "In my work you never help me!
 In the Summer you are roaming
 Idly in the fields and forests ;
 In the Winter you are cowering
 O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
 In the coldest days of Winter
 I must break the ice for fishing ;
 With my nets you never help me!
 At the door my nets are hanging,
 Dripping, freezing with the water ;
 Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
 Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
 Rose, but made no angry answer ;
 From the lodge went forth in silence,
 Took the nets, that hung together,
 Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
 Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
 Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
 Could not wring them without breaking,
 Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
 "In the hunt you never help me ;
 Every bow you touch is broken,
 Snapped asunder every arrow ;
 Yet come with me to the forest,
 You shall bring the huntinghomeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
 Where a brooklet led them onward,
 Where the trail of deer and bison
 Marked the soft mud on the margin,
 Till they found all further passage
 Shut against them, barred securely
 By the trunks of trees uprooted,
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
 And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old
 man,
 "O'er these logs we cannot clamber ;
 Not a woodchuck could get through
 them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
 And straightway his pipe he lighted,
 And sat down to smoke and ponder.
 But before his pipe was finished,
 Lo! the path was cleared before him ;
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,

To the right hand, to the left hand,
 Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
 Hurlled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young
 men,

As they sported in the meadow ;
 "Why stand idly looking at us,
 Leaning on the rock behind you?
 Come and wrestle with the others,
 Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
 To their challenge made no answer,
 Only rose, and, slowly turning,
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
 Tore it from its deep foundation,
 Poised it in the air a moment,
 Pitched it sheer into the river,
 Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
 Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
 Down the rapids of Pauwating,
 Kwasind sailed with his companions,
 In the stream he saw a beaver,
 Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
 Struggling with the rushing currents,
 Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing
 Kwasind leaped into the river,
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
 Through the whirlpools chased the bea-
 ver,

Followed him among the islands,
 Stayed so long beneath the water,
 That his terrified companions
 Cried, "Alas! good by to Kwasind!
 We shall nevermore see Kwasind!"
 But he reappeared triumphant,
 And upon his shining shoulders
 Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
 Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
 Were the friends of Hiawatha,
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,
 Long they lived in peace together,
 Spake with naked hearts together,
 Pondering much and much contriving
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!

Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley !
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily !

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper !"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me !
Geezies, the great Sun, behold me !"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"

With his knife the tree he girdled ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward ;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath
me !"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a frame-
work,

Like two bows he formed and shaped
them,

Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !"

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And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of dark-
ness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha !"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fis-
sure,

Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom !"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha !"

From the ground the quills he gath-
ered,

All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries ;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was built
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest ;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, " Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-
bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and wind-
ings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwa-
sind,

Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock-branches;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor:
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting,
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.

" Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,
" Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
" Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
" Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"
In his fingers Hiawatha

Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;
 As he drew it in, it tugged so
 That the birch canoe stood endwise,
 Like a birch log in the water,
 With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Perched and frisking on the summit.
 Full of scorn was Hiawatha
 When he saw the fish rise upward,
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
 Coming nearer, nearer to him,
 And he shouted through the water,
 " Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !
 You are but the pike, Kenozha,
 You are not the fish I wanted,
 You are not the King of Fishes ! "
 Reeling downward to the bottom
 Sank the pike in great confusion,
 And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
 Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
 To the bream, with scales of crimson,
 " Take the bait of this great boaster,
 Break the line of Hiawatha ! "
 Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
 Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
 Seized the line of Hiawatha,
 Swung with all his weight upon it,
 Made a whirlpool in the water,
 Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
 Round and round in gurgling eddies,
 Till the circles in the water
 Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
 Till the water-flags and rushes
 Nodded on the distant margins.
 But when Hiawatha saw him
 Slowly rising through the water,
 Lifting up his disk refulgent,
 Loud he shouted in derision,
 " Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !
 You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
 You are not the fish I wanted,
 You are not the King of Fishes ! "
 Slowly downward, wavering, gleam-
 ing,
 Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
 And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
 Heard his challenge of defiance,
 The unnecessary tumult,
 Ringing far across the water.
 From the white sand of the bottom
 Up he rose with angry gesture,
 Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
 Clashing all his plates of armor,
 Gleaming bright with all his war-paint ;

In his wrath he darted upward,
 Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
 Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
 Both canoe and Hiawatha.
 Down into that darksome cavern
 Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
 As a log on some black river
 Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
 Found himself in utter darkness,
 Groped about in helpless wonder,
 Till he felt a great heart beating,
 Throbbing in that utter darkness.
 And he smote it in his anger,
 With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
 Felt the mighty King of Fishes
 Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
 Heard the water gurgle round him
 As he leaped and staggered through it,
 Sick at heart, and faint and weary.
 Crosswise then did Hiawatha
 Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
 Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
 In the turmoil and confusion,
 Forth he might be hurled and perish.
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Frisked and chattered very gayly,
 Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
 Till the labor was completed.
 Then said Hiawatha to him,
 " O my little friend, the squirrel,
 Bravely have you toiled to help me ;
 Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
 And the name which now he gives you ;
 For hereafter and forever
 Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
 Tail-in-air the boys shall call you ! "
 And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Gaped and quivered in the water,
 Then was still, and drifted landward
 Till he grated on the pebbles,
 Till the listening Hiawatha
 Heard him grate upon the margin,
 Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
 Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
 Lay there dead upon the margin.
 Then he heard a clang and flapping,
 As of many wings assembling,
 Heard a screaming and confusion,
 As of birds of prey contending,
 Saw a gleam of light above him,
 Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
 Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
 Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
 Gazing at him through the opening,

Heard them saying to each other,
 "T is our brother, Hiawatha!"
 And he shouted from below them,
 Cried exulting from the caverns:
 "O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
 I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
 Make the rifts a little larger,
 With your claws the openings widen,
 Set me free from this dark prison,
 And henceforward and forever
 Men shall speak of your achievements,
 Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
 Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"
 And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
 Toiled with beak and claws together,
 Made the rifts and openings wider
 In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
 And from peril and from prison,
 From the body of the sturgeon,
 From the peril of the water,
 They released my Hiawatha.
 He was standing near his wigwam,
 On the margin of the water,
 And he called to old Nokomis,
 Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
 Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
 With the sea-gulls feeding on him.
 "I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
 Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;
 "Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
 Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;
 Drive them not away, Nokomis,
 They have saved me from great peril
 In the body of the sturgeon,
 Till until their meal is ended,
 Till their craws are full with feasting,
 Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
 To their nests among the marshes;
 Then bring all your pots and kettles,
 And make oil for us in Winter."
 And she waited till the sun set,
 Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
 Rose above the tranquil water,
 Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
 From their banquet rose with clamor,
 And across the hery sunset
 Winged their way to far-off islands,
 To their nests among the rushes.
 To his sleep went Hiawatha,
 And Nokomis to her labor,
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,
 Till the sun and moon changed places,
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,

And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
 Came back from the reedy islands,
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.
 Three whole days and nights alter-

nate
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
 Till the waves washed through the rib
 bones,
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
 And upon the sands lay nothing
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 O'er the water pointing westward,
 To the purple clouds of sunset.
 Fiercely the red sun descending
 Burned his way along the heavens,
 Set the sky on fire behind him,
 As war-parties, when retreating,
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
 And the moon, the Night-sun, east-
 ward,
 Suddenly starting from his ambush,
 Followed fast those bloody footprints,
 Followed in that fiery war-trail,
 With its glare upon his features.
 And Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 Spake these words to Hiawatha:
 "Yonder dwells the great Pearl-
 Feather,
 Megissogwon, the Magician,
 Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
 Guarded by his fiery serpents,
 Guarded by the black pitch-water.
 You can see his fiery serpents,
 The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
 Coiling, playing in the water;
 You can see the black pitch-water
 Stretching far away beyond them,
 To the purple clouds of sunset!
 "He it was who slew my father,
 By his wicked wiles and cunning,
 When he from the moon descended,
 When he came on earth to seek me.
 He, the mightiest of Magicians,
 Sends the fever from the marshes,

Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sends disease and death among us !

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch-canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water ;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever
That he breathes across the fen-lands,
And avenge my father's murder !"

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-gear,
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;
With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,

O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water !"
Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey !"
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer :
"Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twanging of the bow-string

Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !
Onward to the black pitch-water !"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that
swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,

All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song.
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him ;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward !"

And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,

Of his challenge loud and lofty :
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-
Feather !

Hiawatha waits your coming !"
Straightway from the Shining Wig-
wam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha !"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.

"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father !"

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings !"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset ;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Harmless fell the heavy war-club :
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-
leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.
Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses ;
There alone can he be wounded !"

Winged with feathers, tipped with
jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounded sorer than the other ;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness ;
At the feet of Hiawatha.

Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.
Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree.

And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water.
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water,
And above him, wheeled and clamored
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch-
water,
Homeward through the weltering ser-
pents,

With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:
"Honor be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sent disease and death among us!"

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.

But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis:
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,

Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha;
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"
On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve
not!"

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcodony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild-geese, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,

How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard
a footstep,

Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then arose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,

Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dakotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dakotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,

Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slack-
ened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with
them,

O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slum-
ber;

From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease:
Sang the bluebird, the Owassa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,

Having such a wife to love you !"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them thro' the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha !"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble ;
Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water !"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, fire-
light,

Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Venadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Jagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting ;

And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red-stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented !"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Venadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.
Skilled was he in sports and pas-
times,

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasao, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-

Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Venadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-akin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and
ermine

And in moccasins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads embroi-
dered.

On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please
them,

And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!

Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

"Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are bright-
est?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the
waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

"I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing ;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had ;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could ;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people ;
And where'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, " Iagoo !
Here 's Iagoo come among us ! "

He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews ;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.
And they said, " O good Iagoo,

Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented ! "

And Iagoo answered straightway,
" You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended."

XII

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water ?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water ;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson !
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water ;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened !
Over it the Star of Evening

Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No ; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo
And he said in haste : " Behold it !
See the sacred Star of Evening !
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

" Once, in days no more remembered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands;
Only Owencee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with cough-
ing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language!

"And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum.
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: 'I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter;
I am happy with Osseo!'

"Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Owencee beside him;
All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman;
And they heard him murmur softly,
'Ah, showwain memeshin, Nosa!
Pity, pity me, my father!'

"Listen!" said the eldest sister

'He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling!
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the wood-
lands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hol-
low.

And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and hand-
some.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty;
But, alas for good Osseo,
And for Owencee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and withered
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,
Soothed her with soft words of kindness
Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,
At the banquet sat Osseo;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo.
Neither food nor drink he tasted,
Neither did he speak nor listen,
But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Owencee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender;
And the voice said: 'O Osseo!
O my son, my best beloved!
Broken are the spells that bound you,
All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil;
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

"Taste the food that stands before
you :

It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,
And the kettles shall be silver ;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

"And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds, and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendors
Of the skies and clouds of evening !"

"What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

"Then the lodge began to tremble,
Straight began to shake and tremble,
And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches ;
And behold ! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet !
And behold ! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver !
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

"Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.
Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;
And they hopped, and sang, and twit-
tered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others ;

Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak-tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather !

"And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy cur-
rents,

Through transparent cloud and vapor,
And amid celestial splendors
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of wel-
come

Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said : ' My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said : ' O my Osseo !
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty,
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their hus-
bands ;

Changed them thus because they
mocked you

In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal ;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In the lodge that glimmers yonder
In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapors, on the left hand,
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him

Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.

"Many years, in peace and quiet,
On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father ;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,
With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,
And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled and
darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom ;
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,
With the fluttering of their plumage ;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation !

"T was no bird he saw before him,
"T was a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom !

"When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and va-
pors,

Till he rested on an island,
On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,

By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their stat-
ure ;

They remained as Little People,
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is seen
there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy voices,
Sees them dancing in the starlight !"

When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added :

"There are great men, I have known
such,

Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo
Let us learn the fate of jesters !"

All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other :
"Does he mean himself, I wonder,
And are we the aunts and uncles ?"

Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and tender,
In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,
Ah me ! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Ah me ! when I parted from him,
Round my neck he hung the wampum,
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"I will go with you he whispered,
Ah me ! to your native country ;

Let me go with you, he whispered,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
 "Far away, away, I answered,
 Very far away, I answered,
 Ah me ! is my native country,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
 "When I looked back to behold him,
 Where we parted, to behold him,
 After he he still was gazing,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
 "By the tree he still was standing,
 By the fallen tree ~~was~~ standing,
 That had dropped into the water,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
 "When I think of my beloved,
 Ah me ! think of my beloved,
 When my heart is thinking of him,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !"
 Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
 Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Such the story of Iagoo,
 Such the songs of Chibiabos ;
 Thus the wedding banquet ended,
 And the wedding guests departed,
 Leaving Hiawatha happy
 With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,
 Of the happy days that followed,
 In the land of the Ojibways,
 In the pleasant land and peaceful !
 Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
 Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields !
 Buried was the bloody hatchet,
 Buried was the dreadful war-club,
 Buried were all warlike weapons,
 And the war-cry was forgotten.
 There was peace among the nations ;
 Unmolested roved the hunters,
 Built the birch-canoe for sailing,
 Caught the fish in lake and river,
 Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;
 Unmolested worked the women,
 Made their sugar from the maple,
 Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
 Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.
 All around the happy village
 Stood the maize-fields, green and shin-
 ing,
 Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
 Waved his soft and sunny tresses,

Filling all the land with plenty,
 'T was the women who in Spring-time
 Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
 Buried in the earth Mondamin ;
 'T was the women who in Autumn
 Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
 Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,
 Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
 Spake and said to Minnehaha,
 To his wife, the Laughing Water :
 "You shall bless to-night the cornfields,
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 To protect them from destruction,
 Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
 Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !

"In the night, when all is silence,
 In the night, when all is darkness,
 When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwia,
 Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
 So that not an ear can hear you,
 So that not an eye can see you,
 Rise up from your bed in silence,
 Lay aside your garments wholly,
 Walk around the fields you planted,
 Round the borders of the cornfields,
 Covered by your tresses only,
 Robed with darkness as a garment.

"Thus the fields shall be more fruit-
 ful,

And the passing of your footsteps
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 So that neither blight nor mildew,
 Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
 Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;
 Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
 Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
 Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keene,
 Nor the mighty caterpillar,
 Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,
 King of all the caterpillars !"

On the tree-tops near the cornfields
 Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 With his band of black marauders.
 And they laughed at Hiawatha,
 Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
 With their melancholy laughter
 At the words of Hiawatha.

"Hear him !" said they ; "hear the
 Wise Man,
 Hear the plots of Hiawatha !"

When the noiseless night descended
 Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
 When the mournful Wawonaissa,
 Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,
 And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
 Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
 From her bed rose Laughing Water,
 Laid aside her garments wholly,
 And with darkness clothed and guarded
 Unashamed and unafrighted,
 Walked securely round the cornfields,
 Drew the sacred, magic circle
 Of her footprints round the cornfields.

No one but the Midnight only
 Saw her beauty in the darkness,
 No one but the Wawonaissa
 Heard the panting of her bosom;
 Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
 Closely in his sacred mantle,
 So that none might see her beauty,
 So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Gathered all his black marauders,
 Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,
 Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
 And descended, fast and fearless,
 On the fields of Hiawatha,
 On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,
 "From the grave where he is buried,
 Spite of all the magic circles
 Laughing Water draws around it,
 Spite of all the sacred footprints
 Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha
 Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful;
 Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
 When they mocked him from the tree-
 tops.

"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the
 ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
 I will teach you all a lesson
 That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,
 He had spread o'er all the cornfields
 Snares to catch the black marauders,
 And was lying now in ambush
 In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,
 Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
 Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamor,
 Rush of wings and cry of voices,

To their work of devastation,
 Settling down upon the cornfields,
 Delving deep with beak and talon,
 For the body of Mondamin.
 And with all their craft and cunning,
 All their skill in wiles of warfare,
 They perceived no danger near them,
 Till their claws became entangled,
 Till they found themselves imprisoned
 In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,
 Striding terrible among them,
 And so awful was his aspect
 That the bravest quailed with terror.
 Without mercy he destroyed them
 Right and left, by tens and twenties,
 And their wretched, lifeless bodies
 Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
 Round the consecrated cornfields,
 As a signal of his vengeance,
 As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 He alone was spared among them
 As a hostage for his people.
 With his prisoner-string he bound him,
 Led him captive to his wigwam,
 Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
 To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,
 "You the leader of the robbers,
 You the plotter of this mischief,
 The contriver of this outrage,
 I will keep you, I will hold you,
 As a hostage for your people,
 As a pledge of good behavior!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,
 Sitting in the morning sunshine
 On the summit of the wigwam,
 Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
 Flapping his great sable pinions,
 Vainly struggling for his freedom,
 Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasse
 Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
 From the South-land sent his ardors,
 Wafted kisses warm and tender;
 And the maize-field grew and ripened,
 Till it stood in all the splendor
 Of its garments green and yellow,
 Of its tassels and its plumage,
 And the maize-ears full and shining
 Gleaned from bursting sheaths of ver-
 dure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spoke, and said to Minnehaha :
" 'T is the Moon when leaves are falling ;
All the wild-rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready ;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow !"
And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women ;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

And when'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
" Nushka ! " cried they all together,
" Nushka ! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband !"
" Ugh ! " the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And when'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the cornfields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together :

" Wagemin, the thief of cornfields !
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !"
Till the cornfields rang with laughter,
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his anger,
And from all the neighboring tree-tops
Cawed and croaked the black maraud-
ers.

" Ugh ! " the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees !

XIV.

PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
" Lo ! how all things fade and perish !
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !

" Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be !

" On the grave-posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted ;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,
From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

" Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off ;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.
From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting

To the four winds of the heavens,
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.

Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was dark-
ened ;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it ;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time ;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling ;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said : " Behold, your grave-
posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures ;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts
On the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household ;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The Wabenos, the Magicians,

And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored ;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heaven ;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven ;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic ;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven !

Such as these the shapes they painted
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin ;
Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting !
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;
"T is the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, " My painting
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, " Listen !
"T is my voice you hear, my singing !"

Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
" I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion !"

Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented

Are, "I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, "Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!"

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, "Though you were far from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach you!"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
"Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered ever sweet and childlike,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When the snow-flakes, whirling down-
ward,

Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,
Covered all the earth with silence,—
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-
shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water
Sprang with speed the deer before him.
With the wind and snow he followed,
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him
Dragged him downward to the bottom,
Buried in the sand his body.
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumece.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prai-
ries,

And the thunder in the distance
Starting answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted,
With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest
Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet. Sebawisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,
"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweet musician!"

From the wigwam sang the robin,

Sang the robin, the Opechee,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweetest singer!"

And at night through all the forest

Went the whippoorwill complaining,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweet musician!

He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the medicine-men, the Medas,

Th: magicians, the Wabenos,

And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,

Came to visit Hiawatha;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,

To appease him, to console him,

Walked in silent, grave procession,

Bearing each a pouch of healing,

Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,

Filled with magic roots and simples,

Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approach-
ing,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,

Called no more on Chibiabos;

Naught he questioned, naught he an-
swered,

But his mournful head uncovered,

From his face the mourning colors

Washed he slowly and in silence,

Slowly and in silence followed

Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,

Roots of power, and herbs of healing;

Beat their drums, and shook their rat-
tles;

Chanted singly and in chorus,

Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

"I myself, myself! behold me!"

"T is the great Gray Eagle talking;

Come, ye white crows, come and hear
him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps me;

All the unseen spirits help me;

I can hear their voices calling,

All around the sky I hear them!

I can blow you strong, my brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,

"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"Friends of mine are all the serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!

Maing, the white loon, I can kill him!

I can shoot your heart and kill it!

I can blow you strong, my brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.

"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself! the prophet!

When I speak the wigwam trembles,

Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it!

When I walk, the sky I tread on

Bends and makes a noise beneath me!

I can blow you strong, my brother!

Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,

"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-
pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,

Danced their medicine-dance around
him;

And upstarting wild and haggard,

Like a man from dreams awakened,

He was healed of all his madness.

As the clouds are swept from heaven,

Straightway from his brain departed

All his moody melancholy;

As the ice is swept from rivers,

Straightway from his heart departed

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos

From his grave beneath the waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumee

Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic

Of that cry and invocation,

That he heard it as he lay there

Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;

From the sand he rose and listened,

Heard the music and the singing,

Came, obedient to the summons,

To the doorway of the wigwam,

But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,

Through the door a burning fire-brand;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits,

Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,

Telling him a fire to kindle

For all those that died thereafter,

Camp-fires for their night encampments

On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.
From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
Passing silent through the forest,
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
Slowly vanished Chibiabos !
Where he passed, the branches moved
not.

Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward
Down the pathway of the dead men :
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,
Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it,
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given
For that solitary journey.

" Ay ! why do the living," said they,
" Lay such heavy burdens on us !
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,
Than to bear such heavy burdens
On our long and weary journey !"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered west-
ward,

Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He, the handsome Venadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm
Fool,
Vexed the village with disturbance :
You shall hear of all his mischief,

And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transigrations,
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Spea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,
He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please
them.

Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;
How the Otter first essayed it ;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not break it ;
How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

" Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,
" Once he leaped, and lo ! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it ;
Twice he leaped, and lo ! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshest is at highest !
Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind him !"
" Hark you !" shouted Pau-Puk-
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway ;

"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasang, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;
These were brass, on one side burnished,
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him.
Thus exclaiming and explaining:
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Still exclaiming and explaining:
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red are all the other pieces;
Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings:
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,
"Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skillful,
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters!"

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
Played till midnight, played till morn-
ing.

Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled them,
Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:

"In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
All against the young man yonder!"
"T was a youth of sixteen summers,
T was a nephew of Iagoo;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

"Ugh!" he answered very fiercely;
"Ugh!" they answered all and each one.
Seized the wooden bowl the old man,
Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before him.

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
White alone the fish, the Keego;
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;
Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,

Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Stood alone among the players,
 Saying, "Five tens I mine the game is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
 As he turned and left the wigwam,
 Followed by his Meshinauwa,
 By the nephew of Iagoo,
 By the tall and graceful stripling,
 Bearing in his arms the winnings,
 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
 Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.
 "Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pointing with his fan of feathers,
 "To my wigwam far to eastward,
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambling
 Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
 As he came forth to the freshness
 Of the pleasant Summer morning.
 All the birds were singing gayly,
 All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
 And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,
 Beat with triumph like the streamlets,
 As he wandered through the village,
 In the early gray of morning,
 With his fan of turkey-feathers,
 With his plumes and tufts of swan's
 down.

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,
 Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;
 No one met him at the doorway,
 No one came to bid him welcome;
 But the birds were singing round it,
 In and out and round the doorway,
 Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,
 And aloft upon the ridge-pole
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
 Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"
 Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 In his heart resolving mischief;—

"Gone is wary Hiawatha,
 Gone the silly Laughing Water,
 Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
 And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,
 Whirled it round him like a rattle,
 Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
 Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,

From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
 Left its lifeless body hanging,
 As an insult to its master,
 As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
 Round the lodge in wild disorder
 Threw the household things about him,
 Piled together in confusion
 Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
 Robes of buffalo and beaver,
 Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
 As an insult to Nokomis,
 As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Whistling, singing through the forest,
 Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
 Who from hollow boughs above him
 Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,
 Singing gayly to the wood-birds,
 Who from out the leafy darkness
 Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,
 Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
 Perched himself upon their summit,
 Waiting full of mirth and mischief
 The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;
 Far below him plashed the waters,
 Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
 Far above him swam the heavens,
 Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
 Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
 Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
 Flock-wise swept and wheeled about
 him,

Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,
 Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
 Threw their bodies down the headland,
 Threw them on the beach below him,
 Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
 Perched upon a crag above them,
 Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
 He is slaying us by hundreds!
 Send a message to our brother,
 Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
 When he came into the village,
 Found the people in confusion,
 Heard of all the misdeeds done,

All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his
nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and mut-
tered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach
him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,
Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.

• From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,
Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were stand-
ing,

Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water
spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the stream-
let.

From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;

Change me, too, into a beaver!"
Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:

"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches.

Brown and matted at the bottom.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis.
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet.
Spouted through the chinks below him.
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,

Through the waving, rustling branches.
From the bottom rose the beaver,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers.
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:

"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger.
Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,

Change me, too, into a beaver?"
"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver.

He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down among them,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him

Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;
 He was changed into a beaver.
 "Make me large," said Pau-Puk-
 Keewis.

"Make me large and make me larger,
 Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
 "When our lodge below you enter,
 In our wigwam we will make you
 Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
 Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
 Found the bottom covered over
 With the trunks of trees and branches,
 Hoards of food against the winter,
 Piles and heaps against the famine,
 Found the lodge with arching door-
 way.

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,
 Made him largest of the beavers,
 Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they ;
 "Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Sat in state among the beavers,
 When there came a voice of warning
 From the watchman at his station
 In the water-flags and lilies,
 Saying, "Here is Hiawatha !
 Hiawatha with his hunters !"

Then they heard a cry above them,
 Heard a shouting and a tramping,
 Heard a crashing and a rushing,
 And the water round and o'er them
 Sank and sucked away in eddies,
 And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
 Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;
 Streamed the sunshine through the
 crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the door-
 way,

Hid themselves in deeper water,
 In the channel of the streamlet ;
 But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Could not pass beneath the doorway ;
 He was puffed with pride and feeding,
 He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
 Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis !
 Vain are all your craft and cunning,
 Vain your manifold disguises !
 Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis !"

With their clubs they beat and bruised
 him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Pounded him as maize is pounded,
 Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
 Bore him home on poles and branches,
 Bore the body of the beaver ;
 But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
 Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled.
 Waving hither, waving thither,
 As the curtains of a wigwam
 Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin.
 When the wintry wind is blowing ;
 Till it drew itself together,
 Till it rose up from the body,
 Till it took the form and features
 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
 Saw the figure ere it vanished,
 Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Glide into the soft blue shadow
 Of the pine-trees of the forest ;
 Toward the squares of white beyond it,
 Toward an opening in the forest,
 Like a wind it rushed and panted,
 Bending all the boughs before it,
 And behind it, as the rain comes,
 Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
 Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Where among the water-lilies
 Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing ;
 Through the tufts of rushes floating,
 Steering through the reedy islands.
 Now their broad black beaks they lifted
 Now they plunged beneath the water,
 Now they darkened in the shadow,
 Now they brightened in the sunshine.
 "Pishnekuh !" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,

"Pishnekuh ! my brothers !" said he.
 "Change me to a brant with plumage,
 With a shining neck and feathers,
 Make me large, and make me larger,
 Ten times larger than the others."
 Straightway to a brant they changed
 him.

With two huge and dusky pinions,
 With a bosom smooth and rounded,
 With a bill like two great paddles,

Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not down-
ward,

Lest some strange mischance should
happen,

Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moors and fen-lands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamor from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of lagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and down-
ward,

He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,

With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote again the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him
With his mittens, Minjekahwun.
Smote great caverns in the sandstone.
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains;
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Venadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Nevermore in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Nevermore with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind,
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,
"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-bagg,
By the Spirits of the water!"

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Meartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.
Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that could slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals;
But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,

Where the red rocks from the margin
 Jutting overhang the river.
 There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
 The malicious Little People.

"T was an afternoon in Summer;
 Very hot and still the air was,
 Very smooth the gliding river,
 Motionless the sleeping shadows:
 Insects glistened in the sunshine,
 Insects skated on the water,
 Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
 With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong Man,
 In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,
 Floating slowly down the current
 Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
 Very languid with the weather,
 Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,
 From the tassels of the birch-trees,
 Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;
 By his airy hosts surrounded,
 His invisible attendants,
 Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;
 Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,
 Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
 O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur
 As of waves upon a sea-shore,
 As of far-off tumbling waters,
 As of winds among the pine-trees;
 And he felt upon his forehead
 Blows of little airy war-clubs,
 Wielded by the slumbrous legions
 Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
 As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs
 Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;
 At the second blow they smote him,
 Motionless his paddle rested;
 At the third, before his vision
 Reeled the landscape into darkness,
 Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
 Like a blind man seated upright,
 Floated down the Taquamenaw,
 Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
 Underneath the wooded headlands,
 Underneath the war encampment
 Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,
 Hurling the pine-cones down upon him,
 Struck him on his brawny shoulders,

On his crown defenceless struck him.
 "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden
 War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,
 Sideways fell into the river,
 Plunged beneath the sluggish water
 Headlong, as an otter plunges:
 And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
 Drifted empty down the river,
 Bottom upward swerved and drifted:
 Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man
 Lingered long among the people,
 And whenever through the forest
 Raged and roared the wintry tempest,
 And the branches, tossed and troubled,
 Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
 "Kwasind!" cried they; "that it
 Kwasind!"

He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
 On his quarry in the desert,
 On the sick or wounded bison,
 But another vulture, watching
 From his high aerial look-out,
 Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
 And a third pursues the second,
 Coming from the invisible ether,
 First a speck, and then a vulture,
 Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
 But as if they watched and waited,
 Scanning one another's motions.
 When the first descends, the others
 Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
 Round their victim, sick and wounded,
 First a shadow, then a sorrow,
 Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,
 Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
 Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
 Into stone had changed their waters.
 From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,
 Till the plains were strewn with white-
 ness,

One uninterrupted level,
 As if, stooping, the Creator
 With his hand had smoothed them over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing,
 Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes;

In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-
skin ;

And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water ;
And behind them crouched their shadows

in the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the
smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted ;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-
wreath,

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village ;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam ?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest ?
Sure a voice said in the silence :
" These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter ! "

Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden ;

Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the stran-
gers,

Cowering, crouching with the shadows ;
Said within himself, " Who are they ?
What strange guests has Minnehaha ? "
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck ;
Set apart for Laughing Water
For the wife of Hiawatha ;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water ;
Not a change came o'er their features ;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, " They are fam-
ished ;

Let them do what best delights them ;
Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and dark-
ened,

Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes
From the midnight of its branches ;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam ;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Set aside for Laughing Water.

And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them ;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience ;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : " O guests ! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight ?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties ? "

Then the shadows ceased from weep-
ing.

Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices :
" We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos

Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you
" Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you ;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.

" Think of this, O Hiawatha !
Speak of it to all the people,

That henceforward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

" Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

" Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments ;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,
May not grope about in darkness.

" Farewell, noble Hiawatha !
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night-air,
For a moment saw the starlight ;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village
Hardly from his buried wigwam

Could the hunter force a passage ;
 With his mittens and his snow-shoes
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,
 Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no footprints,
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest
 Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
 Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
 O the wasting of the famine !
 O the blasting of the fever !
 O the wailing of the children !
 O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;
 Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests, as silent
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of welcome
 In the seat of Laughing Water ;
 Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
 At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said : " Behold me !
 I am Famine, Bukadawin !"
 And the other said : " Behold me !
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"

And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no answer ;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness ;
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunt-
 ing,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
 " Gitche Manito the Mighty !"

Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 " Give your children food, O father !
 Give us food, or we must perish !
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha !"

Through the far-resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 " Minnehaha ! Minnehaha !"

All day long roved Hiawatha
 In that melancholy forest,
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,
 In the pleasant days of Summer,
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
 He had brought his young wife home-
 ward

From the land of the Dacotahs ;
 When the birds sang in the thickets,
 And the streamlets laughed and glist-
 ened,

And the air was full of fragrance,
 And the lovely Laughing Water
 Said with voice that did not tremble,
 " I will follow you, my husband !"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests, that watched
 her,

With the Famine and the Fever,
 She was lying, the Beloved,
 She the dying Minnehaha.

" Hark !" she said ; " I hear a rush-
 ing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to me from a distance !"

" No, my child !" said old Nokomis,
 " 'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees !"

" Look !" she said ; " I see my father
 Standing lonely at his doorway,
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam
 In the land of the Dacotahs !"
 " No, my child !" said old Nokomis,
 " 'Tis the smoke, that waves and beck-
 ons !"

" Ah !" she said, " the eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon me in the darkness,
 I can feel his icy fingers
 Clasp mine amid the darkness !
 Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !"

And the desolate Hiawatha,

Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Nevermore would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks,
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,

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That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented
grasses;

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old
man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-
pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"

Said the old man darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;

All the leaves from all the branches

Fall and fade and die and wither,

For I breathe, and lo! they are not.

From the waters and the marshes

Rise the wild-geese and the heron,

Fly away to distant regions,

For I speak, and lo! they are not.

And where'er my footsteps wander,

All the wild beasts of the forest

Hide themselves in holes and caverns,

And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"

Said the young man, softly laughing,

"Showers of rain fall warm and wel-

come,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,

Back unto their lakes and marshes

Come the wild-geese and the heron,

Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,

Sing the bluebird and the robin,

And where'er my footsteps wander,

All the meadows wave with blossoms,

All the woodlands ring with music,

All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed:

From the distant realms of Wabun,

From his shining lodge of silver,

Like a warrior robed and painted,

Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!

Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was

speechless

And the air grew warm and pleasant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly

Sang the bluebird and the robin,

And the stream began to murmur,

And a scent of growing grasses

Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger

More distinctly in the daylight

Saw the icy face before him;

It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,

As from melting lakes the streamlets,

And his body shrunk and dwindled

As the shouting sun ascended,

Till into the air it faded,

Till into the ground it vanished,

And the young man saw before him,

On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,

Where the fire had smoked and smould-

ered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,

Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,

Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land

After that unheard-of coldness,

That intolerable Winter,

Came the Spring with all its splendor,

All its birds and all its blossoms,

All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,

Flying in great flocks, like arrows,

Like huge arrows shot through heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,

Speaking almost as a man speaks;

And in long lines waving, bending

Like a bow-string snapped asunder,

Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;

And in pairs, or singly flying,

Mahng the loon, with clangorous pin-

ions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows

Piped the bluebird, the Owaisasa,

On the summit of the lodges

Sang the robin, the Opechee,

In the covert of the pine-trees

Cooed the pigeon, the Omemea,

And the sorrowing Hiawatha,

Speechless in his infinite sorrow,

Heard their voices calling to him,

Went forth from his gloomy doorway,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,

Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise :
" Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !
No one else beholds such wonders ! "

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it !
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, " It cannot be so !
Kaw ! " they said, " it cannot be so ! "

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other ;
" Kaw ! " they said, " we don't believe
it ! "

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;
" Kaw ! " they said, " what tales you
tell us ! "

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
" Kaw ! " they said, " what lies you
tell us ! "

Do not think that we believe them ! "

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting :
" True is all Iagoo tells us ;
I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

" Gitche Manito the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blos-
som.

" Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

" I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

" Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like :
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other ;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn ! "

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
 All the earth was bright and joyous,
 And before him, through the sunshine,
 Westward toward the neighboring forest
 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
 Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
 Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
 Level spread the lake before him ;
 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;
 On its margin the great forest
 Stood reflected in the water,
 Every tree-top had its shadow,
 Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,
 As the fog from off the water,
 As the mist from off the meadow.
 With a smile of joy and triumph,
 With a look of exultation,
 As of one who in a vision
 Sees what is to be, but is not,
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
 Both the palms spread out against it,
 And between the parted fingers
 Fell the sunshine on his features,
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
 As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
 Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
 Something in the hazy distance,
 Something in the mists of morning,
 Loomed and lifted from the water,
 Now seemed floating, now seemed fly-
 ing,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver ?
 Or the pelican, the Shada ?
 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?
 Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
 With the water dripping, flashing
 From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,
 Neither pelican nor heron,
 O'er the water floating, flying,
 Through the shining mist of morning,
 But a birch-canoe with paddles,
 Rising, sinking on the water,
 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine ;
 And within it came a people
 From the distant land of Wabun,
 From the farthest realms of morning

Came the Black-Robe chief, the
 Prophet,
 He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
 With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
 With his hands aloft extended,
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,
 Waited, full of exultation,
 Till the birch-canoe with paddles
 Grated on the shining pebbles,
 Stranded on the sandy margin,
 Till the Black-Robechief, the Pale-face,
 With the cross upon his bosom,
 Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
 Cried aloud and spake in this wise :
 " Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
 When you come so far to see us !
 All our town in peace awaits you,
 All our doors stand open for you ;
 You shall enter all our wigwams,
 For the heart's right hand we give you.

" Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
 Never shone the sun so brightly,
 As to-day they shine and blossom
 When you come so far to see us !
 Never was our lake so tranquil,
 Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;
 For your birch-canoe in passing
 Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

" Never before had our tobacco
 Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
 Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
 Were so beautiful to look on,
 As they seem to us this morning,
 When you come so far to see us ! "

And the Black-Robe chief made an-
 swer,

Stammered in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar :
 " Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
 Peace be with you and your people,
 Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
 Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary ! "

Then the generous Hiawatha
 Led the strangers to his wigwam,
 Seated them on skins of bison,
 Seated them on skins of ermine,
 And the careful old Nokomis
 Brought them food in bowls of bass-
 wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,
 And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
 Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
 All the warriors of the nation,
 All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
 The magicians, the Wabenos,
 And the medicine-men, the Medas,
 Came to bid the strangers welcome;
 "It is well," they said, "O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us!"
 In a circle round the doorway,
 With their pipes they sat in silence,
 Waiting to behold the strangers,
 Waiting to receive their message;
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
 face,
 From the wigwam came to greet them,
 Stammering in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
 "It is well," they said, "O brother,
 That you come so far to see us!"
 Then the Black-Robe chief, the
 prophet,
 Told his message to the people,
 Told the purport of his mission,
 Told them of the Virgin Mary,
 And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
 How in distant lands and ages
 He had lived on earth as we do;
 How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
 How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
 Mocked him, scourged him, crucified
 him;
 How he rose from where they laid him,
 Walked again with his disciples,
 And ascended into heaven.
 And the chiefs made answer, saying:
 "We have listened to your message,
 We have heard your words of wisdom,
 We will think on what you tell us.
 It is well for us, O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us!"
 Then they rose up and departed
 Each one homeward to his wigwam,
 To the young men and the women
 Told the story of the strangers
 Whom the Master of Life had sent them
 From the shining land of Wabun.
 Heavy with the heat and silence
 Grew the afternoon of Summer;
 With a drowsy sound the forest
 Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
 With a sound of sleep the water
 Rippled on the beach below it;
 From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
 Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-koena;

And the guests of Hiawatha,
 Weary with the heat of Summer,
 Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
 Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
 And the long and level sunbeams
 Shot their spears into the forest,
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,
 Rushed into each secret ambush,
 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
 Still the guests of Hiawatha
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
 From his place rose Hiawatha,
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
 Did not wake the guests, that slum-
 bered:
 "I am going, O Nokomis,
 On a long and distant journey,
 To the portals of the Sunset,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
 But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests them,
 Never danger nor suspicion,
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!"
 Forth into the village went he,
 Bade farewell to all the warriors,
 Bade farewell to all the young men,
 Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
 "I am going, O my people,
 On a long and distant journey;
 Many moons and many winters
 Will have come, and will have vanished,
 Ere I come again to see you.
 But my guests I leave behind me;
 Listen to their words of wisdom,
 Listen to the truth they tell you,
 For the Master of Life has sent them
 From the land of light and morning!"
 On the shore stood Hiawatha,
 Turned and waved his hand at parting;
 On the clear and luminous water
 Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,
 From the pebbles of the margin
 Shoved it forth into the water;
 Whispered to it, "Westward! west-
 ward!"
 And with speed it darted forward.
 And the evening sun descending
 Set the clouds on fire with redness,

Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,

Moved through all their depths of
darkness,

Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

VOCABULARY.

Adjidan'mo, *the red squirrel.*

Ahdeck', *the reindeer.*

Ahko'se'win, *fever.*

Ahmeek', *the beaver.*

Algon'quin, *Ojibway.*

Annemee'kee, *the thunder.*

Apuk'wa, *a butrush.*

Bain-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder.*

Bemah'gut, *the grape-vine.*

Be'na, *the pheasant.*

Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*

Bukada'win, *famine.*

Cheemaun', *a birch-canoe.*

Chetowaik', *the plover.*

Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of
Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of
Spirits.*

Dahin'da, *the bull-frog.*

Dush-kwo-ne'she, or Kwo-ne'she, *the
dragon-fly.*

Esa, *shame upon you.*

Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*

Ghee'zis, *the sun.*

Gitche Gu'mee, *the Big-Sea-Water,
Lake Superior.*

Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the
Master of Life.*

Guashkewau', *the darkness.*

Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teach-
er, son of Mudjshewit, the West-
Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of
Nokomis.*

Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller.*
Inin'ewug, *men, or pavans in the Game
of the Bowl.*

Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet.*

Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*

Joss'akeed, *a prophet.*

Kabibonok'ka, *the North-Wind.*

Kagh, *the hedgehog.*

Ka'go, *do not.*

Kahgahgee', *the raven.*

Kaw, *no.*

Kaween', *no indeed.*

Kayoshk', *the sea-gull.*

Kee'go, *a fish.*

Keeway'din, *the Northwest-wind, the
Home-wind.*

Kena'beek, *a serpent.*

Keneu', *the great war-eagle.*

Keno'zha, *the pickerel.*

Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl.*

Kuntasoo', *the Game of Plum-stones.*

Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man.*

Kwo-ne'she, or Dush-kwo-ne'she, *the
dragon-fly.*

Mahnabbe'zee, *the swan.*

Mahng, *the loom.*

Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-hearted, brazen.*

Mahnomo'nec, *wild rice.*

Ma'na, *the woodpecker.*

Mankeno'zha, *the pike.*

Me'da, *a medicine-man.*

Meenah'ga, *the blueberry.*

- Megmog'won**, the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth.
Meshinaw'wa, a pipe-bearer.
Minjekah'wun, Hiawatha's mittens.
Minneha'ha, Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.
Minneha'ha, Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.
Minne-wa'wa, a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.
Mishe-Mo'kwa, the Great Bear.
Mishe-Nah'ma, the Great Sturgeon.
Miskodeed', the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.
Monda'min, Indian corn.
Moon of Bright Nights, April.
Moon of Leaves, May.
Moon of Strawberries, June.
Moon of the Falling Leaves, September.
Moon of Snow-shoes, November.
Mudjekeew'wa, the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha.
Mudway-aush'ka, sound of waves on a shore.
Mushkoda'sa, the grouse.
Nah'ma, the sturgeon.
Nah'ma-wusk', spearmint.
Na'gow Wudj'oo, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.
Nee-ba-naw'baiga, water-spirits.
Nenemoo'sha, sweetheart.
Nepah'win, sleep.
Noko'mis, a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.
No'sa, my father.
Nush'ka, look! look!
Odah'min, the strawberry.
Okahah'wis, the fresh-water herring.
Ome'me, the pigeon.
Oma'gon, a bowl.
Onaway', awake.
Ope'chee, the robin.
Osse'o, Son of the Evening Star.
Owaia'sa, the bluebird.
Owenee', wife of Osseo.
Oziwa'beek, a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.
Pah-puk-kee'na, the grasshopper.
Pau'guk, death.
Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, the handsome Yendiaze, the Storm Fool.
Pauwa'ting, Saint Sainte Marie.
Pe'boan, Winter.
Pem'ican, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded.
Pezhekee', the bison.
Pishnekuh', the brant.
Pone'mah, hereafter.
Puggasaing', Game of the Bowl.
Puggawau', gun, a war-club.
Puk-Wudj'ies, little wild men of the woods; pygmies.
Sah-sah-je'wun, rapids.
Sah'wa, the perch.
Segwun', Spring.
Sha'da, the pelican.
Shahbo'min, the gooseberry.
Shah-shah, long ago.
Shaugoda'ya, a coward.
Shawgashee', the craw-fish.
Shawonda'see, the South-Wind.
Shaw-shaw, the swallow.
Shesh'ebwug, ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl.
Shin'gebis, the diver, or grebe.
Showain' neme'shin, pity me.
Shuh-shuh'gah, the blue heron.
Soan-ge-ta'ha, strong-hearted.
Subbeka'she, the spider.
Sugge'ma, the mosquito.
To'tem, family coat of arms.
Ugh, yes.
Ugudwash', the sun-fish.
Unktahee', the God of Water.
Wabas'so, the rabbit; the North.
Wabe'no, a magician, a juggler.
Wabe'no-wusk, yarrow.
Wa'bun, the East-Wind.
Wa'bun An'nung, the Star of the East, the Morning Star.
Wahono'win, a cry of lamentation.
Wah-wah-tay'see, the fire-fly.
Wam'pum, beads of shell.
Waubewy'on, a white skin wrapper.
Wa'wa, the wild-geese.
Waw'beek, a rock.
Waw-be-wa'wa, the white goose.
Wawonais'sa, the whippoorwill.
Way-muk-kwa'na, the caterpillar.
Wen'digoes, giants.
Weno'nah, Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis.
Yenadiz'ze, an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

1858.

I.

MILES STANDISH.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spoke, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
Thus he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :
 "Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
 High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
 Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
 Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ;
 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
 Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
 Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon !"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
 Over his countenance fitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
 Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded :
 "Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;
 Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !
 She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower !
 Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there.
 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
 Let them should count them and see how many already have perished !"
 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
 Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;
 Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar
 Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
 And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
 Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
 Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
 Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
 Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
 Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
 Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
 Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
 Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,
 Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing !
 Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
 Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
 Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla !

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
 Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain.
 Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
 Heavily on the page : "A wonderful man was this Cæsar !
 You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
 Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful !"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful :
 " Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
 Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
 Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
 " Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
 " Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar !
 Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
 Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
 Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ;
 Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ;
 He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ;
 Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !
 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
 When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
 And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
 There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
 Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
 Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns :
 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ;
 So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
 That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done,
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others ! "

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
 Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower,
 Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ;
 Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
 Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
 Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla !
 Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
 Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
 Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :
 " When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
 Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient ! "
 Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
 Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :
 " Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
 Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
 Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :
 " 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
 This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;
 Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
 Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary
 Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
 Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
 She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother
 Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,
 Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
 Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
 There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
 Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
 Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
 Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

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Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :
"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;
If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No !' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me :
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !"
Then made answer John Alden : "The name of friendship is sacred ;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you !"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, —

"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
 Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
 Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
 This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
 Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
 Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
 "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
 So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist.
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
 Piled at her knees, her left hand feeding the ravenous spindle,
 While with her right she sped, or reversed the wheel in its motion.
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
 All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
 All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
 Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
 It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the singing Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold, Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome, Saying, " I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage ; For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning." Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden, Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer, Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter, After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village, Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway, Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ; Now it was all too late : the golden moment had vanished ! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time, Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow. " I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden, " Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England, — They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ; Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard. Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ; Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England. You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : " Indeed I do not condemn you ; Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ; So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, — Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy ; Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ; Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence : " If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, — Had no time for such things ; — such things ! the words grating harshly Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer : " Was he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?
 That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
 This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
 Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours—who knows ?—at last might have won me,
 Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature ; —
 Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature ;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
 Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
 Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for yourself, John ? "

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
 Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside ;
 Faced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
 Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
 Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendors,
 Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
 So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
 Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
 Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.
 " Welcome, O wind of the East ! " he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
 " Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic ! "

Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean !
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me !"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending ;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty !
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us ?
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor ?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet :
"It hath displeased the Lord !" — and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle !
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest contrition :
"It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation of Satan !"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow ;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir !" —
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured ; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred ;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor !
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, —
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
 From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;
 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
 Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
 Words so tender and cruel : " Why don't you speak for yourself, John ? "
 Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
 Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
 All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
 E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
 Wildly he shouted, and loud : " John Alden ! you have betrayed me !
 Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me !
 One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;
 Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor ?
 Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !
 You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;
 You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
 I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, —
 You too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter !
 Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
 Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred ! "

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
 Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the veins on his temples.
 But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
 Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
 Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians !
 Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
 Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
 Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
 Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
 Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
 Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
 Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
 Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming ;
 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
 Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
 Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
 God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;
 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people !
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
 Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
 This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
 What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
 Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;

One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
 Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
 Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior !
 Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
 Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
 "What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
 Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
 There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
 Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
 Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon !"
 Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
 Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language :
 "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;
 Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with !"
 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
 Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing :
 "Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
 War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,
 Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
 Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
 Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
 Saying, in thundering tones : "Here, take it ! this is your answer !"
 Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
 Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
 Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
 There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth ;
 Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward !"
 Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
 Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
 Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
 Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
 Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
 Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ;
 Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible, —
 Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
 Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning ;
 Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
 Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
 Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
 Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
 Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;
 Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
 Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May Flower ;
 Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
 He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
 Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women

Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
 Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming ;
 Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains ;
 Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,
 Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
 Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
 Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
 Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
 Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward ; anon rang
 Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
 Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure !
 Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people !
 Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
 Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty !
 Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
 Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
 Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
 Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
 Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
 He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
 Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
 Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
 Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence ;
 Then he had turned away, and said : " I will not awake him ;
 Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking ! "
 Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
 Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning, —
 Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders —
 Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
 But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden beheld him
 Put on his corslet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
 Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
 Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
 Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
 Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;
 All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;
 But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —
 Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
 So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
 Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !
 Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
 Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
 Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
 And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
 Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a door-step
 Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
 Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
 Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
 Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
 Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
 Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
 One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
 Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
 He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
 Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
 Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
 But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
 Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
 Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
 Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
 That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
 As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
 Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !
 Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
 Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !
 "Here I remain !" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
 Thinking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
 Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
 "Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
 Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
 There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
 Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
 Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !
 Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed not
 Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !
 There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
 As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
 Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
 Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;
 Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
 So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving !"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
 Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
 Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him
 Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
 Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
 Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
 Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
 Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
 Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !
 Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
 O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May Flower !
 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
 Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
 Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
 Blowing steady and strong ; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor
 Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
 Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
 Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
 Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
 Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
 Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
 Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
 Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
 Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
 Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
 Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
 Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
 Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
 Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
 Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
 Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
 So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
 Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
 Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
 Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
 Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
 And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
 Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
 Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
 "Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
 Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
 Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
 Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
 What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
 For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
 That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
 Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
 Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
 Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
 Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
 Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
 As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
 Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
 Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
 You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
 Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
 Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
 "I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
 Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
 "No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
 "No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
 It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
 Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless
 Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
 Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
 Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
 Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
 Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :
 "Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always
 More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
 More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
 Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden !"
 "Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
 "How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
 When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
 Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
 Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest.
 Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
 This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;
 For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
 Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
 Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
 If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
 If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
 Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
 But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
 Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
 He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
 Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
 So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
 What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
 "Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
 Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
 It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :
 I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
 So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
 Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
 For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friendship
 Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
 Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
 Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
 Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :
 "Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship
 Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower,
 Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
 Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
 That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
 But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
 Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :
 "Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
 Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
 You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
 When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
 Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, —
 Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
 Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
 But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,—
 How he had even determined to sail that day in the *May Flower*,
 And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
 All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
 "Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
 Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
 Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;
 Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
 Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
 Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
 Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,
 All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
 Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
 Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
 Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
 He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
 Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
 Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
 Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
 What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
 Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
 'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
 What I thought was a flower is only a weed, and is worthless;
 Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
 Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
 Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
 While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
 Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
 Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
 Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
 Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
 Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
 Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
 Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
 Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
 Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
 Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
 Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
 One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
 Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
 Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
 Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
 "Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
 Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
 Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
 Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
 Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
 Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !
 But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
 Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
 Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
 And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :
 " Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
 Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
 Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
 But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
 Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
 Shouting, ' Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ? ' "
 Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
 Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
 Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :
 " I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle ;
 By and by they shall marry ; and there will be plenty of children ! "

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish :
 While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
 Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
 " By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah, ha ! but shall speak not !
 This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us !
 He is a little man ; let him go and work with the women ! "

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
 Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
 Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
 Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
 But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly ;
 So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
 But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
 All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
 Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
 Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
 Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
 Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
 Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
 And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
 Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
 Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
 Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran before it.
 Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
 Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
 Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
 Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
 Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
 Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
 Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth :

"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature, — Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man ; but I see now Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you ! "

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish. When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth, And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Watawamat Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress, All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror, Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish ; Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles, He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. All in the village was peace ; the men were intent on their labors. Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead, Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows, Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. All in the village was peace ; but at times the rumor of warfare Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces, Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies, Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak, Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation, Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest. Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes ; Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper, Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard : Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance, Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminant in the night-time Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla, Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy. Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship. Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling ; Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden ; Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs, — How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always, How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,

How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
 How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
 Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving !

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
 Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
 As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
 After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle,
 " Truly, Priscilla," he said, " when I see you spinning and spinning,
 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
 Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment ;
 You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
 Here the light hand on the wheel grew swifter and swifter ; the spindle
 Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers ;
 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :
 " You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia ;
 She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
 Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
 Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
 She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
 So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
 Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
 Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
 Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner !"
 Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
 Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
 Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
 Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden :
 " Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for housewives,
 Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
 Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting ;
 Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
 Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden !"
 Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
 He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him.
 She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
 Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
 Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
 Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
 Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
 Yes ; Miles Standish was dead ! — an Indian had brought them the tidings, —
 Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
 Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces ;
 All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered !
 Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
 Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
 Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror ;
 But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
 Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
 Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
 Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
 Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming :
 "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder !"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
 Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
 Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
 Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest ;
 So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
 Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
 Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
 One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
 Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
 Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !
 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?
 Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder ?
 Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion ?
 Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal ?
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed ;
 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
 As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
 Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
 Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth !
 Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me !
 I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feeling ;
 I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
 Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
 Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
 Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—
 All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
 Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
 Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
 Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
 Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
 Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—
 If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
 No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
 Thus to behold once more the sun-burnt face of their Captain,
 Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
 Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
 Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
 Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
 He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
 Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
 Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
 Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
 Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
 There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
 There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
 But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
 Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
 Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
 Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
 Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
 Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
 Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
 Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
 Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
 She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
 Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
 Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
 Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
 Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
 "Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff;
 Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
 Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
 Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
 Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
 Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
 Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
 Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
 Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
 Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
 Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
 Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
 So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

... come i gru van cantando lor lai,
 Facendo in aër di sè lunga rîga.

DANTE.

PROMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted
 On Olympus' shining bastions
 His audacious foot he planted,
 Myths are told and songs are chanted,
 Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition
 Of that flight through heavenly por-
 tals,

The old classic superstition
 Of the theft and the transmission
 Of the fire of the Immortals !

First the deed of noble daring,
 Born of heavenward aspiration,
 Then the fire with mortals sharing,
 Then the vulture, — the despairing
 Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
 Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;
 Only those are crowned and sainted
 Who with grief have been acquainted,
 Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
 In their triumph and their yearning,
 In their passionate pulsations,
 In their words among the nations,
 The Prometheus ire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
 All this toil for human culture ?
 Through the cloud-rack, dark and trail-
 ing

Must they see above them sailing
 O'er life's barren crags the vulture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
 By defeat and exile maddened ;

Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
 Nature's priests and Corybantes,
 By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent
 That around their memories cluster,
 And, on all their steps attendant,
 Make their darkened lives resplendent
 With such gleams of inward lustre !

All the melodies mysterious,
 Through the dreary darkness chanted ;
 Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
 Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
 Words that whispered, songs that
 haunted !

All the soul in rapt suspension,
 All the quivering, palpitating
 Chords of life in utmost tension,
 With the fervor of invention,
 With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling !
 In such hours of exultation
 Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
 Might behold the vulture sailing
 Round the cloudy crags Caucasian !

Though to all there is not given
 Strength for such sublime endeavor,
 Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
 And to leaven with fiery leaven
 All the hearts of men forever ;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
 Honor and believe the presage,
 Hold aloft their torches lighted,
 Gleaming through the realms be-
 nighted,
 As they onward bear the message !

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of
ill;

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and
kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast
eyes,

We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—
Thus prayed the old divine—
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and wally
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were an-
swered:—

It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Mas-
ter,

Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British
Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor
and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling
pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the
black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,
Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speed-
ing over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant
lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, in
grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from
their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning
salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the
burden,
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the
Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields
of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's
embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye im-
partial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field
Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single
warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the
Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the
sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew, and
deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissem-
ble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all Eng-
land tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon
waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived
and died
Are haunted houses. Through the
open doors
The harmless phantoms on their er-
rands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon
the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the
 stair,
 Along the passages they come and go,
 Impalpable impressions on the air,
 A sense of something moving to and
 fro.

There are more guests at table, than
 the hosts
 Invited; the illuminated hall
 Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive
 ghosts,
 As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
 The forms I see, nor hear the sounds
 I hear;
 He but perceives what is: while unto
 me
 All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or
 lands;
 Owners and occupants of earlier dates
 From graves forgotten stretch their
 dusty hands,
 And hold in mortmain still their old
 estates.

The spirit-world around this world of
 sense
 Floats like an atmosphere, and every-
 where
 Wafts through these earthly mists and
 vapors dense
 A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
 By opposite attractions and desires;
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
 And the more noble instinct that as-
 pires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
 Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
 Come from the influence of an unseen
 star,
 An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate
 of cloud
 Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge
 of light,
 Across whose trembling planks our
 fancies crowd
 Into the realm of mystery and
 night,—

So from the world of spirits there de-
 scends
 A bridge of light, connecting it with
 this,
 O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways
 and bends,
 Wander our thoughts above the dark
 abyss.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,
 Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
 No more she breathes, nor feels, nor
 stirs;
 At her feet and at her head
 Lies a slave to attend the dead,
 But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
 So much in love with the vanity
 And foolish pomp of this world of
 ours?
 Or was it Christian charity,
 And lowliness and humility,
 The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
 No color shoots into those cheeks,
 Either of anger or of pride,
 At the rude question we have asked;
 Nor will the mystery be unmasked
 By those who are sleeping at her side.
 Hereafter?—And do you think to look
 On the terrible pages of that Book
 To find her failings, faults, and errors?
 Ah, you will then have other cares,
 In your own shortcomings and despairs,
 In your own secret sins and terrors!

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S- NEST.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
 With his swarthy, grave commanders,
 I forget in what campaign,
 Long besieged, in mud and rain,
 Some old frontier town of Flanders.
 Up and down the dreary camp,
 In great boots of Spanish leather,
 Striding with a measured tramp,

These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the
weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
"T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the
rumor,

And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of
Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morn-
ing broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and be-
neath,
The sombre houses hearsed with
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the
same,
Alike their features and their robes
of white,
But one was crowned with amaranth,
as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and
doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou
betray
The place where thy beloved are at
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of aspho-
dels,
Descending, at my door began to
knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earth-
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the
pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted
me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly
guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard
God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent was
best,
Dared neither to lament nor to re-
joice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house
with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life,
he said;

And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not
at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine
wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice
divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound
like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden
gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and
thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and dark-
ened room,
Two angels issued, where but one
went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his
hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick
and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and
land,
Lo ! he looks back from the depart-
ing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are
his ;
Without his leave they pass no
threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, be-
lieving this,
Against his messengers to shut the
door ?

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems ! These He-
brews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair sea-
port town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and
down !

The trees are white with dust, that o'er
their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the
south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents
they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus or
Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old
and brown,
That pave with level flags their
burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law,
thrown down
And broken by Moses at the moun-
tain's base.

The very names recorded here are
strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different
climes ;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old
times.

"Blessed be God ! for he created
Death !"
The mourners said, "and Death is
rest and peace" ;
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore
shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea — that desert desolate —
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema marantha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.
But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
 Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed;
 Only made to be his nest,
 All the lovely valley seemed;
 No desire
 Of soaring higher
 Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
 Were not songs of that high art,
 Which, as winds do in the pine,
 Find an answer in each heart;
 But the mirth
 Of this green earth
 Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
 Opening on the narrow street,
 Came the loud, convivial din,
 Singing and applause of feet,
 The laughing lays
 That in those days
 Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
 Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
 Watched and waited, spur on heel;
 But the poet sang for sport
 Songs that rang
 Another clang,
 Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
 Sat the monks in lonely cells,
 Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
 And the poet heard their bells;
 But his rhymes
 Found other chimes,
 Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
 Gone are all the knights and squires,
 Gone the abbot stern and cold,
 And the brotherhood of friars;
 Not a name
 Remains to fame,
 From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
 Of the landscape makes a part;
 Like the river, swift and clear,
 Flows his song through many a heart;
 Haunting still
 That ancient mill,
 In the Valley of the Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
 At daybreak the bugles began to play,
 Victor Galbraith!
 In the mist of the morning damp and
 gray,
 These were the words they seemed to
 say:
 "Come forth to thy death,
 Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
 Firm was his step, erect his head;
 Victor Galbraith,
 He, who so well the bugle played,
 Could not mistake the words it said:
 "Come forth to thy death,
 Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at
 the sky,
 He looked at the files of musketry,
 Victor Galbraith!
 And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
 "Take good aim; I am ready to die!"
 Thus challenges death
 Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight
 and red,
 Six leaden balls on their errand sped;
 Victor Galbraith
 Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
 His name was not stamped on those
 balls of lead,
 And they only scath
 Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
 But he rises out of the dust again,
 Victor Galbraith!
 The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
 "O kill me, and put me out of my
 pain!"
 In his agony prayeth
 Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of
 flame,
 And the bugler has died a death of
 shame,
 Victor Galbraith!
 His soul has gone back to whence it
 came,
 And no one answers to the name,
 When the Sergeant saith,
 "Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
 By night a bugle is heard to play,
 Victor Galbraith !
 Through the mist of the valley damp
 and gray
 The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
 "That is the wraith
 Of Victor Galbraith !"

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea ;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old
 town,

And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and
 the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
 How it thundered o'er the tide !
 And the dead captains, as they lay
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil
 bay,

Where they in battle died.
 And the sound of that mournful song
 Goes through me with a thrill :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
 The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
 And the friendships old and the early
 loves

Come back with a sabbath sound, as of
 doves

In quiet neighborhoods.
 And the verse of that sweet old song,
 It flutters and murmurs still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
 dart

Across the school-boy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
 speak :

There are dreams that cannot die ;
 There are thoughts that make the strong
 heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill :
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each
 well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and
fair,

And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days
that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,

The groves are repeating it still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane ;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Glean the long threads in the sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and round
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a school-boy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;
Fowls with their snares concealed ;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless
sand ;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple
branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of
coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.
From the hundred chimneys of the
village,
Like the Acreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-
light;
Here and there the lamps of evening
glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the
darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are
glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in
them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore
them.

By the fireside there are youthful dream-
ers,
Building castles fair, with stately stair-
ways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors
only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and
comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thought-
ful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the pas-
sage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden
Mile-stone;
Is the central point, from which he
measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world
around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees
it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering
night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but
are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor
fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral home-
stead.

We may build more splendid habita-
tions,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with
sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernon,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscadel
That bask in our garden alleys.
Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room

With a benison on the giver.
And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
Forever going and coming;
So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and hum-
ming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
 By the haunted Rhine,
 By Danube or Guadalquivir,
 Nor on island or cape,
 That bears such a grape
 As grows by the Beautiful River.
 Drugged is their juice
 For foreign use,
 When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
 To rack our brains
 With the fever pains,
 That have driven the Old World frantic.
 To the sewers and sinks
 With all such drinks,
 And after them tumble the mixer;
 For a poison malign
 Is such Borgia wine,
 Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.
 While pure as a spring
 Is the wine I sing,
 And to praise it, one needs but name it;
 For Catawba wine
 Has need of no sign,
 No tavern-bush to proclaim it.
 And this Song of the Vine,
 This greeting of mine,
 The winds and the birds shall deliver
 To the Queen of the West,
 In her garlands dressed,
 On the banks of the Beautiful River.

SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.
 The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.
 Honor to those whose words or deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!
 Thus thought I, as by night I read
 Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
 In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.
 Lo! in that house of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Passthrough the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.
 And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.
 As if a door in heaven should be
 Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.
 On England's annals, through the long
 Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.
 A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.
 Nor even shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIOUS.

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
 Who dwelt in Helgoland,
 To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
 Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
 Which he held in his brown right
 hand.
 His figure was tall and stately,
 Like a boy's his eye appeared;
 His hair was yellow as hay,
 But threads of a silvery gray
 Gleamed in his tawny beard.
 Hearty and hale was Other,
 His cheek had the color of oak;
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,
 Like the sea-tide on a beach,
 As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease;
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;—
O I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then arose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-log, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for
me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming
morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF
AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago

In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the
sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnum-
bered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with
losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his
hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Im-
mortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the
more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the Ideal
Moved my thought o'er Fields Ely-
sian?

What! are these the guests whose
glances
Seemed like sunshine gleaming round
me?

These the wild, bewildering fancies,
That with dithyrambic dances
As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!
Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosoms!
Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,
And from loose, dishevelled tresses
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome measures
Filled my heart with secret rapture!
Children of my golden leisures!
Must even your delights and pleasures
Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,
When they came to me unbidden ;
Voices single, and in chorus,
Like the wild-birds singing o'er us
In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !

Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation ?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene dominions,
Not through brighter realms nor vaster,
In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered pinions !

Sweet Pandora ! dear Pandora !
Why did mighty Jove create thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee ?

No, not hate thee ! for this feeling
Of unrest and long resistance
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamor,
Thou, beloved, never leavest ;

In life's discord, strife, and clamor,
Still he feels thy spell of glamour ;
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
Struggling souls by thee are strength-
ened,
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
Truth from falsehood cleansed and sift-
ed,
Lives, like days in summer, length-
ened !

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O my Sibyl, my deceiver !
For thou makest each mystery clearer,
And the unattained seems nearer,
When thou fillest my heart with so-
ver !

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces !
Though the fields around us wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces :
Let us turn and wander thither !

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

1863.

PRELUDE.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the
leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.
As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality :
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills !
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and
gleeds ;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes
blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,

A moment quickened by its breath,
Shouldered and danced their dance of
death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Of interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought,—
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends, entranced
With the delicious melodies;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and
speech,

Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please,
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and
glazed,

Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's heads, and for the
crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, "By the name of
Howe."

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were
known

And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,

And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthur,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there ;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light ;
His hands were small ; his teeth shone
white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke ;
His sinews supple and strong as oak ;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy ; and next to those,
The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought ;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily ;
And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse, —
Bucolic songs by Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, " Behold ! once
more

The plying gods to earth restore
Theocritus of Syracuse ! "

A Spanish Jew from Alizant
With aspect grand and grave was there ;

Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least
Some later Prophet or High-Priest ;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments breathed a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,
And it was rumored he could say
The Parables of Sandabar,
And all the Fables of Pilpay,
Or if not all, the greater part !
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
Talmud and Targum, and the lore
Of Kabala ; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks ;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was
there ;

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse ;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his ; but with them came
No envy of another's fame ;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumed by that fire of wood ;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect
blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race ;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but
song ;

Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances
whirled ;

The Strömkari sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height ;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring
forth,

Like Eliavagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine ;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast :
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art ;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name, —
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear

Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and
tree,

The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause was
loud,

The pleased musician smiled and
bowed ;

The wood-fire clapped its hands of
flame,

The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then began
A clamor for the Landlord's tale, —
The story promised them of old,
They said, but always left untold ;
And he, although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded ; and thus the story ran.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-
five ;

Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and
year.

He said to his friend, " If the British
march

By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal
light, —

One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and
farm,

For the country-folk to be up and to
arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and
with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings
lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and
spar

Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was mag-
nified

By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley
and street,

Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of
feet,

And the measured tread of the gren-
adiers,

Marching down to their boats on the
shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old
North Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy
tread,

To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look
down

A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the
dead,

In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's
tread,

The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the
secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the
bay,—

A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and
ride,

Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul
Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and
near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-
girth;

But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North
Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and
still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's
height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
turns,

But lingers and gazes, till full on his
sight

A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in
the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in pass-
ing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
fleet:

That was all! And yet, through the
gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that
night;

And the spark struck out by that steed,
in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its
heat.

He has left the village and mounted
the steep,

And beneath him, tranquil and broad
and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:

And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the
ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he
rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Med-
ford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank
and bare.

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Con-
cord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning
breeze

Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you
have read,
How the British Regulars fired and
fled,—

How the farmers gave them ball for
ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard
wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Re-
vere;

And so through the night went his cry
of alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the
door,
And a word that shall echo forever-
more!

For, borne on the night-wind of the
Past,

Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and
need,

The people will waken and listen to
hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim with
dust,

And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, "This sword was in the
fight."

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
"It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-
mail;

What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight,
Or other name the books record?

Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and everywhere,
To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew
red

As his escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.

And this perceiving, to appease
 The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,
 The Student said, with careless ease,
 "The ladies and the cavaliers,
 The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
 The deeds of high emprise, I sing !
 Thus Ariosto says, in words
 That have the stately stride and ring
 Of armed knights and clashing swords.
 Now listen to the tale I bring ;
 Listen ! though not to me belong
 The flowing draperies of his song,
 The words that rouse, the voice that
 charms.
 The Landlord's tale was one of arms,
 Only a tale of love is mine,
 Blending the human and divine,
 A tale of the Decameron, told
 In Palmieri's garden old,
 By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
 While her companions lay around,
 And heard the intermingled sound
 Of airs that on their errands sped,
 And wild-birds gossiping overhead,
 And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
 And her own voice more sweet than all,
 Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
 Perchance may lose its power to please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE. -

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the sun
 was hot,
 Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
 On a rude bench beneath his cottage
 eaves,
 Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
 Of a huge vine, that, with its arms out-
 spread,
 Hung its delicious clusters overhead.
 Below him, through the lovely valley,
 flowed
 The river Arno, like a winding road,
 And from its banks were lifted high in air
 The spires and roofs of Florence called
 the Fair ;
 To him a marble tomb, that rose above
 His wasted fortunes and his buried love.
 For there, in banquet and in tourna-
 ment,
 His wealth had lavished been, his sub-
 stance spent,

To woo and lose, since ill his wooing
 sped,
 Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
 Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
 The ideal woman of a young man's
 dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
 To this small farm, the last of his do-
 main,
 His only comfort and his only care
 To prune his vines, and plant the fig
 and pear ;

His only forester and only guest
 His falcon, faithful to him, when the
 rest,
 Whose willing hands had found so light
 of yore

The brazen knocker of his palace door,
 Had now no strength to lift the wooden
 latch,
 That entrance gave beneath a roof of
 thatch.

Companion of his solitary ways,
 Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
 On him this melancholy man bestowed.
 The love with which his nature over-
 flowed.

And so the empty-handed years went
 round,
 Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic
 sound,

And so, that summer morn, he sat and
 mused
 With folded, patient hands, as he was
 used,
 And dreamily before his half-closed
 sight

Floated the vision of his lost delight.
 Beside him, motionless, the drowsy
 bird

Dreamed of the chase, and in his slum-
 ber heard

The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings,
 that dare

The headlong plunge through eddying
 gulfs of air,

Then, starting broad awake upon his
 perch,

Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a
 church,

And, looking at his master, seemed to
 say,

"Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase ;
The tender vision of her lovely face,
I will not say he seems to see, he sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
Herself, yet not herself ; a lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and
wild,

Coming undaunted up the garden walk,
And looking not at him, but at the
hawk.

"Beautiful falcon !" said he, "would
that I
Might hold thee on my wrist or see thee
fly !"

The voice was hers, and made strange
echoes start

Through all the haunted chambers of
his heart,

As an æolian harp through gusty doors
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy ?"
he said,

His hand laid softly on that shining
head.

"Monna Giovanna. Will you let me
stay

A little while, and with your falcon
play ?

We live there, just beyond your garden
wall,

In the great house behind the poplars
tall."

So he spake on ; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the golden
gleams

And shadows of the misty sea of dreams,
As mariners becalmed through vapors
drift,

And feel the sea beneath them sink
and lift,

And hear far off the mournful breakers
roar,

And voices calling faintly from the
shore !

Then, waking from his pleasant rever-
ies,

He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant
bird,

Till in their friendship he became a
third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her
prime,
Had come with friends to pass the
summer-time

In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and
still ;

With iron gates, that opened through
long lines

Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad steps
of stone,

And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-
grown,

And fountains palpitating in the heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath
its feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,

Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among all,

And seeing more and more, with se-
cret joy,

Her husband risen and living in her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned
again,

Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his
strength,

Stormed down the terraces from length
to length ;

The screaming peacock chased in hot
pursuit,

And climbed the garden trellises for
fruit.

But his chief pastime was to watch the
flight

Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the gar-
den wall,

Then downward stooping at some dis-
tant call ;

And as he gazed full often wondered he
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he
found

Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell

Tolled from the tower, and filled each
spacious room

With secret awe, and preternatural
gloom ;

The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
 Pined with mysterious malady away.
 The mother's heart would not be comforted ;
 Her darling seemed to her already dead,
 And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
 "What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.
 At first the silent lips made no reply,
 But, moved at length by her importunate cry,
 "Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
 "Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"
 No answer could the astonished mother make ;
 How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,
 Such favor at a luckless lover's hand,
 Well knowing that to ask was to command?
 Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
 In all the land that falcon was the best,
 The master's pride and passion and delight,
 And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.
 But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less
 Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
 So promised, and then promising to keep
 Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.
 The morrow was a bright September morn ;
 The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;
 There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
 That wild exhilaration in the air,
 Which makes the passers in the city street
 Congratulate each other as they meet.
 Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
 Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
 Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
 Of dewy sunshine showering down between.

The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace
 Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face ;
 Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll
 From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul ;
 The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
 Making a golden glory in the air,
 Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,
 Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.
 So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,
 Each by the other's presence lovelier made,
 Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,
 Intent upon their errand and its end.
 They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
 Like banished Adam, delving in the soil ;
 And when he looked and these fair women spied,
 The garden suddenly was glorified ;
 His long-lost Eden was restored again,
 And the strange river winding through the plain
 No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
 But the Euphrates watering Paradise !
 Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
 And with fair words of salutation said :
 "Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
 Hoping in this to make some poor amends
 For past unkindness. I who ne'er before
 Would even cross the threshold of your door,
 I who in happier days such pride maintained,
 Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
 This morning come, a self-invited guest,
 To put your generous nature to the test,
 And breakfast with you under your own vine."
 To which he answered : "Poor desert of mine,

Not your unkindness call it, for if
 aught
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
 From you it comes, and this last grace
 outweighs
 All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,
 Among the dahlias in the garden walk
 He left his guests; and to his cottage
 turned,

And as he entered for a moment
 yearned
 For the lost splendors of the days of
 old,

The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
 And felt how piercing is the sting of
 pride,
 By want embittered and intensified.

He looked about him for some means
 or way

To keep this unexpected holiday;
 Searched every cupboard, and then
 searched again,

Summoned the maid, who came, but
 came in vain;

"The Signor did not hunt to-day,"
 she said,

"There's nothing in the house but
 wine and bread."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook
 His little bells, with that sagacious
 look,

Which said, as plain as language to
 the ear,

"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
 Yes, everything is wanting, gallant
 bird!

The master seized thee without further
 word,

Like thine own lure, he whirled thee
 round; ah me!

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
 The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet
 hood,

The flight and the pursuit o'er field
 and wood,

All these forevermore are ended now;
 No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth
 he spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of
 bread,

Brought purple grapes with autumn
 sunshine hot,
 The fragrant peach, the juicy berga-
 mot;

Then in the midst a flask of wine he
 placed,

And with autumnal flowers the banquet
 graced.

Ser Federigo, would not these suffice
 Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves
 and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly
 dame

With her companion to the cottage
 came,

Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
 The wild enchantment of a magic spell!

The room they entered, mean and low
 and small,

Was changed into a sumptuous ban-
 quet-hall,

With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;
 The rustic chair she sat on was a
 throne;

He ate celestial food, and a divine
 Flavor was given to his country wine,

And the poor falcon, fragrant with his
 spice,

A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose
 And passed again into the garden-close.

Then said the lady, "Far too well I
 know,

Remembering still the days of long ago,
 Though you betray it not, with what
 surprise

You see me here in this familiar wise.
 You have no children, and you cannot
 guess

What anguish, what unspeakable dis-
 tress

A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,
 Nor how her heart anticipates his will.

And yet for this, you see me lay aside
 All womanly reserve and check of pride,

And ask the thing most precious in
 your sight,

Your falcon, your sole comfort and de-
 light,

Which if you find it in your heart to
 give,

My poor, unhappy boy perchance may
 live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been
my own.

But thinking in what manner I could
best

Do honor to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier could
be

Than what most dear and precious was
to me,

And so my gallant falcon breathed his
last

To furnish forth this morning our re-
past."

In mute contrition, mingled with dis-
may,

The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should
make,

And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's
pride,

That nothing she could ask for was
denied;

Then took her leave, and passed out at
the gate

With footstep slow and soul disconso-
late.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-
bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and
said,

Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child
is dead!"

Three months went by; and lo! a
merrier chime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christ-
mas-time;

The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his
side

Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,
Enthroned once more in the old rustic
chair,

High-perched upon the back of which
there stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood,
And underneath the inscription, with a
date,

"All things come round to him who
will but wait."

INTERLUDE.

SOON as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found
vent,

And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
"These old Italian tales," he said,
"From the much-praised Decameron
down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighborhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied,
"For the white lily, many thanks!
One should not say, with too much
pride,

Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause: till some one said,
"An Angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,
And murmured with an inward breath:
"God grant, if what you say be true,
It may not be the Angel of Death!"

And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:

"This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my
brain,
And never wearies nor grows old."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and
live."

And as he read, he prayed that God
would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal
eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim
with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him
stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right
hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror
ran.

With trembling voice he said, "What
wilt thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time
draws near

When thou must die; yet first, by God's
decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be granted
thee."

Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living
eyes

First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me
and look."

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel
said.

"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by
the way,"

The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,

Then led him forth to the Celestial
Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gas-
ping down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the
Lord

The Rabbi leaped with the Death-
Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a
sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which
men call death.

Meanwhile the Angel stayed without,
and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's

voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I
adore,

I swear that hence I will depart no
more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy
One,

See what the son of Levi here hath
done!

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by
violence,

And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"

The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not
wroth;

Did e'er the son of Levi break his
oath?

Let him remain; for he with mortal
eye

Shall look upon my face and yet not
die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of
Death

Heard the great voice, and said, with
panting breath,

"Give back the sword, and let me go
my way."

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and an-
swered, "Nay!

Anguish enough already has it caused
Among the sons of men." And while

he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the
Lord

Resounding through the air, "Give
back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel,
"Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls
of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen
sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the
Lord."
The Angel took the sword again, and
swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

INTERLUDE.

He ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious
chords,
That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast.
They almost feared to look, lest there,
Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.
At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: "While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from us,—
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, as I remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and
squire,

On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly
sat
And heard the priests chant the Mag-
nificat.

And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit po-
tentes*

De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk

made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from
their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scorn-
fully,

"'T is well that such seditious words
are sung

Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power, can push me from
my throne!"

And leaning back, he yawned and fell
asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and
deep.

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was
no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered
few and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed
around,

But saw no living thing and heard no
sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was
locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then
knocked,

And uttered awful threatenings and
complaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof
and walls

As if dead priests were laughing in
their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from with-
out

The tumult of the knocking and the
shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house
of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who
is there?"

Half choked with rage, King Robert
fiercely said,

"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou
afraid?"

The frightened sexton, muttering, with
a curse,

"This is some drunken vagabond, or
worse!"

Turned the great key and flung the
portal wide;

A man rushed by him at a single
stride,

Haggard, half naked, without hat or
cloak,

Who neither turned, nor looked at him,
nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the
night,

And vanished like a spectre from his
sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Ur-
bane

And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,

Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent
with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage des-
perate,

Strode on and thundered at the palace
gate;

Rushed through the court-yard, thrust-
ing in his rage

To right and left each seneschal and
page,

And hurried up the broad and sounding
stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches'
glare.

From hall to hall he passed with
breathless speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not
heed,

Until at last he reached the banquet-
room,

Blazing with light, and breathing with
perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his sig-
net-ring,

King Robert's self in features, form,
and height,

But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel: and his presence there

With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,

Though none the hidden Angel recog-
nize.

A moment speechless, motionless,
amazed,

The throneless monarch on the Angel
gazed,

Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his
eyes;

Then said, "Who art thou? and why
com'st thou here?"

To which King Robert answered, with
a sneer,

"I am the King, and come to claim
my own

From an impostor, who usurps my
throne!"

And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew
their swords;

The Angel answered, with unruffled
brow,

"Nay, not the King, but the King's
Jester, thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and
scalloped cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an
ape;

Thou shalt obey my servants when they
call,

And wait upon my henchmen in the
hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries
and prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down
the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-
door,

His heart failed, for he heard, with
strange alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-
arms;

And all the vaulted chamber roar and
ring

With the mock plaudits of "Long live
the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's
first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a
dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his
head,
There were the cap and bells beside his
bed,

Around him rose the bare, discolored
walls,

Close by, the steeds were champing in
their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the
wretched ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved
so much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his
touch!

Days came and went; and now re-
turned again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance Veniga

The happy island danced with corn and
wine,

And deep within the mountain's burn-
ing breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his
fate,

Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that jesters
wear,

With look bewildered and a vacant
stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks
are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed
to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsub-
dued.

And when the Angel met him on his
way,

And half in earnest, half in jest, would
say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might
feel

The velvet scabbard held a sword of
steel,

"Art thou the King?" the passion of
his woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And, lifting high his forehead, he would
fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I
am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when
there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope
Urbane

By letter summoned them forthwith to
come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his

guests,
And gave them presents of embroid-
ered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine
lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest
kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the
sea

Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent

made
By the mere passing of that caval-
cade,

With plumes, and cloaks, and housings,
and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock
state,

Upon a piebald steed, with shambling
gait,

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the
wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched
behind,

King Robert rode, making huge mer-
riment

In all the country towns through which
they went.

The Pope received them with great
pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's
square,

Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with
prayers

He entertained the Angel unawares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
 "I am the King! Look, and behold in me
 Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
 This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
 Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
 Do you not know me? does no voice within
 Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
 The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
 Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
 The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
 To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
 And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
 Was hustled back among the populace.
 In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
 And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
 The presence of the Angel, with its light,
 Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
 And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
 Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
 With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
 He felt within a power unfelt before,
 And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
 He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
 Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.
 And now the visit ending, and once more
 Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
 The land was made resplendent with his train
 Flashing along the towns of Italy
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
 As if the better world conversed with ours,
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,
 "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"
 The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street;
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"
 King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE.

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
 A Saga of the days of old.
 "There is," said he, "a wondrous book
 Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
 Of the dead kings of Norroay, —
 Legends that once were told or sung
 In many a smoky fireside nook
 Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
 By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
 Heimskringla is the volume called;
 And he who looks may find therein
 The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
 Upon his violin he played,
 As an appropriate interlude,
 Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
 That bound in one the separate runes,
 And held the mind in perfect mood,
 Entwining and encircling all
 The strange and antiquated rhymes
 With melodies of olden times;
 As over some half-ruined wall
 Disjointed and about to fall,
 Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
 And keep the loosened stones in place.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

I.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

I AM the God Thor,
 I am the War God,
 I am the Thunderer!
 Here in my Northland,
 My fastness and fortress,
 Reign I forever!

Here amid iceberga
 Rule I the nations;
 This is my hammer,
 Mjölnir the mighty;
 Giants and sorcerers
 Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
 Wherewith I wield it,
 And hurl it afar off;
 This is my girdle;
 Whenever I brace it,
 Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
 Stream through the heavens,
 In flashes of crimson,
 Is but my red beard
 Blown by the night-wind,
 Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
 Mine eyes are the lightning;
 The wheels of my chariot
 Roll in the thunder,
 The blows of my hammer
 Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
 Has ruled it, shall rule it;
 Meekness is weakness,
 Strength is triumphant,
 Over the whole earth
 Still is it Thor's Day!

Thou art a God too,
 O Galilean!
 And thus single-handed
 Unto the combat,
 Gauntlet or Gospel,
 Here I defy thee!

II.

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

And King Olaf heard the cry,
 Saw the red light in the sky,
 Laid his hand upon his sword,
 As he leaned upon the railing,
 And his ships went sailing, sailing
 Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
 And the red light glanced and gleamed
 On the armor that he wore;
 And he shouted, as the rifted
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
 "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
 And reconquer realm and reign,
 Came the youthful Olaf home,
 Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
 Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
 And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
 Of his mother Astrid came,
 And the tale she oft had told
 Of her flight by secret passes
 Through the mountains and morasses,
 To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,
And a hurried flight by sea;
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, "We should know each other;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honors, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites baptismal
In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him trail-

ing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skillful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run,
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,

One so royal in attire
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III.

THORA OF RIMOL.

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide
me!

For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through thorp
and town!"

Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come
near thee!

But the hiding-place wherein thou must
lie

Is the cave underneath the swine in
the sty."

Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall
Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon
darker,
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-
sever!"

Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the
darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not
slay thee!

For all the king's gold I will never
betray thee!"

"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O
churl,
And then again black as the earth?"
said the Earl.

More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall
started, saying,

"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf
was laying!"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of the
king!"

He will lay round thy neck a blood-red
ring."

At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows
encumbered,

But screamed and drew up his feet as
he slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged with
his knife,

And the Earl awakened no more in this
life.

But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all sing-
ing,

Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are
swinging;

One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his
thrall's,

And the people are shouting from win-
dows and walls;

While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV.

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat proud
and aloft.

In her chamber, that looked over mead-
ow and croft.

Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was be-
sprung,

Filling the room with their fragrant
scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the
sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than
wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the
bright river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norro-
way.

But Olaf the King had sued for her
hand,

The sword would be sheathed, the
river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her
knee,

Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of
Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over
it all

Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of
gold,

From the door of Lade's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding
gift,

But her thoughts as arrows were keen
and swift.

She had given the ring to her gold-
smiths twain,

Who smiled, as they handed it back
again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty
way,

Said, "Why do you smile, my gold-
smiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if
the truth must be told,

The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead
and cheek,

She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to
me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he
whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are
above.

But she smiled with contempt as she
answered: "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore,
on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of Odin
to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must
be."

Looking straight at the King, with her
level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and
my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was dark-
ened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through
the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have
thee?" he said, —

"A faded old woman, a heathenish
jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or
love,
And he struck the Queen in the face
with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger
he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with
his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under
her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy
death!"

Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V.

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.
Loudly from the wide-flung door
Came the roar

Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,

If by such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,

Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called —
The Unappalled!

Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,

While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"

Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard

Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still

Round the house where they were sleep-
ing.

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue

With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,

Weaving slow

Magic circles to encumber

And imprison in their ring

Olaf the King,

As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun

The Easter sun

Streamed with one broad track of splendour !

In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady ;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,

" Who are these strange people ? " said he.

" Eyvind Kallda and his men ! "

Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer ;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand

On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar

Of the ocean tides returning.
Shrieks and cries of wild despair

Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened ;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on ; —
Thus the sorcerers were christened !

" Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,
Cried King Olaf : " it will cheer me ! "
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
" The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me ! "

VI.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong
King Olaf feasted late and long ;
The hoary Scalds together sang ;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The doors swung wide, with creak and din ;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King exclaimed, " O graybeard
pale !
Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man
quaffed,

The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then spake the King : " Be not afraid ;
Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more ;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
" 'T is late, O King, and time for bed."

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King retired ; the stranger guest
Followed and entered with the rest ;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

" Do we not learn from runes and
rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech ? "

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
 "Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;
 For never was I so enthralled
 Either by Saga-man or Scald."

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep !
 Night wanes, O King ! 't is time for
 sleep !"

Then slept the King, and when he woke
 The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

They found the doors securely barred,
 They found the watch-dog in the yard,
 There was no footprint in the grass,
 And none had seen the stranger pass.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said :
 "I know that Odin the Great is dead ;
 Sure is the triumph of our Faith,

The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

VII.

IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer morn,
 Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
 Sending his signal through the land of
 Dronheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
 Gathered the farmers far and near,
 With their war weapons ready to con-
 front him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
 Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
 Heard the summons, chuckling with a
 low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his
 brow,
 Unharnessed his horses from the
 plough,
 And clattering came on horseback to
 King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls ;
 Little he cared for king or earls ;
 Bitter as home-brewed ale were his
 foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
 And by the Hammer of Thor he
 swore ;

He hated the narrow town, and all its
 fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his
 farm,

His ale at night, by the fireside
 warm,

Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen
 tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
 The smell of the earth, and the
 song of birds,

His well-filled barns, his brook with its
 water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his
 frame ;

His beard, from which he took his
 name,

Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer
 the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
 The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
 On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
 Out of the middle of the crowd,
 That tossed about him like a stormy
 ocean :

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring :
 To Odin and to Thor, O King,
 As other kings have done in their de-
 votion !"

King Olaf answered : "I command
 This land to be a Christian land ;
 Here is my Bishop who the folk bap-
 tizes !

"But if you ask me to restore
 Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
 Then will I offer human sacrifices !

"Not slaves and peasants shall
 they be,
 But men of note and high degree,
 Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of
 Gryting !"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
 And loud behind him heard the
 din
 Of his men-at-arms and the peasants
 fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in
wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme
among them.

King Olaf smote them with the
blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pave-
ment flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a
shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of
wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the
assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke :
"Choose ye between two things,
my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaugh-
ter !"

And seeing their leader stark and
dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy
water !";

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and
fame,
In the old gods no more believing and
trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim
Hus-Ting !

VIII.

GUDRUN.

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed ;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above thy head ?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight ?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair ;
It woke me falling on the floor ;
'T is nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have
eyes ;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair !
Gudrun beware !"

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;
And forever Sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride !

IX.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.

"Look !" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.

A learned clerk,
 A man of mark,
 Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
 He was quarrelsome and loud,
 And impatient of control,
 Boisterous in the market crowd,
 Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
 Everywhere
 Would drink and swear,
 Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
 In his house this malcontent
 Could the King no longer bear,
 So to Iceland he was sent
 To convert the heathen there,
 And away
 One summer day
 Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
 There in Iceland, o'er their books
 Pored the people day and night,
 But he did not like their looks,
 Nor the songs they used to write.
 "All this rhyme
 Is waste of time!"
 Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
 To the alehouse, where he sat,
 Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
 Is it to be wondered at,
 That they quarrelled now and then,
 When o'er his beer
 Began to leer
 Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?
 All the folk in Altafiord
 Boasted of their island grand;
 Saying in a single word,
 "Iceland is the finest land
 That the sun
 Doth shine upon!"
 Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's
 Priest.
 And he answered: "What's the use
 Of this bragging up and down,
 When three women and one goose
 Make a market in your town!"
 Every Scald
 Satires scrawled
 On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
 Something worse they did than that;
 And what vexed him most of all
 Was a figure in shovel hat,
 Drawn in charcoal on the wall;

With words that go
 Sprawling below,
 "This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."
 Hardly knowing what he did,
 Then he smote them might and main,
 Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.
 "To-day we are gold,
 To-morrow mould!"
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
 Much in fear of axe and rope,
 Back to Norway sailed he then,
 "O, King Olaf! little hope
 Is there of these Iceland men!"
 Meekly said,
 With bending head,
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X.

RAUD THE STRONG.

"ALL the old gods are dead,
 All the wild warlocks fled;
 But the White Christ lives and reigns,
 And throughout my wide domains
 His Gospel shall be spread!"
 On the Evangelists
 Thus swore King Olaf.
 But still in dreams of the night
 Beheld he the crimson light,
 And heard the voice that defied
 Him who was crucified,
 And challenged him to the fight.
 To Sigurd the Bishop
 King Olaf confessed it.
 And Sigurd the Bishop said,
 "The old gods are not dead,
 For the great Thor still reigns,
 And among the Jarls and Thanes
 The old witchcraft still is spread."
 Thus to King Olaf
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.
 "Far north in the Salten Fiord,
 By rapine, fire, and sword,
 Lives the Vikin, Raud the Strong;
 All the Godoe Isles belong
 To him and his heathen horde."
 Thus went on speaking
 Sigurd the Bishop.
 "A warlock, a wizard he is,
 And lord of the wind and the sea;

And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favoring gales;
By his craft in sorcery."

Here the sign of the cross
Made devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more."

Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
"I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud!"
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf!

XL

BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD.

Loud the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim haven
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,
As the leaves are swept through sluices,
When the flood-gates open wide.

"'Tis the warlock! 't is the demon
Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen;
"But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled;
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the
vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,

As through John's Apocalypse, —
Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found
him,
Dragged him from his bed and bound
him,

While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and evil:
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffed
Answered: "I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and mar-
row;

But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptised they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiler single-handed
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his
prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,
And foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and
sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the
board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 't was multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword.
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!
To the Lord!"

XIII.

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistling, said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways, drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
Mallet huge and heavy axe;
Workmen laughed and sang and clam-
ored;

Whirled the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master, —
It was music to his ear;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting,
From his homestead words of woe;
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"

On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared:
Some one, all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the
planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thank-
ing,
"Handsome is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tres-
sels,
In the ship-yard by the sea;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV.

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,

Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner;
Lastily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat-of-mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dented
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's, in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's
street,

Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped and
pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!
Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quar-
relled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
Owned a ship so well appalled,
Boasted such a crew!

XV.

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away
From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through
cold,
Through weald, they say, and through
wold,

By day and by night, they say,
She has fled; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful Queen;
And they wonder how it will end:
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all !
 It is puolished in hamlet and hall,
 It roars like a flame that is fanned !
 The King — yes, Olaf the King —
 Has wedded her with his ring,
 And Thyri is Queen in the land !
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

XVI.

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA
STALKS.

NORTHWARD over Drontheim,
 Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
 Sang the lark and linnet
 From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,
 Lonely and unhappy,
 Sat the Drottning Thyri,
 Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
 Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
 On the roof above her
 Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,
 Nor the sunshine heeded,
 For the thoughts of Thyri
 Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
 Beautiful as morning,
 Like the sun at Easter
 Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried
 Angelicas uprooted,
 With delicious fragrance
 Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
 Sat the Drottning Thyri,
 Even the smile of Olaf
 Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her
 With a gracious gesture,
 And with words as pleasant
 As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
 And her jewelled fingers
 Through the green leaves glistened
 Like the dew of morn ;

But she cast them from her,
 Haughty and indignant,
 On the floor she threw them
 With a look of scorn.

" Richer presents," said she,
 " Gave King Harald Gormson
 To the Queen, my mother,
 Than such worthless weeds ;

" When he ravaged Norway,
 Laying waste the kingdom,
 Seizing scatt and treasure
 For her royal needs.

" But thou darest not venture
 Through the Sound to Vendland,
 My domains to rescue
 From King Burialaf ;

" Lest King Svend of Denmark,
 Forked Beard, my brother,
 Scatter all thy vessels
 As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,
 Like a reindeer bounding,
 With an oath he answered
 Thus the luckless Queen :

" Never yet did Olaf
 Fear King Svend of Denmark ;
 This right hand shall hale him
 By his forked chin !"

Then he left the chamber,
 Thundering through the doorway,
 Loud his steps resounded
 Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
 Through the streets of Drontheim
 Strode he red and wrathful,
 With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
 Summoned all his forces,
 Making his war levy
 In the region round ;

Down the coast of Norway,
 Like a flock of sea-gulls,
 Sailed the fleet of Olaf
 Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,
 Steered he the Long Serpent,
 Strained the creaking cordage,
 Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri
He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislafr.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
"Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it,
Better things are jewels
Than angelica stalks are
For a Queen to wear."

XVII.

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland;
Where with their courses hauled
Under the Isle of Svald,
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought her.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Off to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honor's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward!"
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle;

While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season;
With them Earl Sigvald came
Eager for spoil and fame;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,
Plotted the three kings;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven;
Him to ensnare and bring,
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven!

XVIII.

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : " Follow me !
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea ! "

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

XIX.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

" STRIKE the sails ! " King Olaf said ;
Never shall men of mine take flight ;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes !

Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight ! "

" Sound the horns ! " said Olaf the
King ;

And suddenly through the drifting
brume

The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock

Of Ragnarock,
On the Day of Doom !

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood ;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead

The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and re-
treat ;

In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships ;
" If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here, "
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
" Have I a coward on board ? " said he.
" Shoot it another way, O King ! "
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf ;
" You have need of me ! "

In front came Svend, the King of the
Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers ;
To the right, the Swedish king with his
thanes ;

And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

" These soft Danes and Swedes, " said
the King,

" At home with their wives had better
stay,

Than come within reach of my Serpent's
sting ;

But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day ! "

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were
lashed,

And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
 Sharper the dragons bite and sting !
 Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
 A death-drink salt as the sea
 Pledges to thee,
 Olaf the King !

XX.

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
 Stood beside the mast ;
 From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
 Flew the arrows fast ;
 Aimed at Eric unavailing,
 As he sat concealed,
 Half behind the quarter-railing,
 Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
 Just above his head ;
 "Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
 Then Earl Eric said.
 "Sing the song of Hakon dying
 Sing his funeral wail !"
 And another arrow flying
 Grazed his coat-of-mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
 As the arrow passed,
 Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
 Standing by the mast."
 Sooner than the word was spoken
 Flew the yeoman's shaft ;
 Einar's bow in twain was broken,
 Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, stand-
 ing
 On the quarter-deck.
 "Something heard I like the stranding
 Of a shattered wreck."
 Einar then, the arrow taking
 From the loosened string,
 Answered, "That was Norway break-
 ing
 From thy hand, O King !"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
 Straightway Olaf said ;
 "Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
 Let thy shafts be sped."
 Of his bows the fairest choosing,
 Reached he from above ;
 Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
 Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow ;
 At the first assay,
 O'er its head he-drew the arrow,
 Flung the bow away ;
 Said, with hot and angry temper
 Flushing in his cheek,
 "Olaf ! for so great a Kämpfer
 Are thy bows too weak !"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
 On his beardless lip,
 Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
 Eric's dragon-ship.
 Loose his golden locks were flowing,
 Bright his armor gleamed ;
 Like Saint Michael overthrowing
 Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,
 All day have the ships engaged,
 But not yet is assuaged
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
 The arrows of death are sped,
 The ships are filled with the dead,
 And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
 The grappling-irons are plied,
 The boarders climb up the side,
 The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again
 See her sailors come back o'er the
 main ;
 They all lie wounded or slain,
 Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
 Around him whistle and sing
 The spears that the foemen fling,
 And the stones they hurl with their
 hands.

In the midst of the stones and the
 spears,
 Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
 His shield in the air he uprears,
 By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
 Of the Long Serpent's deck
 Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
 His lips with anger are pale ;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norrway
Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII.

THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind

Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!"

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!"

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!"

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!"

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!"

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ;
Christ is eternal !"

INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world ;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this :
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that
scorch

Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's
Prayer,

And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads ?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent ?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies ?

"I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me ;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven ;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same ;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the
throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star !

"Ah ! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrow died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified !

"For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be ;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again
So fearful is the tragedy."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

TORQUEMADA.

In the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of
Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid,
Moated and high and by fair woodlands
hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we
learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,
Whose name has perished, with his
towers of stone,
And all his actions save this one alone ;

This one, so terrible, perhaps 't were
 best
 If it, too, were forgotten with the rest ;
 Unless, perchance, our eyes can see
 therein
 Themartyrdom triumphant o'er the sin ;
 A double picture, with its gloom and
 glow,
 The splendour overhead, the death be-
 low.
 This sombre man counted each day as
 lost
 On which his feet no sacred threshold
 crossed ;
 And when he chanced the passing Host
 to meet,
 He knelt and prayed devoutly in the
 street ;
 Oft he confessed ; and with each muti-
 nous thought,
 As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he
 fought.
 In deep contrition scourged himself in
 Lent,
 Walked in processions, with his head
 down bent,
 At plays of Corpus Christi oft was
 seen,
 And on Palm Sunday bore his bough
 of green.
 His sole diversion was to hunt the
 boar
 Through tangled thickets of the forest
 hoar,
 Or with his jingling mules to hurry
 down
 To some grand bull-fight in the neigh-
 boring town,
 Or in the crowd with lighted taper
 stand,
 When Jews were burned, or banished
 from the land.
 Then stirred within him a tumultuous
 joy ;
 The demon whose delight is to destroy
 Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet
 tone,
 " Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out
 his own !"
 And now, in that old castle in the
 wood,
 His daughters, in the dawn of woman-
 hood,

Returning from their convent school,
 had made
 Resplendent with their bloom the forest
 shade,
 Reminding him of their dead mother's
 face,
 When first she came into that gloomy
 place,—
 A memory in his heart as dim and
 sweet
 As moonlight in a solitary street,
 Where the same rays, that lift the sea,
 are thrown
 Lovely but powerless upon walls of
 stone.
 These two fair daughters of a mother
 dead
 Were all the dream had left him as it
 fled.
 A joy at first, and then a growing care,
 As if a voice within him cried, " Be-
 ware !"
 A vague presentiment of impending
 doom,
 Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,
 Haunted him day and night ; a form-
 less fear
 That death to some one of his house
 was near,
 With dark surmises of a hidden crime,
 Made life itself a death before its time.
 Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of
 shame,
 A spy upon his daughters he became ;
 With velvet slippers, noiseless on the
 floors,
 He glided softly through half-open
 doors ;
 Now in the room, and now upon the
 stair,
 He stood beside them ere they were
 aware ;
 He listened in the passage when they
 talked,
 He watched them from the casement
 when they walked,
 He saw the gypsy haunt the river's
 side,
 He saw the monk among the cork-trees
 glide ;
 And, tortured by the mystery and the
 doubt
 Of some dark secret, past his finding
 out,

Baffled he paused; then reassured
 again
 Pursued the flying phantom of his
 brain.
 He watched them even when they knelt
 in church;
 And then, descending lower in his
 search,
 Questioned the servants, and with eager
 eyes
 Listened incredulous to their replies;
 The gypsy? none had seen her in the
 wood!
 The monk? a mendicant in search of
 food!

At length the awful revelation came,
 Crushing at once his pride of birth and
 name,
 The hopes his yearning bosom forward
 cast,
 And the ancestral glories of the past;
 All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,
 A turret rent from battlement to base.
 His daughters talking in the dead of
 night
 In their own chamber, and without a
 light,
 Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,
 And learned the dreadful secret, word
 by word:
 And hurrying from his castle, with a
 cry
 He raised his hands to the unpitying
 sky,
 Repeating one dread word, till bush
 and tree
 Caught it, and shuddering answered,
 "Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn
 o'er his face,
 Now hurrying forward, now with linger-
 ing pace,
 He walked all night the alleys of his
 park,
 With one unseen companion in the
 dark,
 The Demon who within him lay in
 wait,
 And by his presence turned his love to
 hate,
 Forever muttering in an undertone,
 "Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out
 his own!"

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
 While yet the dew was glistening on
 the grass,
 And all the woods were musical with
 birds,
 The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,
 Walked homeward with the Priest, and
 in his room
 Summoned his trembling daughters to
 their doom.
 When questioned, with brief answers
 they replied,
 Nor when accused evaded or denied;
 Expostulations, passionate appeals,
 All that the human heart most fears or
 feels,
 In vain the Priest with earnest voice
 essayed,
 In vain the father threatened, wept,
 and prayed;
 Until at last he said, with haughty mien,
 "The Holy Office, then, must inter-
 vene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
 With all the fifty horsemen of his train,
 His awful name resounding, like the
 blast
 Of funeral trumpets, as he onward
 passed,
 Came to Valladolid, and there began
 To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.
 To him the Hidalgo went, and at the
 gate
 Demanded audience on affairs of state.
 And in a secret chamber stood before
 A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
 Dressed in the hood and habit of a
 friar;
 Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,
 And in his hand the mystic horn he held,
 Which poison and all noxious charms
 dispelled.
 He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,
 Then answered in a voice that made
 him quail:
 "Son of the Church! when Abraham
 of old
 To sacrifice his only son was told,
 He did not pause to parley nor protest,
 But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.
 In him it was accounted righteousness;
 The Holy Church expects of thee no
 less!"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's
 brain,
 And Mercy from that hour implored in
 vain.
 Ah! who will e'er believe the words I
 say?
 His daughters he accused, and the same
 day
 They both were cast into the dungeon's
 gloom,
 That dismal antechamber of the tomb,
 Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced
 to the flame,
 The secret torture and the public shame.
 Then to the Grand Inquisitor once
 more
 The Hidalgo went, more eager than
 before,
 And said: "When Abraham offered
 up his son,"
 He clave the wood wherewith it might
 be done.
 By his example taught, let me too bring
 Wood from the forest for my offering!
 And the deep voice, without a pause,
 replied:
 "Son of the Church! by faith now
 justified,
 Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;
 The Church absolves thy conscience
 from all guilt!"

Then this most wretched father went
 his way
 Into the woods, that round his castle lay,
 Where once his daughters in their
 childhood played
 With their young mother in the sun
 and shade.
 Now all the leaves had fallen; the
 branches bare
 Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
 And screaming from their eyries over-
 head
 The ravens sailed athwart the sky of
 lead.
 With his own hands he lopped the
 boughs and bound
 Fagots, that crackled with foreboding
 sound,
 And on his mules, caparisoned and
 gay
 With bells and tassels, sent them on
 their way.

Then with his mind on one dark pur-
 pose bent,
 Again to the Inquisitor he went,
 And said: "Behold, the fagots I have
 brought,
 And now, lest my atonement be as
 naught,
 Grant me one more request, one last
 desire,—
 With my own hand to light the funeral
 fire!"

And Torquemada answered from his
 seat,
 "Son of the Church! thine offering
 is complete;
 Her servants through all ages shall not
 cease
 To magnify thy deed. Depart in
 peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone
 The scaffold rose, whereon Death
 claimed his own.
 At the four corners, in stern attitude,
 Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets
 stood,
 Gazing with calm indifference in their
 eyes
 Upon this place of human sacrifice,
 Round which was gathering fast the
 eager crowd,
 With clamor of voices dissonant and
 loud,
 And every roof and window was alive
 With restless gazers, swarming like a
 hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of
 monks drew near,
 Loud trumpets stammered forth their
 notes of fear,
 A line of torches smoked along the
 street,
 There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
 And, with its banners floating in the air,
 Slowly the long procession crossed the
 square,
 And, to the statues of the Prophets
 bound,
 The victims stood, with fagots piled
 around.
 Then all the air a blast of trumpets
 shook,
 And louder sang the monks with bell
 and book,

And the Hildalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead !

O pitiless skies ! why did your clouds retain
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain ?
O pitiless earth ! why opened no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this ?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,
And as the villagers in terror gazed,
They saw the figure of that cruel knight
Lean from a window in the turret's height,
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones ;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted race ;
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath !

INTERLUDE.

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed ;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace ;

His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.
The student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.
" In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss.
The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belfagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain ! "

And here the Poet raised his hand,
With such entreaty and command,
It stopped discussion at its birth,
And said : " The story I shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth ;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth ! "

THE POET'S TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King ;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,

And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from
the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping
loud,

Filled all the blossoming orchards
with their glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still
were proud

Their race in Holy Writ should
mentioned be;

And hungry crows, assembled in a
crowd,

Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,

Knowing who hears the ravens cry,
and said:

"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily
bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage
sailed,

Speaking some unknown language
strange and sweet:

Of tropic isle remote, and passing
hailed

The village with the cheers of all
their fleet;

Or quarrelling together, laughed and
railed

Like foreign sailors, landed in the
street

Of seaport town, and with outlandish
noise

Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls
and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Kill-
ingworth,

In fabulous days, some hundred
years ago;

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the
earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of the
crow,

That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;

They shook their heads, and doomed
with dreadful words

To swift destruction the whole race of
birds.

And a town-meeting was convened
straightway

To set a price upon the guilty heads

Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden
beds

And cornfields, and beheld without
dismay

The awful scarecrow, with his flut-
tering shreds;

The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was in-
creased.

Then from his house, a temple painted
white,

With fluted columns, and a roof of
red,

The Squire came forth, august and
splendid sight!

Slowly descending, with majestic
tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking left
nor right,

Down the long street he walked, as
one who said,

"A town that boasts inhabitants like
me

Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man aus-
tere,

The instinct of whose nature was to
kill:

The wrath of God he preached from
year to year,

And read, with fervor, Edwards on
the Will;

His favorite pastime was to slay the
deer

In Summer on some Adirondac hill;

E'en now, while walking down the
rural lane,

He lopped the wayside lilies with his
cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry
crowned

The hill of Science with its vane of
brass,

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the

green grass,

And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,

Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as

bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
 His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
 There never was so wise a man before;
 He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
 And to perpetuate his great renown
 There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
 With sundry farmers from the region round.
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
 But enemies enough, who every one
 Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
 Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
 And, trembling like a steed before the start,
 Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
 Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
 To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
 From his Republic banished without pity
 The Poets; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,

The birds, who make sweet music for us all
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
 The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore?
 for the gain
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
 As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
 Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old, melodious madrigals o' love!

And when you think of this, remember
too

'T is always morning somewhere, and
above
The awakening continents, from shore
to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing ever-
more.

"Think of your woods and orchards
without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs
and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his
dreams !

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your
teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no
more

The feathered gleaners follow to your
door ?

"What ! would you rather see the in-
cessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshop-
per

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdiesplay?
Is this more pleasant to you than the
whir

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roun-
delay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and
brake ?

"You call them thieves and pillagers ;
but know,

They are the winged wardens of your
farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the in-
sidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hun-
dred harms ;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-
at-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat-of-mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentle-
ness,

And mercy to the weak, and rever-
ence

For Life, which, in its weakness or
excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is
no less

The selfsame light, although averted
hence,

When by your laws, your actions, and
your speech,

You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed ; and through the
audience went

A murmur, like the rustle of dead
leaves ;

The farmers laughed and nodded, and
some bent

Their yellow heads together like their
sheaves ;

Men have no faith in fine-spun senti-
ment

Who put their trust in bullocks and
in bees.

The birds were doomed ; and, as the
record shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of
reach,

Who had no voice nor vote in making
laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with
applause ;

They made him conscious, each one
more than each,

He still was victor, vanquished in
their cause.

Sweetest of all the applause he won
from thee,

O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er

woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains
on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of
man,

While the young died of famine in
their nests ;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not
words,

The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds
 were dead ;
 The days were like hot coals ; the
 very ground
 Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards
 fed
 Myriads of caterpillars, and around
 The cultivated fields and garden beds
 Hosts of devouring insects crawled,
 and found
 No foe to check their march, till they
 had made
 The land a desert without leaf or shade.
 Devoured by worms, like Herod, was
 the town,
 Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
 Slaughtered the Innocents. From the
 trees spun down
 The canker-worms upon the passers-
 by,
 Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and
 gown,
 Who shook them off with just a little
 cry ;
 They were the terror of each favorite
 walk,
 The endless theme of all the village talk.
 The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not
 complain,
 For after all, the best thing one can do
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
 Then they repealed the law, although
 they knew
 It would not call the dead to life again ;
 As school-boys, finding their mistake
 too late,
 Draw a wet sponge across the accusing
 slate.
 That year in Killingworth the Autumn
 came
 Without the light of his majestic look,
 The wonder of the falling tongues of
 flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doom's-
 day Book.
 A few lost leaves blushed crimson with
 their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing
 in the brook,
 While the wild wind went moaning
 everywhere,
 Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was
 seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was
 sung,
 As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a
 tongue !
 A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages
 hung,
 All full of singing birds, came down the
 street,
 Filling the air with music wild and sweet.
 From all the country round these birds
 were brought,
 By order of the town, with anxious
 quest,
 And, loosened from their wicker pris-
 ons, sought
 In woods and fields the places they
 loved best,
 Singing loud canticles, which many
 thought
 Were satires to the authorities ad-
 dressed,
 While others, listening in green lanes,
 averred
 Such lovely music never had been
 heard !
 But blither still and louder carolled
 they
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed to
 know
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
 And everywhere, around, above, be-
 low,
 When the Preceptor bore his bride
 away,
 Their songs burst forth in joyous
 overflow,
 And a new heaven bent over a new
 earth
 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

F I N A L E .

THE hour was late ; the fire burned low,
 The Landlord's eyes were closed in
 sleep,
 And near the story's end a deep
 Sonorous sound at times was heard,
 As when the distant bagpipes blow.

At this all laughed; the Landlord
 stirred,
 As one awaking from a swoon,
 And, gazing anxiously around,
 Protested that he had not slept,
 But only shut his eyes, and kept
 His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."
 Alone remained the drowsy Squire

To rake the embers of the fire,
 And quench the waning parlor light;
 While from the windows, here and
 there,
 The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
 And the illumined hostel seemed
 The constellation of the Bear,
 Downward, athwart the misty air,
 Sinking and setting toward the sun.
 Far off the village clock struck one.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence—
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
 It is slumber, it is not death;
 For he struggles at times to arise,
 And above him the lurid skies
 Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
 The earth is heaped on his head;
 But the groans of his wild unrest,
 Though smothered and half suppressed,
 Are heard, and he is not dead,

And the nations far away
 Are watching with eager eyes;
 They talk together and say,
 "To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
 Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
 Oppressors in their strength,
 Stand aghast and white with fear
 At the ominous sounds they hear,
 And tremble, and mutter, "At
 length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown
 With the harvest of despair!

Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !
"T is the glare of his awful eyes !
And the storm-wind shouts through
The pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise !"

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-
of-war :

And at times from the fortress across the
bay

The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our
foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her
guns,

And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag !" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never !" our gallant Morris replies ;
"It is better to sink than to yield !"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For he,

Next morn'g, a sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast
head.

Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the
seas !

Ye are at peace in the troubled stream ;
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine ex-
pression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :
Whereon shall no man work, but play.
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every
vein,

I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the
rooms

The snow-flakes of the cherry-blossoms !
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

1860.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;

By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made ;
Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.
And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and
fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your
load ;

I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine that so long has glowed and
burned,

With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source di-
vine ;

Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

FLOWER-DE-LUCE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

1866.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir !

Thou laughest at the mill, the whir and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet !
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before ;
And the wild-roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed

Their petals of pale red.
There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,

And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me ! what wonder-working, occult
science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once
more

The rose of youth restore ?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single
hour

Renew this phantom-flower ?

"O, give me back," I cried, "the van-
ished splendors,
The breath of morn, and the exultant
strife,

When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and sur-
renders

The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep !"

And the sea answered, with a lamenta-
tion,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it
said,

"Alas ! thy youth is dead !
It breathes no more, its heart has no
pulsation ;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold !"

Then said I, "From its consecrated
cerements

I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain ;
But, still remembering all the lost
endearments,

Go on my way, like one who looks
before,

And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plan-
tations

Bright with autumnal foliage and the
glow

Of sunsets burning low ;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose
constellations

Light up the spacious avenues be-
tween

This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and ca-
resses,

What households, though not alien, yet
not mine,

What bowers of rest divine ;

To what temptations in lone wilder-
nesses,

What famine of the heart, what paid
and loss,

The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly ques-
tion

Those pages of the mystic book which
hold

The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or sug-
gestion

Turn its last leaves in reverence and
good heed,

Until "The End" I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken
Pleasant visions, as of old !

Though the house by winds be shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,

Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair !

But, instead, she builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,

Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,

As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,
Naught avails the cry of pain !

When I touch the flying vesture,
"T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,

Watch the mist that interveping
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,

Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden
Every tower and town and farm,

And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
 And the nests in hedge and tree ;
 At what doors are friendly faces,
 In what hearts are thoughts of me.
 Through the mist and darkness sinking,
 Blown by wind and beaten by shower,
 Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
 Down I toss this Alpine flower.

HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one bright
 day

In the long week of rain !
 Though all its splendor could not chase
 away
 The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-
 blooms,
 And the great elms o'erhead
 Dark shadows wove on their aerial
 looms,
 Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old
 manse,
 The historic river flowed :
 It was as one who wanders in a trance,
 Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed
 strange :
 Their voices I could hear,
 And yet the words they uttered seemed
 to change
 Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not
 there.

The one low voice was mute ;
 Only an unseen presence filled the air,
 And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse,
 and stream

Dimly my thought defines ;
 I only see — a dream within a dream —
 The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
 Their tender undertone,
 The infinite longings of a troubled
 breast,
 The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
 The wizard hand lies cold,
 Which at its topmost speed let fall the
 pen,

And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic
 power,
 And the lost clew regain ?
 The unfinished window in Aladdin's
 tower
 Unfinished must remain !

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !
 And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearth-stones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
 "There is no peace on earth," I said ;
 "For hate is strong,

And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !"

Then pealed the bells more loud and
 deep :

"God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,

With peace on earth, good-will to men !"

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

Sax, the fire is sinking low,
 Dusky red the embers glow,
 While above them still I cower,
 While a moment more I linger,
 Though the clock, with lifted finger,
 Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
 Learned in some forgotten June
 From a school-boy at his play,
 When they both were young together,
 Heart of youth and summer weather
 Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark !
 How above there in the dark,
 In the midnight and the snow,
 Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
 Like the trumpets of Iskander,
 All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame
 Seems to murmur some great name,
 Seems to say to me, "Aspire !"
 But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
 Are the visions that you follow,
 Into darkness sinks your fire !"

Then the flicker of the blaze
 Gleams on volumes of old days,
 Written by masters of the art,
 Loud through whose majestic pages
 Rolls the melody of ages,
 Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
 Start exulting and exclaim :
 "These are prophets, bards, and seers ;
 In the horoscope of nations,
 Like ascendant constellations,
 They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries : "Despair !
 Those who walk with feet of air
 Leave no long-enduring marks ;
 At God's forges incandescent
 Mighty hammers beat incessant,
 These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought ;
 Books are sepulchres of thought ;
 The dead laurels of the dead

Rustle for a moment only,
 Like the withered leaves in lonely
 Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;
 Sink the rumors of renown ;
 And alone the night-wind drear
 Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer, —
 " 'T is the brand of Meleager
 Dying on the hearth-stone here !"

And I answer, — "Though it be,
 Why should that discomfort me ?
 No endeavor is in vain ;
 Its reward is in the doing,
 And the rapture of pursuing
 Is the prize the vanquished gain."

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells
 of Lynn !
 O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells
 of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-
 cathedral wafted,
 Your sounds aerial seem to float, O
 Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across the
 crimson twilight,
 O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O
 Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out be-
 yond the headland,
 Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O
 Bells of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering
 cattle homeward
 Follow each other at your call, O Bells
 of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse bears, and with
 his flaming signal
 Answers you, passing the watchword
 on, O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run the
 tumultuous surges,
 And clap their hands, and shout to you,
 O Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with your
wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O
Bells of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird
woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O
Bells of Lynn !

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-
call,

Whom all eyes followed with one con-
sent,

The cheer of whose laugh, and whose
pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some
old song :

"Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point of his
sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was
still ;

Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill ;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying
dead ;

But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and
the rain

Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's
lamp

Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red !

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,

Till it reached a town in the distance
North,

Till it reached a house in a sunny
street,

Till it reached a heart that ceased to
beat

Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off
town,

For one who had passed from cross to
crown,

And the neighbors wondered that she
should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful and
sweet

By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without
complaint

On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden
feet,

Fail of the nimbus which the artists
paint

Around the shining forehead of the
saint,

And are in their completeness in-
complete !

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's
tower,

The lily of Florence blossoming in
stone, —

A vision, a delight, and a desire, —
The builder's perfect and centennial
flower,

That in the night of ages bloomed
alone,

But wanting still the glory of the
spire.

TO-MORROW.

'T is late at night, and in the realm of
sleep

My little lambs are folded like the
flocks ;

From room to room I hear the wake-
ful clocks

Challenge the passing hour, like
guards that keep

Their solitary watch on tower and steep ;
 Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
 And through the opening door that
 time unlocks
 Feel the fresh breathing of To-mor-
 row creep.
 To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown
 guest,
 Who cries to me : " Remembes Bar-
 mecide,
 And tremble to be happy with the
 rest."
 And I make answer : " I am satisfied ;
 I dare not ask ; I know not what is
 best ;
 God hath already said what shall
 betide."

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.

OFF have I seen at some cathedral door
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and
 heat,
 Lay down his burden, and with rev-
 erent feet
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the
 floor
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;
 Far off the noises of the world retreat ;
 The loud vociferations of the street
 Become an undistinguishable roar.
 So, as I enter here from day to day,
 And leave my burden at this minster
 gate,
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed
 to pray,
 The tumult of the time disconsolate
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
 While the eternal ages watch and
 wait.

I.

How strange the sculptures that adorn
 these towers !
 This crowd of statues, in whose folded
 sleeves
 Birds build their nests ; while cano-
 pied with leaves
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised
 bowers,

And the vast minster seems a cross of
 flowers !
 But fiends and dragons on the gar-
 goyle eaves
 Watch the dead Christ between the
 living thieves,
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas
 lowers !
 Ah ! from what agonies of heart and
 brain,
 What exultations trampling on de-
 spair,
 What tenderness, what tears, what
 hate of wrong,
 What passionate outcry of a soul in
 pain,
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
 This mediæval miracle of song !

III.

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !
 And strive to make my steps keep
 pace with thine.
 The air is filled with some unknown
 perfume ;
 The congregation of the dead make
 room
 For thee to pass ; the votive tapers
 shine ;
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's
 groves of pine
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb
 to tomb.
 From the confessionals I hear arise
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
 And lamentations from the crypts
 below ;
 And then a voice celestial, that begins
 With the pathetic words, " Although
 your sins
 As scarlet be," and ends with " as
 the snow."

IV.

WITH snow-white veil and garments as
 of flame,
 She stands before thee, who so long
 ago
 Filled thy young heart with passion
 and the woe
 From which thy song and all its
 splendors came ;

And while with stern rebuke she speaks
thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the
snow
On mountain heights, and in swift
overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs
of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a
gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest
cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to in-
crease;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered
dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at
last
That perfect pardon which is perfect
peace.

V.

I LIFT mine eyes, and all the windows
blaze
With forms of saints and holy men
who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glori-
fied;
And the great Rose upon its leaves
displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic
roundels,
With splendor upon splendor mul-
tiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her
words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and un-
seen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace
and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the
spires
O'er all the house-tops and through
heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

VI.

O STAR of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splen-
dor shines

Above the darkness of the Apen-
nines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the
pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar
lines
Are footpaths for the thought of
Italy!
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the
heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound
is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new prose-
lytes,
In their own language hear thy
wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many
doubt.

NOËL.

ENVOYÉ A M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE
NOËL 1864, AVEC UN FANIER DE VINS
DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection,
A la faveur du sujet,
Ture-lure,
N'y fera point de rature;
Noël! ture-lure-lure.
GUI-BARÔZAL.

QUAND les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
" Bons amis
Allons donc chez Agassiz!"

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A l'envi se vantaient d'être
" Bons amis
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz!"
Œil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
" Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!"

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
Mais des environs d'Avise,
Fredonne à mainte reprise,

" Bons amis,

J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! "

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !

" Bons amis,

J' ai diné chez Agassiz ! "

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,
Parfumé de poésie
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,

" Bons amis,

J'ai soupé chez Agassiz ! "

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus et bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne
Vint le Sire de Sauterne ;

" Bons amis,

J'ai chouché chez Agassiz ! "

Mais le dernier de ces preux,
Était un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
" Bénédiction sur le Juste !

Bons amis

Bénissons Père Agassiz ! "

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,

Bons amis,

A la porte d'Agassiz !

" Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,

Bons amis,

De la famille Agassiz ! "

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;
Épargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes !

Bons amis,

Respectez mon Agassiz !

THREE BOOKS OF SONG.

1872.

BOOK FIRST.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.—THE SECOND DAY.

PRELUDE.

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern window-
pane,
And made a river of the road ;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,
And drowned the upland and the plain,
Through which the oak-trees, broad
and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by :

And, hidden behind a watery screen,
The sun unseen, or only seen
As a faint pallor in the sky : —
Thus cold and colorless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not
hear
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,

Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside,
Was strutting with a martial stride,
As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the Squire,
And said, "Behold me and admire!"

Only the Poet seemed to hear,
In drowse or dream, more near and near
Across the border-land of sleep
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to scorn;
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels
Through sand and mire like stranding
keels,

As from the road with sudden sweep
The Mail drove up the little steep,
And stopped beside the tavern door;
A moment stopped, and then again
With crack of whip and bark of dog
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,
And all was silent as before. —
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came
down,

And greeted with a smile the Squire,
Who sat before the parlor fire,
Reading the paper fresh from town.
First the Sicilian, like a bird,
Before his form appeared, was heard
Whistling and singing down the stair;
Then came the Student, with a look
As placid as a meadow-brook.

The Theologian, still perplexed
With thoughts of this world and the
next:

The Poet then, as one who seems
Walking in visions and in dreams;
Then the Musician, like a fair
Hyperion from whose golden hair
The radiance of the morning streams;
And last the aromatic Jew
Of Alicante, who, as he threw
The door wide open, on the air
Breathed round about him a perfume
Of damask roses in full bloom,
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued
The promptings of his various mood;
Beside the fire in silence smoked
The taciturn, impassive Jew,
Lost in a pleasant reverie;
While, by his gravity provoked,

His portrait the Sicilian drew,
And wrote beneath it "Edrehi,
At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all,
The Theologian in the hall
Was feeding robins in a cage, —
Two corpulent and lazy birds,
Vagrants and pilferers at best,
If one might trust the hostler's words,
Chief instrument of their arrest;
Two poets of the Golden Age,
Heirs of a boundless heritage
Of fields and orchards, east and west,
And sunshine of long summer days,
Though outlawed now and dispos-
sessed! —

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse
With the Musician, on the source
Of all the legendary lore

Among the nations, scattered wide
Like silt and seaweed by the force
And fluctuation of the tide;
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,
With change of place and change of
name,

Disguised, transformed, and yet the
same
We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused,
And saw, as in a dream confused,
The countenance of the Sun, dis-
crowned,

And haggard with a pale despair,
And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift
Before it, and the trees uplift
Their leafless branches, and the air
Filled with the arrows of the rain,
And heard amid the mist below,
Like voices of distress and pain,
That haunt the thoughts of men insane,
The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud besprent,
And drenched with rain from head to
hoof,

The rain-drops dripping from his mane
And tail as from a pent-house roof,
A jaded horse, his head down bent,
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had grown
Impatient longer to abide

A prisoner, greatly mortified
To see completely overthrown
His plans for angling in the brook,
And, leaning o'er the bridge of stone,
To watch the speckled trout glide by,
And float through the inverted sky,
Still round and round the baited
hook —

Now paced the room with rapid stride,
And, pausing at the Poet's side,
Looked forth, and saw the wretched
steed,

And said : " Alas for human greed,
That with cold hand and stony eye
Thus turns an old friend out to die,
Or beg his food from gate to gate !
This brings a tale into my mind,
Which, if you are not disinclined
To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent ; all wished to hear,
Not without many a jest and jeer,
The story of a spavined steed ;
And even the Student with the rest
Put in his pleasant little jest
Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus
Is but a horse that with all speed
Bears poets to the hospital ;
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,
After a moment's interval
Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant re-
nown,

One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
" I climb no farther upward, come what
may."

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to
fame,

So many monarchs since have borne the
name,

Had a great bell hung in the market-
place

Beneath a roof, projecting some small
space,

By way of shelter from the sun and
rain.

Then rode he through the streets with
all his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets loud
and long,

Made proclamation, that whenever
wrong

Was done to any man, he should but
ring

The great bell in the square, and he, the
King,

Would cause the Syndic to decide
thereon.

Such was the proclamation of King
John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not
here be said.

Suffice it that, as all things must de-
cay,

The hempen rope at length was worn
away,

Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by
strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's
hand,

Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,

So that the leaves and tendrils of the
vine

Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri
dwelt

A knight, with spur on heel and sword
in belt,

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the
woods,

Who loved his falcons with their crim-
son hoods,

Who loved his hounds and horses, and
all sports

And prodigalities of camps and
courts : —

Loved, or had loved them : for at last,
grown old,

His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and
hounds,

Rented his vineyards and his garden-
grounds,

Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,

To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need

To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?

Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat

Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;

And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,

Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,

The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!

The Syndic started from his deep repose,

Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose

And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace

Went panting forth into the marketplace,

Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung

Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade

He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,

No shape of human form of woman born,

But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye

Was tugging at the vines of briony.

"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,

"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!

He calls for justice, being sore distressed,

And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd

Had rolled together like a summer cloud,

And told the story of the wretched beast

In five-and-twenty different ways at least,

With much gesticulation and appeal,
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.

The Knight was called and questioned; in reply

Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,

And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,

Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:

"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!

These are familiar proverbs; but I fear

They never yet have reached your knightly ear.

What fair renown, what honor, what repute

Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more

Than they who clamor loudest at the door.

Therefore the law decrees that as this steed

Served you in youth, henceforth you
shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the
people all

Led home the steed in triumph to his
stall.

The King heard and approved; and
laughed in glee,

And cried aloud: "Right well it
pleaseth me!

Church-bells at best but ring us to the
door;

But go not in to mass; my bell doth
more:

It cometh into court and pleads the
cause

Of creatures dumb and unknown to the
laws;

And this shall make, in every Christian
clime,

The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

INTERLUDE.

"Yes, well your story pleads the cause
Of those dumb mouths that have no
speech,

Only a cry from each to each
In its own kind, with its own laws;
Something that is beyond the reach
Of human power to learn or teach,—
An inarticulate moan of pain,
Like the immeasurable main
Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;
Then added, with impassioned cry,
As one who feels the words he speaks,
The color flushing in his cheeks,
The fervor burning in his eye:
"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and
face,

The were-wolves of the human race!"
Then paused, and waited with a frown,
Like some old champion of romance,
Who, having thrown his gauntlet down,
Expectant leans upon his lance;
But neither Knight nor Squire is found
To raise the gauntlet from the ground,
And try with him the battle's chance.

"Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi!
Or dreaming speak to us, and make
A feint of being half awake,
And tell us what your dreams may be.
Out of the hazy atmosphere
Of cloud-land deign to reappear
Among us in this Wayside Inn;
Tell us what visions and what scenes
Illuminate the dark ravines
In which you grope your way. Be-
gin!"

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew
Made no reply, but only smiled,
As men unto a wayward child,
Not knowing what to answer, do.
As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown
With moss and intertangled vines,
A streamlet leaps into the light
And murmurs over root and stone
In a melodious undertone;
Or as amid the noonday night
Of sombre and wind-haunted pines,
There runs a sound as of the sea;
So from his bearded lips there came
A melody without a name,
A song, a tale, a history,
Or whatsoever it may be,
Writ and recorded in these lines.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window
gazed,
And saw in the thronging street be-
neath,

In the light of the setting sun, that
blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the car-
avan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled
sheath,
And the shining scymitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their
teeth,
As they passed and passed through the
gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau :
And he stood before the Khan, and
said :

"The enemies of my lord are dead ;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest ;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-
trees,

The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the
seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne :
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and
the jewels he wore ;
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of
sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of
men,

To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm
was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from
within ;
And with clash of cymbals and warlike
din

The gates swung wide ; and we turned
and fled ;

And the garrison sallied forth and pur-
sued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,

And above them the banner of Mo-
ammed :
So we snared them all, and the town
was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower of
Gold !
For there the Kalif had hidden his
wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on
high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him
health,
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry
eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-
worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif : 'Thou art old,
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and
hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and
near,

But have sown through the land these
useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of
wheat ;

These bars of silver thou canst not eat ;
These jewels and pearls and precious
stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy
tower !"

"Then into his dungeon I locked the
drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive :
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of
stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive !

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor ;
The rings had dropped from his with-
ered hands,

His teeth were like bones in the desert sands :

Still clutching his treasure he had died ;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

INTERLUDE.

"I THOUGHT before your tale began,"
The Student murmured, "we should
have

Some legend written by Judah Rav
In his Gemara of Babylon ;
Or something from the Gulistan,—
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorasan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been dead
Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust
Of power, though all the rest was dust.

"But lo ! your glittering caravan
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan
Hath led us farther to the East
Into the regions of Cathay.
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,
Pleasant has been the tale you told,
And full of color ; that at least
No one will question or gainsay.
And yet on such a dismal day
We need a merrier tale to clear
The dark and heavy atmosphere.
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,
Without a preface, what befell
A simple cobbler, in the year —
No matter ; it was long ago ;
And that is all we need to know."

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow
You all have heard of Hagenau,
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town
Among the green Alsatian hills,

A place of valleys, streams, and mills,
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown
With rust of centuries, still looks down
On the broad, drowsy land below,
On shadowy forests filled with game,
And the blue river winding slow
Through meadows, where the hedges
grow

That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,
While yet the Master-singers filled
The noisy workshop and the guild
With various melodies and rhymes,
That here in Hagenau there dwelt
A cobbler, — one who loved debate,
And, arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only felt ;
A man of forecast and of thrift,
And of a shrewd and careful mind
In this world's business, but inclined
Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read,
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,
For their poetic fame had spread
Even to the town of Hagenau ;
And some Quick Melody of the Plough,
Or Double Harmony of the Dove,
Was always running in his head.
He kept, moreover, at his side,
Among his leathers and his tools,
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide ;
With these he was much edified ;
He thought them wiser than the
Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,
Liked not these worldly themes to
hear ;

The Psalter was her book of songs ;
The only music to her ear
Was that which to the Church belongs,
When the loud choir on Sunday
chanted,

And the two angels carved in wood,
That by the windy organ stood,
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,
And all the echoes, far and near,
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,
This humble votary of the muse
Sat in the narrow strip of shade
By a projecting cornice made,

Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,
And singing a familiar tune :

" Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare ;
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care ;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where :
But if we do well here
We shall do well there ;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year ! "

Thus sang the cobbler at his work ;
And with his gestures marked the time,
Closing together with a jerk
Of his waxed thread the stitch and
rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk might be
That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street,
With horns that blew, and drums that
beat,

And banners flying, and the flame
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet
Voices of nuns ; and as they sang
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of wood,
To which at times he meekly bowed.
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,
With voice and air importunate,
A boisterous herald cried aloud :
" The grace of God is at your gate ! "
So onward to the church they passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,
And, wagging his sagacious head,
Unto his kneeling housewife said :
" 'T is the monk Tetzl. I have heard
The cawings of that reverend bird.
Don't let him cheat you of your gold ;
Indulgence is not bought and sold. "

The church of Hagenau, that night,
Was full of people, full of light ;
An odour of incense filled the air,
The priest intoned, the organ groaned

Its inarticulate despair ;
The candles on the altar blazed,
And full in front of it upraised
The red cross stood against the glare.
Below, upon the altar-rail
Indulgences were set to sale,
Like ballads at a country fair.
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound
And carved with many a quaint device,
Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,
Tetzl the monk, with fiery glow,
Thundered upon the crowd below.
" Good people all, draw near ! " he
said :

" Purchase these letters, signed and
sealed,

By which all sins, though unrevealed
And unrepented, are forgiven !
Count but the gain, count not the loss !
Your gold and silver are but dross,
And yet they pave the way to heaven.
I hear your mothers and your sires
Cry from their purgatorial fires,
And will ye not their ransom pay ?
O senseless people ! when the gate
Of heaven is open, will ye wait ?
Will ye not enter in to-day ?
To-morrow it will be too late ;
I shall be gone upon my way.
Make haste ! bring money while ye
may ! "

The women shuddered, and turned
pale ;

Allured by hope or driven by fear,
With many a sob and many a tear,
All crowded to the altar-rail.
Pieces of silver and of gold
Into the tinkling strong-box fell
Like pebbles dropped into a well ;
And soon the ballads were all sold.
The cobbler's wife among the rest
Slipped into the capacious chest
A golden florin ; then withdrew,
Hiding the paper in her breast ;
And homeward through the darkness
went,

Cotafert, quieted, content ;
She did not walk, she rather flew,
A dove that settles to her nest,
When some appalling bird of prey
That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,
The summer passed, the winter came ;
Though seasons changed, yet still the
same

The daily round of life went on ;
The daily round of household care,
The narrow life of toil and prayer.
But in her heart the cobbler's dame
Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of Paradise.
Alas, alas ! Dust unto dust !
Before the winter wore away,
Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the Just !

After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with
care, —

Some little trinkets and cheap rings,
A locket with her mother's hair,
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers
She wore upon her wedding day, —
Among these memories of past hours,
That so much of the heart reveal,
Carefully kept and put away,
The Letter of Indulgence lay
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and
pained,

Waited and wondered that no word
Of mass or requiem he heard,
As by the Holy Church ordained :
Then to the Magistrate complained,
That as this woman had been dead
A week or more, and no mass said,
It was rank heresy, or at least
Contempt of Church ; thus said the
Priest ;

And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
But rather doubtful of the laws.
The Justice from his elbow-chair
Gave him a look that seemed to say :
" Thou standest before a Magistrate,
Therefore do not prevaricate ! "
Then asked him in a business way,
Kindly but cold : " Is thy wife dead ? "
The cobbler meekly bowed his head :
" She is," came struggling from his
throat
Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote :

The words down in a book ; and then
Continued, as he raised his pen :
" She is ; and hath a mass been said
For the salvation of her soul ?
Come, speak the truth ! confess the
whole ! "

The cobbler without pause replied :
" Of mass or prayer there was no need ;
For at the moment when she died
Her soul was with the glorified ! "
And from his pocket with all speed
He drew the priestly title-deed,
And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;
And as he read his mirth increased ;
At times his shaggy brows he raised,
Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,
Now archly at the angry Priest.

" From all excesses, sins, and crimes
Thou hast committed in past times
Thee I absolve ! And furthermore,
Purified from all earthly taints,
To the communion of the Saints
And to the sacraments restore !
All stains of weakness, and all trace
Of shame and censure I efface ;
Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,
And make thee innocent and pure,
So that in dying, unto thee
The gates of heaven shall open be !
Though long thou livest, yet this grace
Until the moment of thy death
Unchangeable continueth ! "

Then said he to the Priest : " I find
This document is duly signed
Brother John Tetzel, his own hand.
At all tribunals in the land
In evidence it may be used ;
Therefore acquitted is the accused. "
Then to the cobbler turned : " My friend,
Pray tell me, didst thou ever read
Reynard the Fox ? " — " O yes, in-
deed ! " —

" I thought so. Don't forget the end. "

INTERLUDE.

" WHAT was the end ? I am ashamed
Not to remember Reynard's fate ;
I have not read the book of late :
Was he not hanged ? " the Poet said.
The Student gravely shook his head,

And answered "You exaggerate.
There was a tournament proclaimed,
And Reynard fought with Isegrim
The Wolf, and having vanquished him,
Rose to high honor in the State,
And Keeper of the Seals was named!"

At this the gay Sicilian laughed:
"Fight fire with fire, and craft with
craft;

Successful cunning seems to be
The moral of your tale," said he.
"Mipe had a better, and the Jew's
Had none at all, that I could see;
His aim was only to amuse."

Meanwhile from out its ebony case
His violin the Minstrel drew,
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And poising in his outstretched hand
The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming
face:

"Last night my story was too long;
To-day I give you but a song.
An old tradition of the North;
But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,
And from this instrument draw forth
Something by way of overture."

He played; at first the tones were pure
And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her height,
The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale;
A tempest howling through the dark,
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,
A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel; and at times
He paused amid its varying rhymes,
And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear,
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

L

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side;
And through the cabin windows
streamed

In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their
grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and
bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew;
Them to torment was his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman beheld.
It is a certain sign of death!—
The cabin-boy here held his breath.
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

THE jolly skipper paused awhile,

And then again began :

"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A Ship of the Dead that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan."

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempests she appears ;
And before the gale, or against the
gale,

She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers.

"She haunts the Atlantic north and
south,

But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and
bare

Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys Three.

"And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan ;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.

"I should like to see this ship," said
he ;

"I should like to find these Chimneys
Three,

That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he
said,

"With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky
was clear, —

You can follow my course by these pin-
holes here, —

And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,

He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he
ran

Right into Eternity !

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard ;
He lingered at the door to hear,

And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,

But of a roving mind.

"O, it must be like heaven," thought
he,

"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find !"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard

The mariners blaspheme,

He thought of home, he thought of
God,

And his mother under the churchyard
sod,

And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he ;

'T was the Klaboterman.

Who saw the Bible in his chest,

And made a sign upon his breast,

All evil things to ban.

III.

THE cabin windows have grown blank

As eyeballs of the dead ;

No more the glancing sunbeams burn

On the gilt letters of the stern,

But on the figure-head ;

On Valdemar Victorious,

Who looketh with disdain

To see his image in the tide

Dismembered float from side to side,

And reunite again.

"It is the wind," those skippers said,

"That swings the vessel so ;

It is the wind ; it freshens fast,

'T is time to say farewell at last,

'T is time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand,

"Good luck ! good luck !" they
cried ;

Each face was like the setting sun,

As, broad and red, they one by one

Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,

Serene o'er field and flood ;

And all the winding creeks and bays

And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,

The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,

As fair as wind could be ;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams ;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn ;
And now, uplifted high in air,
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around ;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land ;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack
She flitteth like a ghost ;
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,
Cape Finisterre is past ;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight ;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black as with forests underneath,
Above their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, — all black, all black ;

The clouds were everywhere ;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be ;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro ;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep ;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,

And rent the sky in two ;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before ;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,

The ghostly Carmilhan !
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,

And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the shrouds ;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,

Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
 There rose up from the sea,
 As from a foundered ship of stone,
 Three bare and splintered masts alone :
 They were the Chimneys Three !

And onward dashed the Valdemar
 And leaped into the dark ;
 A denser mist, a colder blast,
 A little shudder, and she had passed
 Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
 But cleft it unaware ;
 As when, careering to her nest,
 The sea-gull severs with her breast
 The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again
 They saw the Carmilhan,
 Whole as before in hull and spar ;
 But now on board of the Valdemar
 Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was
 sealed ;
 They knew that death was near ;
 Some prayed who never prayed before,
 And some they wept, and some they
 swore,
 And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
 And louder than wind or sea
 A cry burst from the crew on deck,
 As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless
 wreck,
 Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the
 light
 To streak the east began ;
 The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
 Survived the wreck, and only he,
 To tell of the Carmilhan.

 INTERLUDE.

WHEN the long murmur of applause
 That greeted the Musician's lay
 Had slowly buzzed itself away,
 And the long talk of Spectre Ships
 That followed died upon their lips

And came unto a natural pause,
 " These tales you tell are one and all
 Of the Old World," the Poet said,
 " Flowers gathered from a crumbling
 wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they fall ;
 Let me present you in their stead
 Something of our New England earth,
 A tale which, though of no great worth,
 Has still this merit, that it yields
 A certain freshness of the fields,
 A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered : " Be discreet ;
 For if the flour be fresh and sound,
 And if the bread be light and sweet,
 Who careth in what mill 't was ground,
 Or of what oven felt the heat,
 Unless, as old Cervantes said,
 You are looking after better bread
 Than any that is made of wheat ?
 You know that people nowadays
 To what is old give little praise ;
 All must be new in prose and verse :
 They want hot bread, or something
 worse,

Fresh every morning, and half baked ;
 The wholesome bread of yesterday,
 Too stale for them, is thrown away,
 Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May
 Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,
 The Poet's face, before so gay,
 Was clouded with a look of pain,
 But suddenly brightened up again ;
 And without further let or stay
 He told his tale of yesterday.

 THE POET'S TALE.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something
 more,
 In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her
 tavern door,
 Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
 Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
 Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking
 nine.
 Above her head, resplendent on the
 sign,

The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied
 charms.

Her cap, her bodice, her white folded
 arms.

And half resolved, though he was past
 his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of
 time.

To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to
 despair.

For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-
 green,

Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four
in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the
 land.

And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoul-
 ders bare,

A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and
 adore,

Though now in mean habiliments she
 bore

A pail of water, dripping, through the
 street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked
 feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —
The slender form, the delicate, thin
 face;

The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed

and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam
 danced:

And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her
 say

These words, or thought he did, as
plain as day:

"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dam-
 you go
About the town half dressed, and look-
 ing so!"

At which the gypsy laughed, and
straight replied:

"No matter how I look; I yet shall
 ride

In my own chariot, ma'am." And on
 the child

The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner,
 and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and
 spun.

The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and
 lank.

Pounding the saddles as they rose and
 sank.

While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered
 hat,

A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered
 hair,

And diamond buckles sparkling at his
 knees,

Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it
 passed,

Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low
and fast;

For this was Governor Wentworth,
driving down

To Little Harbor, just beyond the
 town.

Where his Great House stood looking
 out to sea,

A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great
 highroad,

Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows every-
 where,

And stacks of chimneys rising high in
 air, —

Pandean pipes, on which all winds
 that blew
 Made mournful music the whole win-
 ter through.
 Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
 Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;
 Carved chimney-pieces, where on bra-
 zen dogs
 Revelled and roared the Christmas
 fires of logs ;
 Doors opening into darkness unawares,
 Mysterious passages, and flights of
 stairs ;
 And on the walls, in heavy gilded
 frames,
 The ancestral Wentworths with Old-
 Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great
 man dwelt,
 A widower and childless ; and he felt
 The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
 That like a presence haunted every
 room ;
 For though not given to weakness, he
 could feel
 The pain of wounds, that ache because
 they heal.

The years came and the years went, —
 seven in all,
 And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er
 the Hall ;
 The dawns their splendor through its
 chambers shed,
 The sunsets flushed its western win-
 dows red ;
 The snow was on its roofs, the wind,
 the rain ;
 Its woodlands were in leaf and bare
 again :
 Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs
 bloomed and died,
 In the broad river ebbd and flowed
 the tide,
 Ships went to sea, and ships came
 home from sea,
 And the slow years sailed by and
 ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton
 served
 In the Great House, not wholly unob-
 served :

By day, by night, the silver crescent
 grew,
 Though hidden by clouds, her light
 still shining through ;
 A maid of all work, whether coarse or
 fine,
 A servant who made service seem di-
 vine !
 Through her each room was fair to
 look upon ;
 The mirrors glistened, and the brasses
 shone,
 The very knocker on the outer door,
 If she but passed, was brighter than
 before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the
 mill
 Of Time, that never for an hour stands
 still,
 Ground out the Governor's sixtieth
 birthday,
 And powdered his brown hair with sil-
 ver-gray.
 The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
 The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
 The restless swallows building in the
 eaves,
 The golden buttercups, the grass, the
 leaves,
 The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
 All welcomed this majestic holiday !
 He gave a splendid banquet, served on
 plate,
 Such as became the Governor of the
 State,
 Who represented England and the
 King,
 And was magnificent in everything.
 He had invited all his friends and
 peers, —
 The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the
 Lears,
 The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and
 the rest ;
 For why repeat the name of every guest ?
 But I must mention one, in bands and
 gown,
 The rector there, the Reverend Arthur
 Brown
 Of the Established Church ; with smil-
 ing face
 He sat beside the Governor and said
 grace ;

And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other, or but few.

When they had drunk the King, with
many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's
ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there
stood
Within the room, in perfect woman-
hood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-pos-
sessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply
dressed.

Can this be Martha Hilton? It must
be!

Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty
years,

How ladylike, how queenlike she ap-
pears:

The pale, thin crescent of the days
gone by

Is Dian now in all her majesty!

Yet scarce a guest perceived that she
was there,

Until the Governor, rising from his
chair,

Played slightly with his ruffles, then
looked down,

And said unto the Reverend Arthur
Brown:

"This is my birthday; it shall likewise
be

My wedding-day; and you shall marry
me!

The listening guests were greatly mys-
tified,

None more so than the rector, who re-
plied:

"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleas-
ant task,

Your Excellency; but to whom? I
ask."

The Governor answered: "To this
lady here";

And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw
near.

She came and stood, all blushes, at
his side.

The rector paused. The impatient
Governor cried:

"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magis-
trate."

The rector read the service loud and
clear:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered
here,"

And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and
that was all:

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the
Hall!

INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased the audience heard the
tale.

The Theologian said: "Indeed,
To praise you there is little need;
One almost hears the farmer's flail
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there
fail

A certain freshness, as you said,
And sweetness as of home-made bread.

But not less sweet and not less fresh
Are many legends that I know,

Writ by the monks of long ago,
Who loved to mortify the flesh,

So that the soul might purer grow,
And rise to a diviner state;

And one of these — perhaps of all
Most beautiful — I now recall,

And with permission will narrate;
Hoping thereby to make amends

For that grim tragedy of mine,
As strong and black as Spanish wine,

I told last night, and wish almost
It had remained untold, my friends;

For Torquemada's awful ghost
Came to me in the dreams I dreamed,

And in the darkness glared and
gleamed

Like a great lighthouse on the coast."

The Student laughing said: "Far
more

Like to some dismal fire of bale
Flaring portentous on a hill;

Or torches lighted on a shore
By wreckers in a midnight gale.

No matter; be it as you will,
Only go forward with your tale."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone.
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial.
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reign-
est,

Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,

To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;

And the inward voice was saying :
 " Whatsoever thing thou doest
 To the least of mine and lowest,
 That thou doest unto me ! "

Unto me ! but had the Vision
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,
 Come a mendicant imploring,
 Would he then have knelt adoring,
 Or have listened with derision,
 And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
 Full of troublesome suggestion,
 As at length, with hurried pace,
 Towards his cell he turned his face,
 And beheld the convent bright
 With a supernatural light,
 Like a luminous cloud expanding
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
 At the threshold of his door,
 For the Vision still was standing
 As he left it there before,
 When the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Summoned him to feed the poor,
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning,
 When the Blessed Vision said,
 ' Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled ! "

INTERLUDE.

ALL praised the Legend more or less ;
 Some liked the moral, some the verse ;
 Some thought it better, and some worse
 Than other legends of the past ;
 Until, with ill-concealed distress
 At all their cavilling, at last
 The Theologian gravely said :
 " The Spanish proverb, then, is right ;
 Consult your friends on what you do,
 And one will say that it is white,
 And others say that it is red."
 And " Amen ! " quoth the Spanish Jew.

" Six stories told ! We must have
 seven,
 A cluster like the Pleiades,

And lo ! it happens, as with these,
 That one is missing from our heaven.
 Where is the Landlord ? Bring him
 here ;

Let the Lost Pleiad reappear."

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went
 Forthwith to seek his missing star,
 But did not find him in the bar,
 A place that landlords most frequent,
 Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,
 Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;
 It was in vain to ask or call,
 There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head,
 Exclaiming : " Well, our bashful host
 Hath surely given up the ghost.
 Another proverb says the dead
 Can tell no tales ; and that is true.
 It follows, then, that one of you
 Must tell a story in his stead.
 You must," he to the Student said,
 " Who know so many of the best,
 And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words be-
 guiled,
 The Student, happy as a child
 When he is called a little man,
 Assumed the double task imposed,
 And without more ado unclosed
 His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
 Has left his château in the Pyrenees,
 And sailed across the western seas.
 When he went away from his fair
 demesne
 The birds were building, the woods
 were green ;
 And now the winds of winter blow
 Round the turrets of the old château,
 The birds are silent and unseen,
 The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
 And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
 Sits by the fireside day by day,
 Thinking ever one thought of care ;

Through the southern windows, narrow
and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath his
chair,
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps
again,
So silent is it everywhere, —
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his
dreams,
And wanders restless through the
house,
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and gay,
Horses and hounds and sunlit seas;
There are his powder-flask and gun,
And his hunting-knives in shape of a
fan;
The chair by the window where he sat,
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,
Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows see
The village Curate, with lantern and
maid,
Come through the gateway from the
park
And cross the court-yard damp and
dark, —
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he
stands,
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,
30

And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,
And what they did, and what they said,
When they heard his Eminence was
dead.

And after a pause the old man says,
His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts his
brain,
"Are there any tidings from over sea?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from
me?"

And the Curate answers, looking down,
Harmless and docile as a lamb,
"Young blood! young blood! It must
so be!"

And draws from the pocket of his gown
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,
And wipes his spectacles, and they play
Their little game of lansquenét
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and
clear

From the village lying asleep below,
And across the court-yard, into the dark
Of the winding pathway in the park,
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,
She has been signalled from below,
And into the harbor of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.
But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St. Castine;
He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father-paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old châte-
teau,

Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below,
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the court-yard, the step
on the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth not
come!

But letters there are, which the old man
reads

To the Curate, when he comes at night,
Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers and tells his beads;
Letters full of the rolling sea,

Full of a young man's joy to be
 Abroad in the world, alone and free;
 Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
 Of hunting the deer through forests vast
 In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;
 Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines;
 Of Madocawando the Indian chief,
 And his daughters, glorious as queens,
 And beautiful beyond belief;
 And so soft the tones of their native
 tongue,
 The words are not spoken, they are
 sung!

And the Curate listens, and smiling
 says:

"Ah yes, dear friend! in our young
 days

We should have liked to hunt the deer
 All day amid those forest scenes,
 And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines.

But now it is better sitting here
 Within four walls, and without the fear
 Of losing our hearts to Indian queens;
 For man is fire and woman is tow,
 And the Somebody comes and begins
 to blow."

Then a gleam of distrust and vague
 surmise

Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
 As firelight on a window-pane
 Glimmers and vanishes again;
 But naught he answers; he only sighs,
 And for a moment bows his head;
 Then, as their custom is, they play
 Their little game of lansquenet,
 And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
 And many a week and month depart,
 When a fatal letter wings its way
 Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
 And strikes and tears the old man's
 heart.

Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
 Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
 Has married a dusky Tarratine,
 Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand;
 Though the sinews of his heart are
 wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,
 No malediction falls from his tongue;

But his stately figure, erect and grand,
 Bends, and sinks like a column of sand
 In the whirlwind of his great despair.
 Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath
 Of parley at the door of death
 Is a blessing on his wayward son.
 Lower and lower on his breast
 Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;
 No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château
 Lies tenantless and desolate;
 Rank grasses in the court-yard grow,
 About its gables caws the crow;
 Only the porter at the gate
 Is left to guard it, and to wait
 The coming of the rightful heir;
 No other life or sound is there;
 No more the Curate comes at night,
 No more is seen the unsteady light,
 Threading the alleys of the park;
 The windows of the hall are dark,
 The chambers dreary, cold, and bare!
 At length, at last, when the winter is
 past,

And birds are building, and woods are
 green,

With flying skirts is the Curate seen
 Speeding along the woodland way,
 Humming gayly, "No day is so long
 But it comes at last to vesper-song."
 He stops at the porter's lodge to say
 That at last the Baron of St. Castine
 Is coming home with his Indian queen,
 Is coming without a week's delay;
 And all the house must be swept and
 clean,

And all things set in good array!
 And the solemn porter shakes his head;
 And the answer he makes is: "Lacka-
 day!"

We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began,
 The cock upon the village church
 Looks northward from his airy perch,
 As if beyond the ken of man
 To see the ships come sailing on,
 And pass the Isle of Oléron,
 And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay
 The heart that would have leaped for
 joy—

O tender heart of truth and trust!—

To see the coming of that day:
In the church below the lips are dust,
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet.
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below;
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs
in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,
Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,
And the Baron hath come again to his
own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall,
Most eager and alive of all
To welcome the Baron and Baroness;
But his mind is full of vague distress,
For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness,
And now, good, simple man! he looks
To see a painted savage stride
Into the room, with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame
A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transfused, he sees
The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief.
Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze color of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of pines, —
A dusky splendor in the air.
The two small hands, that now are
pressed

In his, seem made to be caressed,
They lie so warm and soft and still,
Like birds half hidden in a nest,
Trustful, and innocent of ill.
And ah! he cannot believe his ears
When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon tongue;
The words she utters seem to be
Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are sung!

And the Baron smiles, and says, "You
see,
I told you but the simple truth;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass;
And when she kneeleth down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together,
and say,

"Surely this is no heathen lass!"
And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns
A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.
The Baron at confession hath said,
That though this woman be his wife,
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,
He hath bought her for a gun and a
knife!

And the Curate replies: "O profligate,
O Prodigal Son! return once more
To the open arms and the open door
Of the Church, or ever it be too late.
Thank God, thy father did not live
To see what he could not forgive;
On thee, so reckless and perverse,
He left his blessing, not his curse.
But the nearer the dawn the darker the
night,

And by going wrong all things come
right;
Things have been mended that were
worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to
mend.

For the sake of the living and the dead,
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,
And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the
bride!

O Gave, that from thy hidden source
In yon mysterious mountain-side
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,
And leaping down its steps of stone,

Along the meadow-lands demure
Stealest away to the Adour,
Pause for a moment in thy course
To bless the bridegroom and the
bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened
wide,

The people crowd, and press, and
throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave;
They stand upon the father's grave;
The bells are ringing soft and slow;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain;
The warm wind blows from the hills of

Spain,
The birds are building, the leaves are
green,

And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again.

FINALE.

"*Nunc plaudite!*" the Student cried,
When he had finished: "now applaud,
As Roman actors used to say
At the conclusion of a play";
And rose, and spread his hands abroad,
And smiling bowed from side to side,
As one who bears the palm away.

And generous was the applause and
loud,
But less for him than for the sun,

That even as the tale was done
Burst from its canopy of cloud.
And lit the landscape with the blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and
made
The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,
And straight, as if by fear possessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and fluttering flag and
tent

Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled again
The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon
gloom,
Like birds escaping from a snare,
Like school-boys at the hour of play,
All left at once the pent-up room,
And rushed into the open air;
And no more tales were told that day.

BOOK SECOND.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

ACT I.

The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.

SCENE I. — ANTIOCHUS; JASON.

Antiochus. O Antioch, my Antioch,
my city!
Queen of the East! my solace, my de-
light!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra
When she was wed to Ptolemy, and
now

Won back and made more wonderful
by me!

I love thee, and I long to be once more
Among the players and the dancing
women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the
Orontes,

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my
High-Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou art
mine.

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful?
Jason. Never, my Lord.

Antiochus. Then hast thou never
seen

The wonder of the world. This city of
David

Compared with Antioch is but a vil-
lage,

And its inhabitants compared with
Greeks

Are mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians,
And mannerless.

Antiochus. They must be civilized.
They must be made to have more gods
than one;

And goddesses besides.

Jason. They shall have more.

Antiochus. They must have hippo-
dromes, and games, and baths,

Stage-plays and festivals, and most of
all

The Dionysia.

Jason. They shall have them all.

Antiochus. By Heracles! but I
should like to see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and
arrayed

In skins of fawns, with drums and
flutes and thyrsi,

Revel and riot through the solemn
streets

Of their old town. Ha, ha! It makes
me merry

Only to think of it! — Thou dost not
laugh.

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly.

Antiochus. The new Greek leaven
Works slowly in this Israelitish dough!
Have I not sacked the Temple, and on
the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus
To Hellenize it?

Jason. Thou hast done all this.

Antiochus. As thou wast Joshua
once and now art Jason,

And from a Hebrew hast become a
Greek,

So shall this Hebrew nation be trans-
lated,

Their very natures and their names be
changed,

And all be Hellenized.

Jason. It shall be done.

Antiochus. Their manners and their
laws and way of living

Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn
their language,

And learn the lovely speech of Antioch.
Where hast thou been to-day? Thou
comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the
other priests

In the Gymnasium.

Antiochus. Thou hast done well.
There 's nothing better for you lazy
priests
Than discus-playing with the common
people.
Now tell me, Jason, what these He-
brews call me
When they converse together at their
games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my
Lord;
Antiochus the Illustrious.

Antiochus. O, not that;
That is the public cry; I mean the
name
They give me when they talk among
themselves,
And think that no one listens; what is
that?

Jason. Antiochus Epimanes, my
Lord!

Antiochus. Antiochus the Mad!
Ay, that is it.

And who hath said it? Who hath set
in motion
That sorry jest?

Jason. The Seven Sons insane
Of a weird woman, like themselves in-
sane.

Antiochus. I like their courage, but
it shall not save them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh of
swine,

Or they shall die. Where are they?

Jason. In the dungeons
Beneath this tower.

Antiochus. There let them
stay and starve,

Till I am ready to make Greeks of
them,

After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve. —
My Lord, the Ambassadors of Samaria
Await thy pleasure.

Antiochus. Why not my displeasure?
Ambassadors are tedious. They are
men

Who work for their own ends, and not
for mine;

There is no furtherance in them. Let
them go

To Apollonius, my governor

There in Samaria, and not trouble me.
What do they want?

Jason. Only the royal sanction
To give a name unto a nameless temple
Upon Mount Gerizim.

Antiochus. Then bid them enter.
This pleases me, and furthers my de-
signs.

The occasion is auspicious. Bid them
enter.

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS; JASON;
the SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

Antiochus. Approach. Come for-
ward; stand not at the door
Wagging your long beards, but demean
yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors. What
seek ye?

An Ambassador. An audience from
the King.

Antiochus. Speak, and be brief.
Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.
Words are not things.

Ambassador (reading). "To King
Antiochus,

The God, Epiphanes; a Memorial
From the Sidonians, who live at Si-
chem."

Antiochus. Sidonians?

Ambassador. Ay, my Lord.

Antiochus. Go on, go on!
And do not tire thyself and me with
bowing!

Ambassador (reading). "We are a
colony of Medes and Persians."

Antiochus. No, ye are Jews from
one of the Ten Tribes;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans —
Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me;

Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews.

When the Jews prosper, ye claim kin-
dred with them;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes
and Persians;

I know that in the days of Alexander
Ye claimed exemption from the annual
tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye said,
Your fields had not been planted in
that year.

Ambassador (reading). "Our fa-
thers, upon certain frequent
plagues,

And following an ancient superstition,

Were long accustomed to observe that
day

Which by the Israelites is called the
Sabbath,

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim
Without a name, they offered sacrifice.

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech
thee,

Who art our benefactor and our savior,
Not to confound us with these wicked
Jews,

But to give royal order and injunction
To Apollonius in Samaria,

Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor,
Thy procurator, no more to molest us ;

And let our nameless temple now be
named

The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

Antiochus. This shall be done.

Full well it pleaseth me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,
But Greeks ; if not by birth, yet Greeks
by custom.

Your nameless temple shall receive the
name

Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go !

SCENE III. — ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Antiochus. My task is easier than
I dreamed. These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou
take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said
They were not Jews ? that they were

Medes and Persians,
They were Sidonians, anything but

Jews ?

'Tis of good augury. The rest will
follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

Jason. My Lord,

These are Samaritans. The tribe of
Judah

Is of a different temper, and the task
Will be more difficult.

Antiochus. Dost thou gainsay me ?

Jason. I know the stubborn nature
of the Jew.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,
Being fourscore years and ten, chose
rather death

By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.

Antiochus. The life is in the blood,
and the whole nation
Shall bleed to death, or it shall change
its faith !

Jason. Hundreds have fled already
to the mountains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus
Hath raised the standard of revolt
against thee.

Antiochus. I will burn down their
city, and will make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thorough-
fares

Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes.
It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is !

This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad
Shall have a broad and blood-red seal
upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my
name,

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes ! —

Where are those Seven Sons ?

Jason. My Lord, they wait

Thy royal pleasure.

Antiochus. They shall wait no lon-
ger !

ACT II.

The Dungeons in the Citadel.

SCENE I. — THE MOTHER OF THE SEVEN SONS alone, listening.

The Mother. Be strong, my heart !
Break not till they are dead,

All, all my Seven Sons ; then burst
asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented
soul

Leap and rush out like water through
the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well.

O my dear children, mine in life and
death,

I know not how ye came into my
womb ;

I neither gave you breath, nor gave
you life,

And neither was it I that formed the
members

Of every one of you. But the Creator,
Who made the world, and made the
heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of mankind,
And found out the beginning of all things,
He gave you breath and life, and will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard
Not your own selves, but his eternal law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God,
That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy

To suffer for thy sake, and for thy law,
And for the many sins of Israel.
Hark ! I can hear within the sound of scourges !

I feel them more than ye do, O my sons !
But cannot come to you. I, who was wont

To wake at night at the least cry ye made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt, —

I cannot take you now into my lap
And soothe thy pain, but God will take you all

Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,
And give you rest.

A Voice (within). What wouldst thou ask of us ?

Ready are we to die, but we will never
Transgress the law and customs of our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of my first-born ! O brave
And noble boy ! Thou hast the privilege

Of dying first, as thou wast born the first.

The same Voice (within). God looketh on us, and hath comfort in us ;
As Moses in his song of old declared,
He in his servants shall be comforted.

The Mother. I knew thou wouldst not fail ! — He speaks no more,
He is beyond all pain !

Antiochus (within). If thou eat not
Thou shalt be tortured throughout all the members

Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then ?

Second Voice (within). No.

The Mother. It is Adaiab's voice.
I tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the wind,
And swift to change, gentle and yielding always.

Be steadfast, O my son !

The same Voice (within). Thou, like a fury,

Takest us from this present life, but God,
Who rules the world, shall raise us up again

Into life everlasting.

The Mother. God, I thank thee
That thou hast breathed into that timid heart

Courage to die for thee. O my Adaiab,
Witness of God ! if thou for whom I feared

Canst thus encounter death, I need not fear ;

The others will not shrink.

Third Voice (within). Behold these hands

Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,
Not to implore thy mercy, but to show
That I despise them. He who gave them to me

Will give them back again.

The Mother. O Avilan,
It is thy voice. For the last time I hear it ;

For the last time on earth, but not the last.

To death it bids defiance and to torture.
It sounds to me as from another world,
And makes the petty miseries of this
Seem unto me as naught, and less than naught.

Farewell, my Avilan ; nay, I should say

Welcome, my Avilan ; for I am dead
Before thee. I am waiting for thee
Others.

Why do they linger ?

Fourth Voice (within). It is good,
O King,

Being put to death by men, to look for hope

From God, to be raised up again by him.

But thou — no resurrection shalt thou have

To life hereafter.

The Mother. Four ! already four !
Three are still living ; nay, they all are living.

Half here, half there. Make haste,
 Antiochus,
 To reunite us; for the sword that
 cleaves
 These miserable bodies makes a door
 Through which our souls, impatient of
 release,
 Rush to each other's arms.

Fifth Voice (within). Thou hast the
 power;
 Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide
 awhile,
 And thou shalt see the power of God,
 and how
 He will torment thee and thy seed.

The Mother. O hasten;
 Why dost thou pause? Thou who
 hast slain already
 So many Hebrew women, and hast hung
 Their murdered infants round their
 necks, slay me,
 For I too am a woman, and these boys
 Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,
 And hang my lifeless babes about my
 neck.

Sixth Voice (within). Think not,
 Antiochus, that takest in hand
 To strive against the God of Israel,
 Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his
 wrath
 Shall overtake thee and thy bloody
 house.

The Mother. One more, my Sirion,
 and then all is ended.
 Having put all to bed, then in my turn
 I will lie down and sleep as sound as
 they.

My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved!
 And those bright golden locks, that I
 so oft

Have curled about these fingers, even
 now

Are foul with blood and dust, like a
 lamb's fleece,
 Slain in the shambles. — Not a sound I
 hear.

This silence is more terrible to me
 Than any sound, than any cry of pain,
 That might escape the lips of one who
 dies.

Doth his heart fail him? Doth he fall
 away

In the last hour from God? O Sirion,
 Sirion,

Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy
 voice.
 Die as thy brothers died. Thou must
 not live!

SCENE II. — THE MOTHER; ANTI-
 OCHUS; SIRION.

The Mother. Are they all dead?
Antiochus. Of all thy Seven Sons
 One only lives. Behold them where
 they lie;

How dost thou like this picture?

The Mother. God in heaven!
 Can a man do such deeds, and yet not
 die

By the recoil of his own wickedness?
 Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bod-
 ies

That were my children once, and still
 are mine,
 I cannot watch o'er you as Risphah
 watched

In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,
 Till water drop upon you out of heaven
 And wash this blood away! I cannot
 mourn

As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned
 the dead,

From the beginning of the barley-har-
 vest

Until the autumn rains, and suffered
 not

The birds of air to rest on them by day,
 Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye
 have died

A better death, a death so full of life
 That I ought rather to rejoice than
 mourn. —

Wherefore art thou not dead, O Sirion?
 Wherefore art thou the only living thing
 Among thy brothers dead? Art thou
 afraid?

Antiochus. O woman, I have spared
 him for thy sake,
 For he is fair to look upon and comely;
 And I have sworn to him by all the
 gods

That I would crown his life with joy and
 honor,

Heap treasures on him, luxuries, de-
 lights,

Make him my friend and keeper of my
 secrets,

If he would turn from your Mosaic Law
And be as we are; but he will not listen.

The Mother. My noble Sirion!

Antiochus. Therefore

I beseech thee,
Who art his mother, thou wouldst speak with him,
And wouldst persuade him. I am sick of blood.

The Mother. Yea, I will speak with him and will persuade him.

O Sirion, my son! have pity on me,
On me that bare thee, and that gave thee suck,
And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee up
With the dear trouble of a mother's care
Unto this age. Look on the heavens above thee,
And on the earth and all that is therein;
Consider that God made them out of things

That were not; and that likewise in this manner
Mankind was made. Then fear not this tormentor;

But, being worthy of thy brethren, take
Thy death as they did, that I may receive thee

Again in mercy with them.

Antiochus. I am mocked,

Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

Sirion. Whom wait ye for?

Never will I obey the King's commandment,

But the commandment of the ancient Law,

That was by Moses given unto our fathers.

And thou, O godless man, that of all others

Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,
Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes,
Uplifting

Thy hand against the servants of the Lord,

For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment

Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things!

Antiochus. He is no God of mine;
I fear him not.

Sirion. My brothers, who have suffered a brief pain,
Are dead; but thou, Antiochus, shalt suffer

The punishment of pride. I offer up
My body and my life, beseeching God
That he would speedily be merciful
Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues

Mysterious and by torments mayest confess

That he alone is God.

Antiochus. Ye both shall perish
By torments worse than any that your God,

Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.

The Mother. My Sirion, I am proud of thee!

Antiochus. Be silent!
Go to thy bed of torture in yon chamber,
Where lie so many sleepers, heartless mother!

Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy voice,

Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled dreams,

Thy children crying for thee in the night!

The Mother. O Death, that stretchest thy white hands to me,

I fear them not, but press them to my lips,

That are as white as thine; for I am Death,

Nay, am the Mother of Death, seeing these sons

All lying lifeless. — Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.

The Battle-field of Beth-horon.

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS in armor before his tent.

Judas. The trumpets sound; the echoes of the mountains
Answer them, as the Sabbath morning breaks
Over Beth-horon and its battle-field,
Where the great captain of the hosts of God,
A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,

O'ercame the Amorites. There was no day
 Like that, before or after it, nor shall be.
 The sun stood still; the hammers of
 the hail
 Beat on their harness; and the captains
 set
 Their weary feet upon the necks of
 kings.
 As I will upon thine, Antiochus,
 Thou man of blood! — Behold the ris-
 ing sun
 Strikes on the golden letters of my
 banner,
Be Elohim Yehovah! Who is like
 To thee, O Lord, among the gods? —
 Alas!
 I am not Joshua, I cannot say,
 "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and
 thou Moon,
 In Ajalon!" Nor am I one who
 wastes
 The fateful time in useless lamentation;
 But one who bears his life upon his
 hand
 To lose it or to save it, as may best
 Serve the designs of Him who giveth
 life.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
 JEWISH FUGITIVES.

Judas. Who and what are ye, that
 with furtive steps
 Steal in among our tents?
Fugitives. O Maccabæus,
 Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou
 art,
 Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped
 From the polluted city, and from death.
Judas. None can escape from death.
 Say that ye come
 To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.
 What tidings bring ye?
Fugitives. Tidings of despair.
 The Temple is laid waste; the pre-
 cious vessels,
 Censers of gold, vials and veils and
 crowns,
 And golden ornaments, and hidden
 treasures,
 Have all been taken from it, and the
 Gentiles

With revelling and with riot fill its
 courts,
 And dally with harlots in the holy
 places.

Judas. All this I knew before.
Fugitives. Upon the altar
 Are things profane, things by the law
 forbidden;
 Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our
 Feasts,
 But on the festivals of Dionysus
 Must walk in their processions, bearing
 ivy

To crown a drunken god.
Judas. This too I know.
 But tell me of the Jews. How fare
 the Jews?

Fugitives. The coming of this mis-
 chief hath been sore
 And grievous to the people. All the
 land

Is full of lamentation and of mourning.
 The Princes and the Elders weep and
 wail;
 The young men and the maidens are
 made feeble;
 The beauty of the women hath been
 changed.

Judas. And are there none to die
 for Israel?

"T is not enough to mourn. Breast-
 plate and harness
 Are better things than sackcloth. Let
 the women
 Lament for Israel; the men should die.
Fugitives. Both men and women
 die; old men and young:
 Old Eleazar died; and Mâhala
 With all her Seven Sons.

Judas. Antiochus,
 At every step thou takest there is left
 A bloody footprint in the street, by
 which
 The avenging wrath of God will track
 thee out!

It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents:
 Those of you who are men, put on such
 armor
 As ye may find; those of you who are
 women,
 Buckle that armor on; and for a watch-
 word
 Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of
 God."

SCENE III. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
NICANOR.

Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccabæus!
Judas. Hail! — Who art thou
That comest here in this mysterious
guise

Into our camp unheralded?

Nicanor. A herald
Sent from Nicanor.

Judas. Heralds come not thus.
Armed with thy shirt of mail from head
to heel,

Thou glidest like a serpent silently
Into my presence. Wherefore dost
thou turn

Thy face from me? A herald speaks
his errand

With forehead unabashed. Thou art
a spy

Sent by Nicanor.

Nicanor. No disguise avails!
Behold my face; I am Nicanor's self.

Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor.
I salute thee.

What brings thee hither to this hostile
camp

Thus unattended?

Nicanor. Confidence in thee.
Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race,
Without the failings that attend those
virtues.

Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous,

Canst righteous be and not intolerant.
Let there be peace between us.

Judas. What is peace?

Is it to bow in silence to our victors?
Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged,

Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or
fleeing

At night-time by the blaze of burning
towns;

Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy Temple
Polluted with strange gods? Are these
things peace?

Nicanor. These are the dire necessities that wait

On war, whose loud and bloody engineering

I seek to stay. Let there be peace between

Antiochus and thee.

Judas. Antiochus?
What is Antiochus, that he should
prate

Of peace to me, who am a fugitive?

To-day he shall be lifted up; to-morrow

Shall not be found, because he is returned

Unto his dust; his thought has come
to nothing.

There is no peace between us, nor can
be,

Until this banner floats upon the walls
Of our Jerusalem.

Nicanor. Between that city
And thee there lies a waving wall of
tents,

Held by a host of forty thousand foot,
And horsemen seven thousand. What
hast thou

To bring against all these?

Judas. The power of God,
Whose breath shall scatter your white
tents abroad,

As flakes of snow.

Nicanor. Your Mighty One in
heaven

Will not do battle on the Seventh Day;
It is his day of rest.

Judas. Silence, blasphemer.
Go to thy tents.

Nicanor. Shall it be war or peace?

Judas. War, war, and only war
Go to thy tents

That shall be scattered, as by you were
scattered

The torn and trampled pages of the
Law,

Blown through the windy streets.

Nicanor. Farewell, brave foe!

Judas. Ho, there, my captains!
Have safe-conduct given

Unto Nicanor's herald through the
camp.

And come yourselves to me. — Farewell, Nicanor!

SCENE IV. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS.

Judas. The hour is come. Gather
the host together

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and
with songs

The army of Nicanor comes against us.

Go forth to meet them, praying in your hearts,
And fighting with your hands.

Captains. Look forth and see !
The morning sun is shining on their shields

Of gold and brass ; the mountains
glisten with them,
And shine like lamps. And we who
are so few

And poorly armed, and ready to faint
with fasting,
How shall we fight against this multitude ?

Judas. The victory of a battle standeth not

In multitudes, but in the strength that cometh

From heaven above. The Lord forbid that I

Should do this thing, and flee away from them.

Nay, if our hour be come, then let us die ;

Let us not stain our honor.

Captains. 'T is the Sabbath.
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath, Maccabæus ?

Judas. Ay ; when I fight the battles of the Lord,

I fight them on his day, as on all others.
Have ye forgotten certain fugitives

That fled once to these hills, and hid themselves

In caves ? How their pursuers camped against them

Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged them ?

And how they answered not, nor cast a stone,

Nor stopped the places where they lay concealed,

But meekly perished with their wives and children,

Even to the number of a thousand souls ?

We who are fighting for our laws and lives

Will not so perish.

Captains. Lead us to the battle !
Judas. And let our watchword be,

"The Help of God !"

Last night I dreamed a dream ; and in my vision

Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of old,
Who holding up his hands prayed for the Jews.

This done, in the like manner there appeared

An old man, and exceeding glorious,
With hoary hair, and of a wonderful
And excellent majesty. And Onias said :

"This is a lover of the Jews, who prayeth

Much for the people and the Holy City, —

God's prophet Jeremias." And the prophet

Held forth his right hand and gave unto me

A sword of gold ; and giving it he said :

"Take thou this holy sword, a gift from God,

And with it thou shalt wound thine adversaries."

Captains. The Lord is with us !
Judas. Hark ! I hear the trumpet

Sound from Beth-horon ; from the battle-field

Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,

Smote the Five Kings of Egion and of Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem,
As we to-day will smite Nicanor's hosts,

And leave a memory of great deeds behind us.

Captains and Soldiers. The Help of God !

Judas. Be Elohim Yehovah !
Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time

Of Ezekias, King of Israel,
And in the armies of Sennacherib

Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now also send

Before us a good angel for a fear,
And through the might of thy right arm,

let those
Be stricken with terror that have come this day

Against thy holy people to blaspheme !

ACT IV.

The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS; CAPTAINS; JEWS.

Judas. Behold, our enemies are discomfited.
Jerusalem is fallen; and our banners
Float from her battlements, and o'er
her gates
Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror,
Blackens in wind and sun.

Captains. O Maccabæus,
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein
The Mother with her Seven Sons was
murdered,
Is still defiant.

Judas. Wait.
Captains. Its hateful aspect
Insults us with the bitter memories
Of other days.

Judas. Wait; it shall disappear
And vanish as a cloud. First let us
cleanse

The Sanctuary. See, it is become
Waste like a wilderness. Its golden
gates

Wrenched from their hinges and consumed by fire;

Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest;

Upon its altars hideous and strange
idols;

And strewn about its pavement at my feet

Its Sacred Books, half burned and painted o'er

With images of heathen gods.

Jews. Woe! woe!
Our beauty and our glory are laid waste!

The Gentiles have profaned our holy places!

(Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.)

Judas. This sound of trumpets, and this lamentation,
The heart-cry of a people toward the heavens,

Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter down
The citadel of Antiochus, while here
We sweep away his altars and his gods.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
JASON; JEWS.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins of the Temple,
Deep in its inner courts, we found this man,
Clad as High-Priest.

Judas. I ask not who thou art.
I know thy face, writ over with deceit
As are these tattered volumes of the Law

With heathen images. A priest of God
Wast thou in other days, but thou art now

A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art Jason.

Jason. I am thy prisoner, Judas Maccabæus,
And it would ill become me to conceal
My name or office.

Judas. Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who was a Greek.

What should prevent me now, thou man of sin,

From hanging at its side the head of one
Who born a Jew hath made himself a Greek?

Jason. Justice prevents thee.

Judas. Justice? Thou art stained
With every crime 'gainst which the Decalogue

Thunders with all its thunder.

Jason. If not Justice,
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Judas. When hast thou
At any time, to any man or woman,
Oreven to any little child, shown mercy?

Jason. I have but done what King Antiochus

Commanded me.

Judas. True, thou hast been
the weapon
With which he struck; but hast been
such a weapon,

So flexible, so fitted to his hand
It tempted him to strike. So thou hast
urged him

To double wickedness, thine own and his.

Where is this King? Is he in Antioch
Among his women still, and from his windows

Throwing down gold by handfuls, for the rabble

To scramble for?

Jason. Nay, he is gone from there,
Gone with an army into the far East.

Judas. And wherefore gone?

Jason. I know not. For the space
Of forty days almost were horsemen seen

Running in air, in cloth of gold, and armed

With lances, like a band of soldiery;
It was a sign of triumph.

Judas. Or of death.
Wherefore art thou not with him?

Jason. I was left
For service in the Temple.

Judas. To pollute it,
And to corrupt the Jews: for there are men

Whose presence is corruption; to be with them

Degrades us and deforms the things we do.

Jason. I never made a boast, as some men do,

Of my superior virtue, nor denied
The weakness of my nature, that hath made me

Subservient to the will of other men.

Judas. Upon this day, the five-and-twentieth day

Of the month Casian, was the Temple here

Profaned by strangers, — by Antiochus
And thee, his instrument. Upon this day

Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who didst lend thyself

Unto this profanation, canst not be
A witness of these solemn services.

There can be nothing clean where thou art present.

The people put to death Callisthenes,
Who burned the Temple gates; and if

They find thee
Will surely slay thee. I will spare thy life.

To punish thee the longer. Thou shalt wander

Among strange nations. Thou, that hast cast out

So many from their native land, shalt perish

In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so many

Unburied, shalt have none to mourn for thee.

Nor any solemn funerals at all,
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers. — Get thee hence!

(*Music. Procession of Priests and people, with citherns, harps, and cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS puts himself at their head, and they go into the inner courts.*)

SCENE III. — JASON, alone.

Jason. Through the Gate Beautiful
I see them come

With branches and green boughs and leaves of palm,

And pass into the inner courts. Alas!
I should be with them, should be one of them,

But in an evil hour, an hour of weakness,
That cometh unto all, I fell away

From the old faith, and did not clutch the new,

Only an outward semblance of belief;
For the new faith I cannot make mine own,

Not being born to it. It hath no root,
Within me. I am neither Jew nor Greek

But stand between them both, a renegade

To each in turn; having no longer faith
In gods or men. Then what mysterious

charm,
What fascination is it chains my feet,
And keeps me gazing like a curious child

Into the holy places, where the priests
Have raised their altar? — Striking

stones together,
They take fire out of them, and light the lamps

In the great candlestick. They spread the veils,

And set the loaves of shewbread on the table.

The incense burns; the well-remembered odor

Comes wafted unto me, and takes me
back
To other days. I see myself among
them
As I was then; and the old superstition
Creeps over me again!—A childish
fancy!—
And hark! they sing with citherns and
with cymbals,
And all the people fall upon their faces,
Praying and worshipping!—I will
away
Into the East, to meet Antiochus
Upon his homeward journey, crowned
with triumph.
Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of comfort
in it!

ACT V.

The Mountains of Ecbatana.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;
ATTENDANTS.

Antiochus. Here let us rest awhile.
Where are we, Philip?
What place is this?

Philip. Ecbatana, my Lord;
And yonder mountain range is the
Orontes.

Antiochus. The Orontes is my river
at Antioch.
Why did I leave it? Why have I been
tempted
By coverings of gold and shields and
breastplates
To plunder Elymais, and be driven
From out its gates as by a fiery blast
Out of a furnace?

Philip. These are fortune's changes.

Antiochus. What a defeat it was!
The Persian horsemen
Came like a mighty wind, the wind
Khamaseen,
And melted us away, and scattered us
As if we were dead leaves, or desert
sand.

Philip. Be comforted, my Lord; for
thou hast lost
But what thou hadst not.

Antiochus. I, who made the Jews
Skip like the grasshoppers, am made
myself

To skip among these stones.

Philip. Be not discouraged.
Thy realm of Syria remains to thee;
That is not lost nor marred.

Antiochus. O, where are now
The splendors of my court, my baths
and banquets?

Where are my players and my dancing
women?

Where are my sweet musicians with
their pipes,

That made me merry in the olden
time?

I am a laughing-stock to man and
brute.

The very camels, with their ugly faces,
Mock me and laugh at me,

Philip. Alas! my Lord,
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep
awhile,

All would be well.
Antiochus. Sleep from mine eyes
is gone.

And my heart faileth me for very care.
Dost thou remember, Philip, the old
fable

Told us when we were boys, in which
the bear

Going for honey overturns the hive,
And is stung blind by bees? I am that
beast,

Stung by the Persian swarms of Ely-
mais.

Philip. When thou art come again
to Antioch

These thoughts will be as covered and
forgotten

As are the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot-
wheels

In the Egyptian sands.

Antiochus. Ah! when I come
Again to Antioch! When will that be?

Alas! alas!

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;
A MESSENGER.

Messenger. May the King live for-
ever!

Antiochus. Who art thou, and
whence comest thou?

Messenger. My Lord
I am a messenger from Antioch,
Sent here by Lysias.

Antiochus. A strange foreboding
Of something evil overshadows me.
I am no reader of the Jewish Scrip-
tures;

I know not Hebrew; but my High-
Priest Jason,

As I remember, told me of a Prophet
Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea
Like a man's hand, and soon the
heaven was black
With clouds and rain. Here, Philip,
read; I cannot;

I see that cloud. It makes the letters
dim

Before mine eyes.

Philip (reading). "To King An-
tiochus,
The God, Epiphanes."

Antiochus. O mockery!
Even Lysias laughs at me!—Go on,
go on!

Philip (reading). "We pray thee
hasten thy return. The realm
Is falling from thee. Since thou hast
gone from us

The victories of Judas Maccabæus
Form all our annals. First he over-
threw

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed
on,

And took Jerusalem, the Holy City.
And then Emmaus fell; and then
Bethsura;

Ephron and all the towns of Galaad,
And Maccabæus marched to Carnion."

Antiochus. Enough, enough! Go
call my chariot-man;

We will drive forward, forward without
ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My cap-
tains,

My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and Nica-
nor,

Are babes in battle, and this dreadful
Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and my
crown.

My elephants shall trample him to
dust;

I will wipe out his nation, and will
make

Jerusalem a common burying-place,
And every home within its walls a
tomb!

*(Throws up his hands, and sinks into
the arms of attendants, who lay him
upon a bank.)*

Philip. Antiochus! Antiochus!
Alas,

The King is ill! What is it, O my
Lord?

Antiochus. Nothing. A sudden and
sharp spasm of pain,
As if the lightning struck me, or the
knife

Of an assassin smote me to the heart.
'Tis passed, even as it came. Let us
set forward.

Philip. See that the chariots be in
readiness;
We will depart forthwith.

Antiochus. A moment more.
I cannot stand. I am become at once
Weak as an infant. Ye will have to
lead me.

Jove or Jehovah, or whatever name
Thou wouldst be named,—it is all
alike to me,—

If I knew how to pray, I would entreat
To live a little longer.

Philip. O my Lord,
Thou shalt not die; we will not let
thee die!

Antiochus. How canst thou help
it, Philip? O the pain!
Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield
against

This unseen weapon. God of Israel,
Since all the other gods abandon me,
Help me. I will release the Holy
City,

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy
Temple.

Thy people, whom I judged to be un-
worthy

To be so much as buried, shall be equal
Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will declare
Through all the world that is inhabited
The power of God!

Philip. He faints. It is like death.
Bring here the royal litter. We will
bear him

Into the camp, while yet he lives.

Antiochus. O Philip,
 Into what tribulation am I come !
 Alas ! I now remember all the evil
 That I have done the Jews ; and for
 this cause
 These troubles are upon me, and be-
 hold
 I perish through great grief in a
 strange land.

Philip. Antiochus ! my King !

Antiochus. Nay, King no longer.
 Take thou my royal robes, my signet-
 ring,
 My crown and sceptre, and deliver
 them

Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator ;
 And unto the good Jews, my citizens,
 In all my towns, say that their dying
 monarch

Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and
 health.

I who, puffed up with pride and arro-
 gance,

Thought all the kingdoms of the earth
 mine own,

If I would but outstretch my hand and
 take them,

Meet face to face a greater potentate,
 King Death — Epiphanes — the illus-
 trious !

Dis.

BOOK THIRD.

A HANDFUL OF TRANSLATIONS.

THE FUGITIVE.

*Tartar Song, from the Prose Version
 of Chodsko.*

I.

" He is gone to the desert land !
 I can see the shining mane
 Of his horse on the distant plain,
 As he rides with his Kossak band !

" Come back, rebellious one !
 Let thy proud heart relent ;
 Come back to thy tall, white tent,
 Come back, my only son !

" Thy hand in freedom shall
 Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,
 On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
 On the lakes of Karajal.

" I will give thee leave to stray
 And pasture thy hunting steeds
 In the long grass and the reeds
 Of the meadows of Karaday.

" I will give thee my coat of mail,
 Of softest leather made,
 With choicest steel inlaid ;
 Will not all this prevail ? "

II.

" THIS hand no longer shall
 Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,
 On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
 On the lakes of Karajal.

" I will no longer stray
 And pasture my hunting steeds
 In the long grass and the reeds
 Of the meadows of Karaday.

" Though thou give me thy coat of
 mail,
 Of softest leather made,
 With choicest steel inlaid,
 All this cannot prevail.

" What right hast thou, O Khan,
 To me, who am mine own,
 Who am slave to God alone,
 And not to any man ?

" God will appoint the day
 When I again shall be
 By the blue, shallow sea,
 Where the steel-bright sturgeons play

" God, who doth care for me,
 In the barren wilderness,

On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

"When I wander lonely and lost
In the wind ; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost ;

"Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me !"

III.

THEN Sobra, the old, old man,—
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears, —
Bowed down and said, "O Khan !

"If you bid me, I will speak.
There 's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones ! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak !

"I am old, I am very old :
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Gengis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth ;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made,
And brought him forth of the light,
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk ;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and prayed,
There is no God but God !

"And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen !"

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

*Tartar Song, from the Prose Version
of Chodsko.*

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of
blood :

I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he
bare,

Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following
me ;

But when I looked behind, alas !
Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black morass !

Where are our shallow fords ? and
where

The power of Kazan with its fourfold
gates ?

From the prison windows our maidens
fair

Talk of us still through the iron
grates.

We cannot hear them ; for horse and
man

Lie buried deep in the dark abyss !

Ah ! the black day hath come down on
Kazan !

Ah ! was ever a grief like this ?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

*Armenian Popular Song, from the
Prose Version of Alishan.*

Down from yon distant mountain
height

The brooklet flows through the vil-
lage street ;

A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou
come ?

O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I come from you mountain high and
cold,

Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go ?

O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go ?

O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go ?

O my brooklet cool and sweet ?
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to
drink,

And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK.

*Armenian Popular Song, from the
Prose Version of Alishan.*

WELCOME, O Stork ! that dost wing
Thy flight from the far-away !
Thou hast brought us the signs of
Spring,
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork ! descend
Upon our roof to rest ;
In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stork, to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear ;
They were breaking the snow on high,
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered ail,
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow
Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grew
Were withered by snow and frost.

CONSOLATION.

*To M. Duperrier, Gentleman of Aix
in Provence, on the Death of his
Daughter.*

FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be
eternal ?
And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by tender-
ness paternal,
Only augment its force ?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the
tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth
never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays ?

I know the charms that made her
youth a benediction :
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace thine
affliction,
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest
things exposes
To fates the most forlorn ;

A rose, she too hath lived as long as
live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.
* * * * *

Death has his rigorous laws, unparallel-
led, unfeeling ;
All prayers to him are vain ;
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to
our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only
thatch for cover,
Unto these laws must bend ;
The sentinel that guards the barriers of
the Louvre
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant
defiance,
Is never for the best ;
To will what God doth will, that is the
only science
That gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

FROM MALHERBE.

THOU mighty Prince of Church and
State,
Richelieu ! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her breath.
Spun of all silks, our days and nights
Have sorrows woven with delights ;
And of this intermingled shade
Our various destiny appears,
Even as one sees the course of years
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave ;
Sometimes impending peril lowers
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,
That gives to human destinies
Their foreordained necessity,
Has made no law more fixed below,
Than the alternate ebb and flow
Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF
NISMES.

AN angel with a radiant face
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child ! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, O come with
me !
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee !

"Here none to perfect bliss attain ;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies ;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their
sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock ;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's
shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn se-
cure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and, shall
fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow ?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow ?

"Ah no ! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me ;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and
veiled ;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they
hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow ;
There let the grave no shadow cast ;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light !—
Poor mother ! see, thy son is dead !

TO ITALY.

FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY! Italy! thou who 'rt doomed to wear
 The fatal gift of beauty, and possess
 The dower funest of infinite wretchedness,
 Written upon thy forehead by despair;
 Ah! would that thou wert stronger, or
 less fair,
 That they might fear thee more, or
 love thee less,
 Who in the splendor of thy loveliness
 Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat
 dare!
 Then from the Alps I should not see descending
 Such torrents of armed men, nor
 Gallic horde
 Drinking the wave of Po, distained
 with gore,
 Nor should I see thee girded with a
 sword
 Not thine, and with the stranger's
 arm contending,
 Victor or vanquished, slave forever-
 more.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS.

FROM GÖTHE.

I.

Thou that from the heavens art,
 Every pain and sorrow stillest,
 And the doubly wretched heart
 Doubly with refreshment fillest,
 I am weary with contending!
 Why this rapture and unrest?
 Peace descending
 Come, ah, come into my breast!

II.

O'er all the hill-tops
 Is quiet now,
 In all the tree-tops
 Hearest thou
 Hardly a breath;
 The birds are asleep in the trees:
 Wait; soon like these
 Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE.

FROM AUGUST VON PLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in the
 night,
 Drawn on without rest or reprieve!
 The streets, with their watchmen, were
 lost to my sight,
 As I wandered so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Through the gate with the arch mediæval
 The mill-brook rushed from the rocky
 height,
 I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
 Deep under me watched I the waves
 in their flight,
 As they glided so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Yet backward not one was returning.
 O'erhead were revolving, so countless
 and bright,
 The stars in melodious existence;
 And with them the moon, more serenely
 bedight;—
 They sparkled so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Through the magical, measureless
 distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in
 the night,
 And again on the waves in their
 fleeting;
 Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in
 delight,
 Now silence thou light,
 In the night, in the night,
 The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.

LET nothing disturb thee,
 Nothing affright thee;
 All things are passing;
 God never changeth;
 Patient endurance
 Attaineth to all things;
 Who God possesseth
 In nothing is wanting;
 Alone God sufficeth.

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

I.

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

HEPHÆSTUS, *standing before the statue of PANDORA.*

Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne,
Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus,
But moulded in soft clay, that unresisting
Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form
Before me stands, perfect in every part.
Not Aphrodite's self appeared more fair,
When first upwafted by caressing winds
She came to high Olympus, and the gods
Paid homage to her beauty. Thus her hair
Was cinctured; thus her floating drapery
Was like a cloud about her, and her face
Was radiant with the sunshine and the sea.

THE VOICE OF ZEUS.

Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

HEPHÆSTUS.

It is finished!

THE VOICE.

Not finished till I breathe the breath of life
Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Will she become immortal like ourselves?

THE VOICE.

The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay
Is of the earth and mortal; but the spirit,
The life, the exhalation of my breath,
Is of diviner essence and immortal.
The gods shall shower on her their benefactions,
She shall possess all gifts: the gift of song,
The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty,
The fascination and the nameless charm
That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Wherefore? wherefore?

A wind shakes the house.

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind
Through all the halls and chambers of my house!
Her parted lips inhale it, and her bosom
Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed
Beside a river in the rippling current
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head.
She gazes round about as if amazed;
She is alive; she breathes, but yet she speaks not!

PANDORA *descends from the pedestal.*

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephæstus
What is this I see?
Have the Gods to four increased us
Who were only three?
Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?

THALIA.

O sweet, pale face! O lovely eyes of
 azure,
 Clear as the waters of a brook that
 run
 Limpid and laughing in the summer
 sun!
 O golden hair that like a miser's
 treasure
 In its abundance overflows the meas-
 ure!
 O graceful form, that cloudlike float-
 est on
 With the soft, undulating gait of one
 Who moveth as if motion were a
 pleasure!
 By what name shall I call thee? Nymph
 or Muse,
 Callirrhoe or Urania? Some sweet
 name
 Whose every syllable is a caress
 Would best befit thee; but I cannot
 choose,
 Nor do I care to choose; for still the
 same,
 Nameless or named, will be thy love-
 liness.

EUPHROSYNÉ.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,
 Skilled in every art
 That ennobles and uplifts
 And delights the heart,
 Fair on earth shall be thy fame
 As thy face is fair,
 And Pandora be the name
 Thou henceforth shalt bear.

II.

OLYMPUS.

HERMES, *putting on his sandals.*

MUCH must he toil who serves the Im-
 mortal Gods,
 And I, who am their herald, most of
 all.
 No rest have I, nor respite. I no
 sooner
 Unclasp the winged sandals from my
 feet,

Than I again must clasp them, and de-
 part
 Upon some foolish errand. But to-
 day
 The errand is not foolish. Never yet
 With greater joy did I obey the sum-
 mons
 That sends me earthward. I will fly
 so swiftly
 That my caduceus in the whistling air
 Shall make a sound like the Pandæan
 pipes,
 Cheating the shepherds; for to-day I
 go,
 Commissioned by high - thundering
 Zeus, to lead
 A maiden to Prometheus, in his tower,
 And by my cunning arguments per-
 suade him
 To marry her. What mischief lies con-
 cealed
 In this design I know not; but I know
 Who thinks of marrying hath already
 taken
 One step upon the road to penitence.
 Such embassies delight me. Forth I
 launch
 On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall
 Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him
 Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery
 steeds.
 I sink, I fly! The yielding element
 Folds itself round about me like an arm,
 And holds me as a mother holds her
 child.

III.

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON
MOUNT CAUCASUS.

PROMETHEUS.

I HEAR the trumpet of Alectryon
 Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin
 to fade,
 And all the heavens are full of prophe-
 cies
 And evil auguries. Blood-red last
 night
 I saw great Kronos rise; the crescent
 moon

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS. 399

Sank through the mist, as if it were the
 scythe,
 His parricidal hand had flung far down
 The western steeps. O ye Immortal
 Gods,
 What evil are ye plotting and contriv-
 ing?

HERMES and PANDORA at the thresh-
 old.

PANDORA.

I cannot cross the threshold. An un-
 seen
 And icy hand repels me. These blank
 walls
 Oppress me with their weight!

PROMETHEUS.

Powerful ye are,
 But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight
 Against Necessity. The Fates control
 you,
 As they do us, and so far we are equals!

PANDORA.

Motionless, passionless, companion-
 less,
 He sits there muttering in his beard.
 His voice
 Is like a river flowing underground!

HERMES.

Prometheus, hail!

PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me?

HERMES.

It is I.

Dost thou not know me?

PROMETHEUS.

By thy winged cap
 And winged heels I know thee. Thou
 art Hermes,
 Captain of thieves! Hast thou again
 been stealing
 The heifers of Admetus in the sweet
 Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's gir-
 dle?
 Or the earth-shaking trident of Posei-
 don?

HERMES.

And thou, Prometheus; say, hast thou
 again
 Been stealing fire from Helios' chariot-
 wheels
 To light thy furnaces?

PROMETHEUS.

Why comest thou hither
 So early in the dawn?

HERMES.

The Immortal Gods
 Know not of late or early. Zeus him-
 self
 The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.

For what purpose?

HERMES.

To bring this maiden to thee.

PROMETHEUS.

I mistrust
 The Gods and all their gifts. If they
 have sent her
 It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.

What disaster
 Could she bring on thy house, who is a
 woman?

PROMETHEUS.

The Gods are not my friends, nor am
 I theirs.
 Whatever comes from them, though in
 a shape
 As beautiful as this, is evil only.
 Who art thou?

PANDORA.

One who, though to thee unknown,
 Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS.

How shouldst thou know me, woman?

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the hu-
 mane?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate ; to whom
Both Gods and men have shown them-
selves ungrateful.
When every spark was quenched on
every hearth
Throughout the earth, I brought to
man the fire
And all its ministrations. My reward
Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.

But the Gods
At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.

They relent not ;
They pardon not ; they are implacable,
Revengeful, unforgiving !

HERMES.

As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to thee
This divine being, to be thy compan-
ion,
And bring into thy melancholy house
The sunshine and the fragrance of her
youth.

PROMETHEUS.

I need them not. I have within my-
self
All that my heart desires ; the ideal
beauty
Which the creative faculty of mind
Fashions and follows in a thousand
shapes
More lovely than the real. My own
thoughts
Are my companions ; my designs and
labors
And aspirations are my only friends.

HERMES.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods im-
plore not,
Plead not, solicit not ; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being
passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept
the gift ?

PROMETHEUS.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape
It comes to me, with whatsoever charm
To fascinate my sense, will I receive.
Leave me.

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams,
and all
The silence and the solitude of thought,
The endless bitterness of unbelief,
The loneliness of existence without
love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions,
Robs himself of life's best gifts !
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,
By the blast of fate o'erthrown,
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mists of his confusions
To the reefs of doom he drifts !

LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain :
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer ;
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight !
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night !

IV.

THE AIR.

HERMES, *returning to Olympus.*

As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,
As firm and cold as are the crags
about him,
Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts
of Zeus

Alone can move him; but the tender
heart

Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat,
Hammers and flames like all his brother's
forges!

Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar
Into the air returning to Olympus.
O joy of motion! O delight to cleave
The infinite realms of space, the liquid
ether,

Through the warm sunshine and the
cooling cloud,

Myself as light as sunbeam or as cloud!
With one touch of my swift and winged
feet,

I spurn the solid earth, and leave it
rocking

As rocks the bough from which a
bird takes wing.

V.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

EPIMETHEUS.

BEAUTIFUL apparition I go not hence!
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy
voice

Is a celestial melody, and thy form
Self-poised as if it floated on the air!

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly
birth,

But a woe woman fashioned out of
clay

And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair;
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes
That fascinates me. Thy whole presence
seems

A soft desire, a breathing thought of
love.

Say, would thy star like Merope's grow
dim

If thou shouldst wed beneath thee?

PANDORA.

Ask me not;
I cannot answer thee. I only know
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,
And thus believing am most fortunate.

It was not Hermes led thee here, but
Eros,

And swifter than his arrows were thine
eyes

In wounding me. There was no moment's
space

Between my seeing thee and loving
thee.

O, what a telltale face thou hast!
Again

I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in
thine,

Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst
love me.

Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better
Than had I known thee longer. Yet
it seems

That I have always known thee, and
but now

Have found thee. Ah, I have been
waiting long.

PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house! The atmosphere

Breathes rest and comfort, and the
many chambers

Seem full of welcomes.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,
But truly are. This dwelling and its
master
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay forever !
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy
power
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and
sense
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

O, let me stay.
How beautiful are all things round
about me,
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls !
What treasures hast thou here ! Yon
oaken chest,
Carven with figures and embossed with
gold,
Is wonderful to look upon ! What
choice
And precious things dost thou keep
hidden in it ?

EPIMETHEUS.

I know not. 'T is a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never
Lifted the lid ?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal
eyes
Forever sleeps the secret of the Gods.
Seek not to know what they have hid-
den from thee,
Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA.

As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS.

Let us go forth from this mysterious
place.
The garden walks are pleasant at this
hour ;
The nightingales among the sheltering
boughs
Of populous and many-nested trees
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and
shall tell me
By what resistless charms or incanta-
tions
They won their mates.

PANDORA.

Thou dost not need a teacher.
They go out.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals
Confide to thy keeping,
Tell unto no man ;
Waking or sleeping,
Closed be thy portals
To friend as to foe-man.

Silence conceals it ;
The word that is spoken
Betrays and reveals it ;
By breath or by token
The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendors
The Gods unforgiving
Pursue the offenders,
The dead and the living !
Fortune forsakes them,
Nor earth shall abide them,
Nor Tartarus hide them ;
Swift wrath overtakes them !

With useless endeavor,
Forever, forever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain !
Immersed in the fountain,
Tantalus tastes not
The water that wastes not !
Through ages increasing
The pangs that afflict him,
With motion unceasing
The wheel of Ixion
Shall torture its victim !

VI.
IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.

Yon snow-white cloud that sails sub-
lime in ether
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a
swan
Flies to fair-ankled Leda!

PANDORA.

Or perchance
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of
Hera,
That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.

The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro,
Rocked by all the winds that blow,
Bright with sunshine from above,
Dark with shadow from below,
Beak to beak and breast to breast
In the cradle of their nest,
Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO.

Love! love!

EPIMETHEUS.

Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly over-
head
The feathered flute-players pipe their
songs of love,
And echo answers, love and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,
Every note of song we sing,
Every murmur, every tone,
Is of love and love alone.

ECHO.

Love alone!

EPIMETHEUS.

Who would not love, if loving she might
be
Changed like Callisto to a star in
heaven?

PANDORA.

Ah, who would love, if loving she might
be
Like Semele consumed and burnt to
ashes?

EPIMETHEUS.

Whence knowest thou these stories?

PANDORA.

Hermes taught me;
He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be
In the reeds of Arcady,
Evermore a low lament
Of unrest and discontent,
As the story is retold
Of the nymph so coy and cold,
Who with frightened feet outran
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is
made,
And when he plays upon it to the shep-
herds
They pity him, so mournful is the
sound.
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx was.

PANDORA.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and manner-
less.

PROMETHEUS, *without*.

Ho! Epimetheus!

EPIMETHEUS.

'T is my brother's voice;
A sound unwelcome and inopportune
As was the braying of Silenus' ass,
Once heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.

Let me go.
I would not be found here. I would
not see him.
She escapes among the trees.

CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee,
Ere too late,
In these thickets intricate;
Lest Prometheus
See and chide thee,
Lest some hurt
Or harm betide thee,
Haste and hide thee!

PROMETHEUS, *entering*.

Who was it fled from here? I saw a
shape
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.

It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS.

O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain
That I have warned thee? Let me
now implore.
Thou harborest in thy house a danger-
ous guest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods love they honor with
such guests.

PROMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods would destroy they
first make mad.

EPIMETHEUS.

Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

PROMETHEUS.

Reject all gifts that come from higher
powers.

EPIMETHEUS.

Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the slave of any wo-
man.

EPIMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS.

I judge thee not; for thou art more
than man;
Thou art descended from Titanic race,
And hast a Titan's strength, and facul-
ties
That make thee godlike; and thou sit-
test here
Like Heracles spinning Omphale's flax,
And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother!
Thou drivest me to madness with thy
taunts.

PROMETHEUS.

And me thou drivest to madness with
thy follies.
Come with me to my tower on Cauca-
sus:
See there my forges in the roaring cav-
erns,
Beneficent to man, and taste the joy
That springs from labor. Read with
me the stars,
And learn the virtues that lie hidden in
plants,
And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother!
I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit
Our father's strength, and I our moth-
er's weakness:
The softness of the Oceanides,
The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Nay; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.

Assert thyself; rise up to thy full height;
Shake from thy soul these dreams ef-
feminate,
These passions born of indolence and
case.
Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe
the air

Of mountains, and their unapproach-
able summits
Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS.

The roar of forests and of waterfalls,
The rushing of a mighty wind, with
loud
And undistinguishable voices calling,
Are in my ear!

PROMETHEUS.

O, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou leadest me as a child. I follow
thee.

They go out.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night;
From their bosoms uptossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness;
Phantoms of mist and rain,
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and repass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags,
The impetuous water-courses
Rush and roar and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields?

Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,
Scattered their arms abroad;
Flung in the meadows their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow
Trumpets of terrible breath;
Then from the gateways rush,
And before them routed and scattered
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,
And flee for shelter the shepherds;
White are the frightened leaves,
Harvests with terror are white;
Panic seizes the herds,
And even the lions and leopards,
Prowling no longer for prey,
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.

Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armor of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call;
Naught but Olympian thunders,
That blasted Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,
That speak of endless endeavor,
Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame,
Sounding about the world,
An inspiration forever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

VII.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

PANDORA.

LEFT to myself I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, through
this house,
Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete
Were I indeed the Goddess that he
deems me.
No mansion of Olympus, framed to be
The habitation of the Immortal Gods,
Can be more beautiful. And this is
mine
And more than this, the love where-
with he crowns me.
As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors
And passages lead hither, and all doors
But open into it. Yon mysterious chest
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I
knew
What there lies hidden ! But the oracle
Forbids. Ah me ! The secret then is
safe.
So would it be if it were in my keeping.
A crowd of shadowy faces from the mir-
rors
That line these walls are watching me.
I dare not
Lift up the lid. A hundred times the
act
Would be repeated, and the secret seen
By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes.
She walks to the other side of the hall.
My feet are weary, wandering to and
fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart with
waiting.
I will lie here and rest till he returns,
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.
*Throws herself upon a couch, and falls
asleep.*

ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep,
O son of Erebus and Night ;
All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep !

Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise
The dreams of truth, with starry eyes,
And all the wondrous prophecies
And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE
IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep
Your drowsy watch before the Ivory
Gate ;
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartarean streams,
As ministers of the infernal powers ;
O son of Erebus
And Night, behold ! we thus
Elude your watchful warders on the
towers !

From gloomy Tartarus
The Fates have summoned us
To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire
To know a secret that the Gods would
keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

PANDORA, *waking.*

A voice said in my sleep : "Do not
delay :
Do not delay : the golden moments fly !
The oracle hath forbidden ; yet not thee
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only !" I
am alone. These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of
myself ;
They cannot help nor hinder. No one
sees me,
Save the all-seeing Gods, who, know-
ing good
And knowing evil, have created me
Such as I am, and filled me with desire
Of knowing good and evil like them-
selves.

She approaches the chest.

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,
Or life or death, the moment shall de-
cide.

*She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises
from the chest, and fills the room.
PANDORA falls senseless on the floor.
Storm without.*

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE
GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide !
It already hath decided :
And the secret once confided
To the keeping of the Titan
Now is flying far and wide,
Whispered, told on every side,
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,
All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind,
All into the air have risen
From the chambers of their prison ;
Only Hope remains behind.

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VIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.

THE storm is past, but it hath left be-
hind it
Ruin and desolation. All the walks
Are strewn with shattered boughs ; the
birds are silent ;
The flowers, downtrodden by the wind,
lie dead ;
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret
pain ;
The melancholy reeds whisper together
As if some dreadful deed had been com-
mitted
They dare not name, and all the air is
heavy
With an unspoken sorrow ! Premoni-
tions,
Foreshadowings of some terrible dis-
aster,
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the
omen !

PANDORA, *coming from the house.*

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy
voice,
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.

I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me !

PANDORA.

I have brought wrath and ruin on thy house !
 My heart hath braved the oracle that guarded
 The fatal secret from us, and my hand
 Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest !

EPIMETHEUS.

Then all is lost ! I am indeed undone.

PANDORA.

I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall
 The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed
 Their secret when, in evil hour, I said
 It was a secret ; when, in evil hour,
 I left thee here alone to this temptation.
 Why did I leave thee ?

PANDORA.

Why didst thou return ?
 Eternal absence would have been to me
 The greatest punishment. To be left alone

And face to face with my own crime,
 had been
 Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods,
 Let all your vengeance fall !

EPIMETHEUS.

On thee and me.
 I do not love thee less for what is done,
 And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
 Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
 My love will have a sense of pity in it,
 Making it less a worship than before.

PANDORA.

Pity me not ; pity is degradation.
 Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful Pandora !
 Thou art a Goddess still !

PANDORA.

I am a woman ;
 And the insurgent demon in my nature,
 That made me brave the oracle, revolts
 At pity and compassion. Let me die ;
 What else remains for me ?

EPIMETHEUS.

Youth, hope, and love :
 To build a new life on a ruined life,
 To make the future fairer than the past,
 And make the past appear a troubled dream.
 Even now in passing through the garden walks
 Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest
 Ruined and full of rain ; and over me
 Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
 Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHEUS.

May the Eumenides
 Put out their torches and behold us not,
 And fling away their whips of scorpions
 And touch us not.

PANDORA.

Me let them punish.
 Only through punishment of our evil deeds,
 Only through suffering, are we reconciled
 To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these
 Escape the Eumenides,
 The daughters dark of Acheron and Night !
 Unquenched our torches glare,
 Our scourges in the air
 Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite.

Never by lapse of time
 The soul defaced by crime
 Into its former self returns again ;
 For every guilty deed
 Holds in itself the seed
 Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss
 Restored, till Helios
 Hath purified them with his heavenly
 fires;

Then what was lost is won,
 And the new life begun,
 Kindled with nobler passions and de-
 sires.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

I.

THE lights are out, and gone are all
 the guests
 That thronging came with merriment
 and jests
 To celebrate the Hanging of the
 Crane
 In the new house, — into the night are
 gone;
 But still the fire upon the hearth burns
 on,
 And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
 When a new household finds its place
 Among the myriad homes of earth,
 Like a new star just sprung to birth,
 And rolled on its harmonious way
 Into the boundless realms of space!
 So said the guests in speech and song,
 As in the chimney, burning bright,
 We hung the iron crane to-night,
 And merry was the feast and long.

II.

AND now I sit and muse on what may
 be,
 And in my vision see, or seem to see,
 Through floating vapors interfused
 with light,
 Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and
 fade,
 As shadows passing into deeper shade
 Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
 Is spread the table round and small;

Upon the polished silver shine
 The evening lamps, but, more divine,
 The light of love shines over all:
 Of love, that says not mine and thine,
 But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
 They want no guests, to come between
 Their tender glances like a screen,
 And tell them tales of land and sea,
 And whatsoever may betide
 The great, forgotten world outside;
 They want no guests; they needs
 must be
 Each other's own best company.

III.

THE picture fades; as at a village fair
 A showman's views, dissolving into air,
 Again appear transfigured on the
 screen,
 So in my fancy this; and now once
 more,
 In part transfigured, through the open
 door
 Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
 But not alone; they entertain
 A little angel unaware,
 With face as round as is the moon;
 A royal guest with flaxen hair,
 Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
 Drums on the table with his spoon,
 Then drops it careless on the floor,
 To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these
 The ways that win, the arts that
 please?
 Ah yes; consider well the guest,

And whatso'er he does seems best ;
 He ruleth by the right divine
 Of helplessness, so lately born
 In purple chambers of the morn,
 As sovereign over thee and thine.
 He speaketh not ; and yet there lies
 A conversation in his eyes ;
 The golden silence of the Greek,
 The gravest wisdom of the wise,
 Not spoken in language, but in looks
 More legible than printed books,
 As if he could but would not speak.
 And now, O monarch absolute,
 Thy power is put to proof ; for, lo !
 Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
 The nurse comes rustling like the
 sea,
 And pushes back thy chair and thee,
 And so good night to King Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees
 A lovely landscape through the parted
 trees,
 Then sees it not, for boughs that in-
 tervene ;
 Or as we see the moon sometimes re-
 vealed
 Through drifting clouds, and then again
 concealed,
 So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;
 The king, deposed, and older grown,
 No longer occupies the throne, —
 The crown is on his sister's brow ;
 A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
 The very pattern girl of girls,
 All covered and embowered in curls,
 Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
 And sailing with soft, silken sails
 From far-off Dreamland into ours.
 Above their bowls with rims of blue
 Four azure eyes of deeper hue
 Are looking, dreamy with delight ;
 Limpid as planets that emerge
 Above the ocean's rounded verge,
 Soft-shining through the summer
 night.
 Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see

Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;
 Nor care they for the world that
 rolls
 With all its freight of troubled souls
 Into the days that are to be.

V.

AGAIN the tossing boughs shut out the
 scene,
 Again the drifting vapors intervene,
 And the moon's pallid disk is hidden
 quite ;
 And now I see the table wider grown,
 As round a pebble into water thrown
 Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
 I see it garlanded with guests,
 As if fair Ariadne's Crown
 Out of the sky had fallen down ;
 Maidens within whose tender breasts
 A thousand restless hopes and fears,
 Forth reaching to the coming years,
 Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
 Like timid birds that fain would fly,
 But do not dare to leave their
 nests ; —
 And youths, who in their strength
 elate
 Challenge the van and front of fate,
 Eager as champions to be
 In the divine knight-errantry
 Of youth, that travels sea and land
 Seeking adventures, or pursuits,
 Through cities, and through solitudes
 Frequented by the lyric Muse,
 The phantom with the beckoning
 hand,
 That still allures and still eludes.
 O sweet illusions of the brain !
 O sudden thrills of fire and frost !
 The world is bright while ye remain,
 And dark and dead when ye are lost !

VI.

THE meadow-brook, that seemeth to
 stand still,
 Quickens its current as it nears the
 mill ;

And so the stream of Time that lingerseth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,

The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts;

Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay;
And one is in the boisterous camp
Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.

I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float

Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, where thousands bleed

To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain

She find the one beloved name.

VII.

AFTER a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out
again,

And, touching all the darksome
woods with light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh
and sing,
Then, like a ruby from the horizon's
ring,
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed
away;

The lamps are lit, the fires burn
bright,

The house is full of life and light:
It is the Golden Wedding Day.
The guests come thronging in once
more,

Quick footsteps sound along the
floor,

The trooping children crowd the
stair,

And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the
bride,

Smiling contented and serene
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Behold, well-pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors
gleams,

Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS
OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

*Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.*
OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman pop-
ulace.

O ye familiar scenes, — ye groves of
pine,
That once were mine and are no longer
mine, —
Thou river, widening through the
meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet un-
seen, —

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished, — we who are about to
die

Salute you; earth and air and sea and
sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters
down
His sovereign splendors upon grove
and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or
where.

What passing generations fill these
halls,
What passing voices echo from these
walls,

Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learn-
ing's maze;

They answer us — alas! what have I
said?

What greetings come there from the
voiceless dead?

What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that
lifeless lie?

They are no longer here; they all are
gone
Into the land of shadows, — all save
one.

Honor and reverence, and the good
repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of
shade,

Met there the old instructor of his
youth,

And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"O, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death
surprised,

Taught me how mortals are immortal-
ized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall de-
clare."

To-day we make the poet's words our
own,

And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in
sunshine here;

Whose simple lives, complete and
without flaw,

Were part and parcel of great Nature's
law;

Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
 "Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
 But labored in their sphere, as men
 who live
 In the delight that work alone can give.
 Peace be to them; eternal peace and
 rest,
 And the fulfilment of the great behest:
 "Ye have been faithful over a few
 things,
 Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once
 filled,
 And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
 Young men, whose generous hearts are
 beating high,
 We who are old, and are about to die,
 Salute you; hail you; take your hands
 in ours,
 And crown you with our welcome as
 with flowers!
 How beautiful is youth! how bright it
 gleams
 With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
 Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
 Each maid a heroine, and each man a
 friend!
 Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
 That holds the treasures of the uni-
 verse!
 All possibilities are in its hands,
 No danger daunts it, and no foe with-
 stands;
 In its sublime audacity of faith,
 "Be thou removed!" it to the moun-
 tain saith,
 And with ambitious feet, secure and
 proud,
 Ascends the ladder leaning on the
 cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
 Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
 With the old men, too old and weak to
 fight,
 Chirping like grasshoppers in their de-
 light,
 To see the embattled hosts, with spear
 and shield,
 Of Trojans and Achæians in the field;
 So from the snowy summits of our years
 We see you in the plain, as each ap-
 pears,

And question of you; asking, "Who
 is he
 That towers above the others? Which
 may be
 Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
 Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
 As he who puts it off, the battle done.
 Study yourselves; and most of all note
 well
 Wherein kind Nature meant you to
 excel.
 Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
 Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
 Flung it aside, when she her face sur-
 veyed
 Distorted in a fountain as she played;
 The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his
 fate
 Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise
 and old,
 "Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere
 — "Be bold;
 Be not too bold!" Yet better the ex-
 cess
 Than the defect; better the more than
 less;
 Better like Hector in the field to die,
 Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye remain-
 ing few
 That number not the half of those we
 knew,
 Ye, against whose familiar names not
 yet
 The fatal asterisk of death is set,
 Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
 Strikes the half-century with a solemn
 chime,
 And summons us together once again,
 The joy of meeting not unmixed with
 pain.

Where are the others? Voices from
 the deep
 Caverns of darkness answer me: "They
 sleep!"
 I name no names; instinctively I feel
 Each at some well-remembered grave
 will kneel,

And from the inscription wipe the
weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own
loss.

I see their scattered gravestones gleam-
ing white
Through the pale dusk of the impend-
ing night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought, and
pass
Out of the graveyards with their tan-
gled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our
feet
When we were young, and life was
fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I
say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my
own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me un-
known,
Transformed the very landscape seems
to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my
brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless
tread,
As from a house where some one lieth
dead.

I cannot go; — I pause; — I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled
dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle
fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision, ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, class-
mates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and yet

By Time, the great transcriber, on his
shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of
ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies, are
there;

What joy and grief, what rapture and
despair!

What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and re-
treat!

What records of regrets, and doubts,
and fears!

What pages blotted, blistered by our
tears!

What lovely landscapes on the margin
shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp
or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and
explore

These volumes, closed and clasped for-
evermore?

Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall re-
main,

Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that
shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-
cloud

Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment
fraught,

Or wild adventure, that diverts their
thought,

Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and
place,

And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike
here!"

Greatly the people wondered, though
none guessed

The meaning that these words but half
expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on
his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and
marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved,
and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite in threatening attitude
With bow and shaft a brazen statue
stood.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of men-
ace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon lumi-
nous flame!"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups
enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives
were gold,
And gold the bread and viands mani-
fold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor
clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and
zone,
But they were stone, their hearts with-
in were stone:
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and
heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and
amazed:
The trembling clerk in speechless won-
der gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed
made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the
guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors
rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the
wall,

And all was dark around and over-
head:—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk
lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to
realms of gold:
Our lusts and passions are the down-
ward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel,
Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the
knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh
and bone
By avarice have been hardened into
stone:
The clerk, the scholar whom the love
of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his
nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The end-
less strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered
nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of
gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end
is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale
be told
To men grown old, or who are growing
old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to pal-
pitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Soph-
ocles
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simon-
ides
Bore off the prize of verse from his
compeers,
When each had numbered more than
fourscore years,
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his *Characters of Men*.

Chancer, at Woodstock with the night-
ingales,

At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales ;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years
were past.

These are indeed exceptions ; but they
show

How far the gulf-stream of our youth
may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the
weather warm,

So something in us, as old age draws
near,

Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks to his higher levels in the brain ;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.

It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of
noon :

It is not strength, but weakness ; not
desire,

But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of
fire,

The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still
discern,

Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then ? Shall we sit idly down
and say

The night hath come ; it is no longer
day ?

The night hath not yet come ; we are
not quite

Cut off from labor by the failing light ;
Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may
bear ;

Not *Cedipus Coloneus*, or *Greek Ode*,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning
rode

Out of the gateway of the *Tabard Inn*,
But other something, would we but
begin ;

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another
dress,

And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by
day.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast

The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield !—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,

Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,

While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

CADENABBIA.

LAKE OF COMO.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

MONTE CASSINO.

TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant meads
Unheard the Garigliano glides
along;—
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labor and the Land of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white on all
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
Was dragged with contumely from his throne;
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate;
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed,
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
The court-yard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which far down the valley, like a park
Veiled in the evening mists, was dimly descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,
 Benedict fleeing from the gates of
 Rome,
 A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
 Sought in these mountain solitudes a
 home.

He founded here his Convent and his
 Rule
 Of prayer and work, and counted
 work as prayer;
 The pen became a clarion, and his
 school
 Flamed like a beacon in the mid-
 night air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless
 way,
 Mocking the lazy brotherhood, de-
 plores
 The illuminated manuscripts, that lay
 Torn and neglected on the dusty
 floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
 Of fancy and of fiction at the best !
 This the urbane librarian said, and
 smiled
 Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one
 young friar
 I sat conversing late into the night,
 Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-
 fire
 Had burnt its heart out like an an-
 chorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
 Myself yet not myself, in dreams I
 lay;
 And, as a monk who hears the matin
 bell,
 Started from sleep; already it was
 day.

From the high window I beheld the
 scene
 On which Saint Benedict so oft had
 gazed,—
 The mountains and the valley in the
 sheen
 Of the bright sun,—and stood as
 one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanish-
 ing;
 The woodlands glistened with their
 jewelled crowns;
 Far off the mellow bells began to ring
 For matins in the half-awakened
 towns.

The conflict of the Present and the
 Past,
 The ideal and the actual in our life,
 As on a field of battle held me fast,
 While this world and the next world
 were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
 I saw the iron horses of the steam
 Toss to the morning air their plumes
 of smoke,
 And woke, as one awaketh from a
 dream.

AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
 Of a land beyond the sea,
 Where the waves and mountains meet,
 Where, amid her mulberry-trees,
 Sits Amalfi in the heat,
 Bathing ever her white feet
 In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
 From its fountains in the hills,
 Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
 The Canneto rushes down,
 Turns the great wheels of the mills,
 Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,
 That ascends the deep ravine,
 Where the torrent leaps between
 Rocky walls that almost meet.
 Toiling up from stair to stair
 Peasant girls their burdens bear;
 Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
 Stately figures tall and straight,
 What inexorable fate
 Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
 Far above the convent stands,
 On its terraced walk aloof

Leans a monk with folded hands,
 Placid, satisfied, serene,
 Looking down upon the scene
 Over wall and red-tiled roof ;
 Wondering unto what good end
 All this toil and traffic tend,
 And why all men cannot be
 Free from care and free from pain,
 And the sordid love of gain,
 And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
 From the marts of east and west ?
 Where the knights in iron sarks
 Journeying to the Holy Land,
 Glove of steel upon the hand,
 Cross of crimson on the breast ?
 Where the pomp of camp and court ?
 Where the pilgrims with their prayers ?
 Where the merchants with their wares,
 And their gallant brigantines
 Sailing safely into port
 Chased by corsair Algerines ?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
 Like a passing trumpet-blast,
 Are those splendors of the past,
 And the commerce and the crowd !
 Fathoms deep beneath the seas
 Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
 Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;
 Silent streets and vacant halls,
 Ruined roofs and towers and walls ;
 Hidden from all mortal eyes
 Deep the sunken city lies :
 Even cities have their graves !

This is an enchanted land !
 Round the headlands far away
 Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
 With its sickle of white sand :
 Further still and furthermost
 On the dim discovered coast
 Pastum with its ruins lies,
 And its roses all in bloom
 Seem to tinge the fatal skies
 Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
 Nothing doth the good monk care
 For such worldly themes as these.
 From the garden just below
 Little puffs of perfume blow,
 And a sound is in his ears
 Of the murmur of the bees

In the shining chestnut-trees ;
 Nothing else he heeds or hears.
 All the landscape seems to swoon
 In the happy afternoon ;
 Slowly o'er his senses creep
 The encroaching waves of sleep,
 And he sinks as sank the town,
 Unresisting, fathoms down,
 Into caverns cool and deep !

Walled about with drifts of snow,
 Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
 Seeing all the landscape white,
 And the river cased in ice,
 Comes this memory of delight,
 Comes this vision unto me
 Of a long-lost Paradise
 In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air,
 A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
 As if a soul, released from pain,
 Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard ; it was to him
 An emblem of the Seraphim ;
 The upward motion of the fire,
 The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
 The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
 From moor and mere and darksome
 wood
 Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St Francis said,
 "Ye come to me and ask for bread,
 But not with bread alone to-day
 Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
 With manna of celestial words :
 Not mine, though mine they seem to
 be,
 Not mine, though they be spoken
 through me.

"O, doubly are ye bound to praise
 The great Creator in your lays ;
 He giveth you your plumes of down,
 Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of
 brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday:
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear;—I still
Am Belisarius!

SONGO RIVER.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream ! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame ;
For thou hidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way :—

“ Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet !
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste !

“ Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.”

A BOOK OF SONNETS.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

I.

WHEN I remember them, those friends
of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble
three,
Who half my life were more than
friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a gen-
erous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and
made us see
The archetypal man, and what might
be
The amplitude of Nature's first de-
sign.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp
their hands ;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is
left
But a majestic memory. They mean-
while
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am
bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remem-
bering, smile.

II.

IN Attica thy birthplace should have
been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the
seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy
serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philbel-
lene !
Around thee would have swarmed the
Attic bees ;
Homer had been thy friend, or Soc-
rates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his de-
mesne.
For thee old legends breathed historic
breath ;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple
sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of
gold !
O, what hadst thou to do with cruel
Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death
with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou
hadst grown old !

III.

I STANB again on the familiar shore,
 And hear the waves of the distracted
 sea
 Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
 And waiting restless at thy cottage
 door.
 The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean
 floor,
 The willows in the meadow, and the
 free
 Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome
 me;
 Then why shouldst thou be dead,
 and come no more?
 Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when
 common men
 Are busy with their trivial affairs,
 Having and holding? Why, when
 thou hadst read
 Nature's mysterious manuscript, and
 then
 Wast ready to reveal the truth it
 bears,
 Why art thou silent? Why shouldst
 thou be dead?

IV.

RIVER, that stealest with such silent
 pace
 Around the City of the Dead, where
 lies
 A friend who bore thy name, and
 whom these eyes
 Shall see no more in his accustomed
 place,
 Linger and fold him in thy soft em-
 brace
 And say good night, for now the
 western skies
 Are red with sunset, and gray mists
 arise
 Like damps that gather on a dead
 man's face.
 Good night! good night! as we so oft
 have said
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the
 days
 That are no more, and shall no more
 return.

Thou hast but taken thy lamp and
 gone to bed;
 I stay a little longer, as one stays
 To cover up the embers that still
 burn.

V.

THE doors are all wide open; at the
 gate
 The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a
 blaze,
 And seem to warm the air; a
 dreamy haze
 Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows
 like a fate,
 And on their margin, with sea-tides
 elate,
 The flooded Charles, as in the hap-
 pier days,
 Writes the last letter of his name,
 and stays
 His restless steps, as if compelled to
 wait.
 I also wait; but they will come no
 more,
 Those friends of mine, whose pres-
 ence satisfied
 The thirst and hunger of my heart.
 Ah me!
 They have forgotten the pathway to
 my door!
 Something is gone from nature since
 they died,
 And summer is not summer, nor can
 be.

CHAUCER.

An old man in a lodge within a park;
 The chamber walls depicted all
 around
 With portraits of huntsman,
 hawk, and bound,
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth to
 the lark,
 Whose song comes with the sunshine
 through the dark
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice
 bound;
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the
 sound,

Then writeth in a book like any
clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old
age
Made beautiful with song; and as I
read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the
note
Of lark and linnet, and from every
page
Rise odors of ploughed field or
flowery mead.

SHAKESPEARE.

A vision as of crowded city streets,
With human life in endless overflow;
Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets
that blow
To battle; clamor, in obscure re-
treata,
Of sailors landed from their anchored
fleets;
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
Voices of children, and bright flowers
that throw
O'er garden-walls their intermingled
sweets!
This vision comes to me when I unfold
The volume of the Poet paramount,
Whom all the Muses loved, not one
alone;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of
gold,
And, crowned with sacred laurel at
their footst,.
Placed him as Musagetes on their
throne.

MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and
behold
How the voluminous billows roll and
run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the
sun
Shines through their sheeted emer-
ald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering
fold by fold

All its loose-flowing garments into
one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods
the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes
them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæoni-
des!
And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and
strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodi-
ous seas.

KEATS.

THE young Endymion sleeps Epydmi-
on's sleep;
The shepherd-boy whose tale was
left half told!
The solemn grove uplifts its shield
of gold
To the red rising moon, and loud and
deep
The nightingale is singing from the
steep;
It is midsummer, but the air is cold;
Can it be death? Alas, beside the
fold
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near
his sheep.
Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble
white,
On which I read: "Here lieth one
whose name
Was writ in water." And was this
the meed
Of his sweet singing? Rather let me
write:
"The smoking flax before it burst to
flame
Was quenched by death, and broken
the bruised reed."

THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air,
Along whose bed the glimmering
stars are seen

Like gold and silver sands in some
ravine
Where mountain streams have left
their channels bare !
The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway,
where
His patron saint descended in the
sheen
Of his celestial armor, on serene
And quiet nights, when all the
heavens were fair.
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient
fable
Of Phaeton's wild course, that
scorched the skies
Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers
trod :
But the white drift of worlds o'er
chasms of sable,
The star-dust, that is whirled aloft
and flies
From the invisible chariot-wheels of
God.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its
sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far
and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising
tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted
sweep ;
A voice out of the silence of the
deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's
side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded
steep.
So comes to us at times, from the un-
known
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the
soul ;
And inspirations, that we deem our
own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and
foresaving
Of things beyond our reason or con-
trol.

A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

THE sun is set ; and in his latest
beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and
gold,
Slowly upon the amber air un-
rolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet
seems.
From the dim headlands many a light-
house gleams,
The street-lamps of the ocean ; and
behold,
O'erhead the banners of the night
unfold ;
The day hath passed into the land of
dreams.
O summer day beside the joyous
sea !
O summer day so wonderful and
white,
So full of gladness and so full of
pain !
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead
delight,
To some the landmark of a new do-
main.

THE TIDES.

I saw the long line of the vacant
shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon
the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on
every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no
more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than be-
fore,
The ocean breathe and its great
breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defence-
less land
The insurgent waters with tumultu-
ous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I
said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy
of song,

Have ebbed from me forever ! Suddenly o'er me
 They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
 And in a tumult of delight, and strong
 As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,
 What would befall these children ?
 What would be
 Their fate, who now are looking up
 To me
 For help and furtherance ? Their
 lives, I said,
 Would be a volume wherein I have
 read
 But the first chapters, and no longer
 see
 To read the rest of their dear his-
 tory,
 So full of beauty and so full of
 dread.
 Be comforted ; the world is very
 old,
 And generations pass, as they have
 passed,
 A troop of shadows moving with the
 sun ;
 Thousands of times has the old tale
 been told ;
 The world belongs to those who come
 the last,
 They will find hope and strength as
 we have done.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A SOLDIER of the Union mustered
 out,"
 Is the inscription on an unknown
 grave
 At Newport News, beside the salt-
 sea wave,

Nameless and dateless ; sentinel or
 scout
 Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous
 rout
 Of battle, when the loud artillery
 drove
 Its iron wedges through the ranks of
 brave
 And doomed battalions, storming
 the redoubt.
 Thou unknown hero sleeping by the
 sea
 In thy forgotten grave ! with secret
 shame
 I feel my pulses beat, my forehead
 burn,
 When I remember thou hast given for
 me
 All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very
 name,
 And I can give thee nothing in re-
 turn.

SLEEP.

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose
 fitful sound
 Seems from some faint Æolian harp-
 string caught ;
 Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of
 thought
 As Hermes with his lyre in sleep
 profound
 The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus
 bound ;
 For I am weary, and am over-
 wrought
 With too much toil, with too much
 care distraught,
 And with the iron crown of anguish
 crowned.
 Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and
 cheek,
 O peaceful Sleep ! until from pain
 released
 I breathe again uninterrupted breath !
 Ah, with what subtle meaning did the
 Greek
 Call thee the lesser mystery at the
 feast
 Whereof the greater mystery is
 death !

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,
 Five centuries old. I plant my foot
 of stone
 Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
 Was planted on the dragon. Fold by
 fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
 Its glistening scales. Twice hath it
 overthrown
 My kindred and companions. Me
 alone
 It moveth not, but is by me con-
 trolled.
I can remember when the Medici
 Were driven from Florence; longer
 still ago
 The final wars of Ghibelline and
 Guelph.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
 And when I think that Michael An-
 gelo
 Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

GADDI mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio
 sono;
 Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pi-
 anto
 Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo
 Piantò sul draco. Meutre ch' io
 ragiono
Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono
 Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi af-
 franto
 Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo
 intanto
 Neppure muove, ed io non l' abban-
 dono.
Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati
 I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino
 E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.
 Fiorenza i suoi gioielli m' ha pres-
 tati;
 E quando penso ch' Agnolo il di-
 vino
 Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

NOTES.

Page 11. *Coplas de Manrique.*

This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

- "O World ! so few the years we live,
 Would that the life which thou dost
 give
 Were life indeed !
 Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
 Our happiest hour is when at last
 The soul is freed.
- "Our days are covered o'er with grief,
 And sorrows neither few nor brief
 Veil all in gloom ;
 Left desolate of real good,
 Within this cheerless solitude
 No pleasures bloom.
- "Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
 Or dark despair ;
 Midway so many toils appear,
 That he who lingers longest here
 Knows most of care.
- "Thy goods are bought with many a
 groan,
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,

And weary hearts ;

Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
 But with a lingering step and slow
 Its form departs."

Page 22. *My grave !*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thunder-shield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 26. *The Skeleton in Armor.*

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-1839, says :—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, — the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued

to predominate until the close of the twelfth century,—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, that THIS BUILDING WAS ERRECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho: "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."

Page 28. *Skool!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary

salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 29. *The Luck of Edenhall.*

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 29. *The Elected Knight.*

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Erantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Page 46. *As Lope says.*

"La cólera
de un Español sentado no se temple,
sino le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis."
Lope de Vega.

Page 47. *Abernuncio Salamas.*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dió el Duque."—*Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. 35.

Page 52. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

"Siempre Fray Carrillo estás
cansándonos acá fuera;
quien en tu celda estuviere
para no verte jamás!"

Böhl de Faber. Florista, No. 611.

Page 52. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song

"Padre Francesco,
Padre Francesco!"

— Cosa volete del Padre Francesco? —
 'V' è una bella ragazzina
 Che si vuole confessar!'
 Fatte l' entrare, fatte l' entrare!
 Che la voglio confessare."

*Kopisch. Volksthümliche-Poesien
 aus allen Mundarten Italiens
 und seiner Inseln, p. 194.*

Page 53. *Ave! cunus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 56. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 56. *Count of the Calts.*

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

Page 58. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

"¡Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel día todos los enterrados) si resucitarían unos bolsones suyos?" — *El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

Page 58. *And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

"Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador."
 Line 3044.

Page 58. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante;

"Si che chiaro
 Per essa scenda della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 59. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to

turn aside a question one does not wish to answer;

"Porque casó Mari Franca
 quatro leguas de Salamanca."

Page 59. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*:

"Ay ojuelos verdes,
 ay los mis ojuelos,
 ay hagan los cielos
 que de mí te acuerdes!

Tengo confianza
 de mis verdes ojos."

Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, "Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdicio, simile a quel del mare."

Page 60. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient Ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

Page 60. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 282.*

Page 66. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 73. *The evil eye.*

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the

belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville." — Borrow's *Zincali*, Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 73. *On the top of a mountain island.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*; or *an Account of the Gypsies in Spain*.

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :—

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.
Pigeon, a simpleton.
In your morocco, stripped.
Doves, sheets.
Moon, a shirt.
Chirelin, a thief.
Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.
Rastilleros, footpads.
Hermit, highway-robber.
Planets, candles.
Commandments, the fingers.
Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.
Lanterns, eyes.
Goblin, police officer.
Papagayo, a spy.
Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 78. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish ; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 78.

Page 81. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du

Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them ; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 81. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed : " Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction ; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions ; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, " We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 81. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 81. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfünzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 81. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower

of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has, given the name of the *Journée des Éperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 81. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by laboring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb chateau of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was

soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 81. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klop is er brand, and als ik ley is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 83. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

"*Nürnberg's Hand
Gehet durch alle Land.*"

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

Page 83. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfinszger was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Truerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 80.

Page 83. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 83. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Page 84. *Wiseest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 84. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

"An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps."

Page 88. *The Occultation of Orion.*

Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Page 90. *Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder.*

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the gov-

ernor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salticks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, 'that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighboring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.' — JEFFERSON'S *Notes on Virginia*, Query VI.

Page 92. *Walter von der Vogelweid.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 95. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in

seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

Page 129.

*Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating, that sometimes though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparmed and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparmed and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Page 131. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest

and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—BELKNAP'S *American Biography*, I. 203.

Page 129. *The Blind Girl of Castille-Cuilla.*

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouche pleine d'oiseaux*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

"At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of small houses,—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, Coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlor at the back of the shop.

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an in-

scription in his honor, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

'Brabes Gascous !

A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre:
Benès ! benès ! ey plazé de bous beyre:
Aproucha bous !'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honor, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and knickknacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadresses, and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miladis'; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furor*, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition; to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he

said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of 'Me cal mouri' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo,'—a few verses of 'Françouneto.' 'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping,—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Françouneto!'

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears: he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of

Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal: certain it is, that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems reilluminated.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really laboring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all; they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my Françouneto! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach to the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!'

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, 'enfin la voilà encore!' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account than I was thus wel-

came, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed 'Jasmin à Londres'; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honor done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over Modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told us all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *saïeté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife

stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, 'Nonsense,—don't you see they are in tears.' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me he had been by some accused of vanity. 'O,' he rejoined, 'what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.'"—*Barn and the Pyramids*, I. 369 *et seq.*

Page 144. *A Christmas Carol.*

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'Œil sur les Noëls en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noëls Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye (Gui Barbaui)*, 1842.

"Every year at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin prelude, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a

reinforcement to the singers at the fire-side; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity, — *non qualitas, sed quantitas*; then, (to finish at once with the minstrel,) when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening: it is called the *Sucke* (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' say they to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noel' (for with children one must always personify) 'will rain down sugar-plums in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves

with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors, (the Christmas Candle,) goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. *Rossignon* then goes on merrily, — sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse,

stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or the wooden shoes of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log.

After this manner, more or less, is passed the Christmas eve, famous still in many of our districts, and kept up in all. You may imagine, that at such festivals songs are never superfluous: so you have seen in what abundance they are lavished."

In the Glossary to the work above quoted, the *Suche*, or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

"This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on that account, *la Suche de Noël*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

Page 145. THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his

History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

Page 145. In the Vale of Tawasentha.

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 146. On the Mountains of the Prairie.

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, Vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says:—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North,

the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-mec-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 148. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. 'O,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?'" — *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. I. p. 240.

Page 151. *Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) naked. . . .

"The history of this animal used to

be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

Page 155. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, &c.*

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them *Mine-hah-hah*, or 'laughing waters.'" — Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Intro., p. ii.

Page 171. *Sand Hills of the Ngow Wudjoo.*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

Page 171. *Onaway! Awake, beloved!*

The original of this song may be found in Littell's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV. p. 45.

Page 172. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red

Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algonic Researches*, Vol. II, p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first swan.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways: Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bow-string up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there.

He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then, flying, off toward the sinking of the sun."—pp. 10-12.

Page 175. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Onesla*, p. 15.

Page 176. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquians, who call it *Mon-dá-min*, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting, and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to ex-

cise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests." — *Onedia*, p. 82.

Page 176. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or over-clouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habillement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line." — *Onedia*, p. 83.

Page 177. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keeping." — *Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

Page 178.

Wagemin, the thief of cornfields, Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.

"If one of the young female huskers finds a *red* ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the

whole circle is set in a roar, and *wagemin* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite *mondámin*. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*, — a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks, or the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term." — *Onedia*, p. 254.

Page 183. *Pugusasing, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Onedia*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society."

men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadissiwung*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II. p. 72.

Page 187. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would ex-

cite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated, and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails'), is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface, than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojow* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity."

Page 196. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V., in Shea's *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, pages 22 and 242.

Page 221.

*That of our vices we can frame
A ladder.*

The words of St. Augustine are,—
"De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus,
si vitia ipsa calcamus."

Sermon III. *De Ascensione.*

Page 221. *The Phantom Ship.*

A detailed account of this "apparition of a Ship in the Air" is given by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi*, Book I. Ch. VI. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account Mather adds these words:—

"Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen, that were eyewitnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 't is wonderful."

Page 224. *And the Emperor but a Macho.*

Macho, in Spanish, signifies a mule. *Golondrina* is the feminine form of *Golondrino*, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 226. *Oliver Basselin.*

Oliver Basselin, the "*Père joyeux des Vaudeville*," flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

Page 227. *Victor Galbraith.*

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry; and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, "Every bullet has its billet."

Page 228. *I remember the sea-fight far away.*

This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Page 231. *Santa Filomena.*

"At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."—MRS. JAMESON, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II. 298.

THE END.

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1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the world, and the need for a more comprehensive and systematic approach to the study of the world's history. It argues that the study of the world's history is not only a matter of interest, but also a matter of necessity, as it helps us to understand the present and to prepare for the future.

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